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Abandonment

Midoriya was quirkless.

He knew that.

He hated that.

Not that he was quirkless. That was just fate. He was just unlucky.

No. He hated how everyone treated him like he was useless. His classmates treated him like a piece of shit, like he was just there. Something to be bullied. Something to be thrown away and trashed. Something beneath them. All because he had an extra toe joint and lacked a super power.

The adults weren't much better, treating him like he was made of glass, like he would break any moment someone even laid a finger of him.

He wasn't weak, dammit. He could take care of himself.

His mom ignored him. He was quirkless. She didn't want to have a quirkless child. She provided for him, but that's all. She treated him like he didn't exist.

That was good. He could be independent. His mom didn't care.

He hated bullies. He was sure he wasn't the only one discriminated against because of quirks. People needed help. People with weak or usless quirks needed help. The quirkless needed help.

He wasn't a wimp. He could be strong too even if he was quirkless. He needed to be strong. He wanted to prove his existence to himself.

So when Midoroya found himself face to face with All Might, a person he admired all his life, just the tiniest bit more than Eraser

Head, after he had defeated a villain near his school on his way home, he couldn't help himself.

"Ne... All Might... do you think a quirkless person could be a hero?"

The answer hit him.

"I'm sorry. I don't think that's a good idea. It's good to dream, but please, make it realistic."

That statement shattered the boy.

But that one small shard of hope, deep in his heart, shined the brightest.

He couldn't be a hero?

Then he won't be one. No one officially acknolwdged by anyone anyway.

He was smart, he liked to analyse quirks.

He could do this.

After all, he could only get arrested if he used a quirk, *right?*

Aizawa sighed.

He thought he had done a good job keeping a low profile. He was never mentioned in the media, very few police officers knew of him (it was annyoing having to call in Tsukauchi everytime he showed his licence to tell his subordinates that yes, he was a hero, and yes, he dressed like that on purpose, and yes that was the point of an underground hero - being unknown)

So when this crook he was stalking had been taken down by another person, he was surprised. There weren't any underground heroes that worked in his area, or wore so much green.

That wasn'r what aurprised him.

What surprised him was that the person had faced him after he had finished off the crook, waved, yelled "Bye Eraser Head!" and ran off into the darkness.

"He was caught in the end, right? Stop worrying about it." Yamada tried to encourage his friend.

"It's not the criminal! I didn't take him down. A person wearing green did it!" Aizawa groaned.

If he was an underground hero, why didn't Aizawa know of him? If he was a villain, why did he sound so happy to see him. How did he even know who he was?

He was a vigilante then.

The new vigilante was annoying. Incredibly annoying. Utterly annoying. Every single adjective the pro hero knew was added in front of annoying, and his mental list kept growing.

And he was so small! Almost like he was a child! He was even smaller than those kids he was teaching in UA.

Dammit. He was worried. The kid looked like he knew what he was doing, but it would put Aizawa at ease to know that there weren't kids running around trying to be heroes.

That meant he was going to have to find out who the heck this kid was.

Midoriya was happy.

He actually met Eraser Head! That was awesome!

His classmates had bullied him again, but that wasn't enough to damped his spirits. Good, treat him like he was crap. One day karma was gonna get em. He only hoped he would be there to witness their eventual downfall.

He had been training himself since he was eight. Ever since All

Might said he couldn't be a hero.

It was worth it. The exhilaration of being strong behind his peers backs. The joy of knowing he was helping others. Being able to help the society even if it was just taking out purse snatchers or idiotic drunk villains. It was all worth it. The training, the pain, all the effort his put into this.

Meeting Eraser Head on his ninth birthday was just the icing on the cake.

Yup. He could actually live like this. His mother didn't care enough about him to check if he was sleeping or not. As long as he kept his grades up, he wouldn't have to bother anyone, or make his teacher's suspicious.

"Eh?" Midoriya glanced around as he heard sniffling. He was in his way home, and had checked out a hero fight just because it was nearby.

He peeked into the alley next to him, eyes widening as he noticed a small boy with purple hair, sitting on the ground. He looked like he was crying, had bruises everywhere, and his clothes were dirty and smeared with dirt.

"Are... you okay?" Midoriya asked, carefully approaching the boy like he was a scared animal. In all fairness, he was just a toddler, and humans were technically animals if he took the official classification that humans were mammals and mammals were animals.

The boy just looked at him, with large, purple eyes, before he turned away and tucked into a ball, backing away from the older boy until his back was pressed against the wall.

"Ok ok. I won't come close to you. But can you tell me if you're okay?"

The child just looked confused at the question. Damn. How old was he? Two? He was small. Very small. And most children were aware of their surroundings when they wre six to seven months old. This

kid was too young, too small, too vulnerable on his own.

The child carefully slid over a piece of piece of paper robotically. Almost like he didn't want to but something in him was forcing him to do so. The poor kid looked so tired, like he was going to drop and pass out any time soon.

"I'm sorry. I cannot take care of this child anymore. Adoption centres won't take in a person with a brainwashing quirk. Please give him the home and love that I, as a mother, failed to give. His name is Shinsou Hitoshi. He's one year old and manifested a *villainous quirk early. Take him in at your own risk. His father's a villain with the same quirk, and I'm sick of seeing the same purple eyes and hair grow up and turn into a villain as well.* Please don't hurt him anymore because he did nothing wrong to deserve this fate and *he will turn into a villain one day. You don't want to become a target.*"

The handwriting kept changing. The paper was crumpled. Almost like two people were fighting over who got to write, and they had ended up both writing the letter. He was getting really mixed signals.

He did understand a few things. Shinsou's mom wrote this. Her husband was a villain, and it literally drove her mad that her son looked like his father and ended up with the same quirk. Her motherly side and her angry deranged side probably had a very bad disagreement about him, and she ended up with a split personality or something. They were fighting, probably ended up hurting the poor kid in the process, and she decided to leave the boy where hopefully someone would take him in.

The date at the bottom of the letter suggested that the kid had been here for a few days. It was definitely not healthy for the child to have gone starving for so long, or possibly even longer.

People with mental quirks were considerably smarter. While the bodies of people's with physical quirks had adapted to allow the quirk to grow stronger, mental quirks weren't as straight forward as physical ones. They needed to brain capacity to understand the fine tuning of their quirks, and to avoid the negative mental backlashes that came with it. They usually also had better memory so they

don't forget how to use their quirk and give themselves a burst blood vessel in the brain cause they couldn't control their quirk.

A normal child at this age would probably only know that he was abandoned. Shinsou was probably too young to understand the true intent of his mother. All he knew and understand was that his quirk was bad, and his mom hated him for it and how he looked, and he felt sad about it. He understood, and felt bad. He was inclined to give the letter even though it was probably the thing that kept him from being adopted because he wanted people to understand, as if he was trying to chase people away. It was a wonder he hasn't been kidnapped already.

Midoriya empathised with him too much. Being quirkless, he was often treated like he was trash or just plain fragile. He was always getting pushed away, but his mother never raised a finger against him and chose to ignore him like he was a ghost or a spectre. He was lucky that he still had a place to stay, and his mom just left him alone. He had it better than Shinsou. At least he wasn't living on the streets.

Shinsou needed love. More love. If everyone he had ever met treated him like crap, all the more he had to shower this poor child with all the love and care and affection he could. He had tons of it to spare, but no one to spare it on.

Until he found this poor kid.

Midoriya placed the letter on the ground.

"Come here, Shinsou."

The child just looked so surprised.

Someone wanted to take him in?

The child shook his head.

"Me.. bad... bad power."

Midoriya knew he could literally just pick the child up off the ground, but he wanted him to come willingly. To understand that

he wasn't bad because of his power. He didn't know how much the child knew, but if he was saying things like that... he probably knew a bit too much.

"It's not a bad power. You can chose how you want to use it. Come on."

Shinsou shook his head.

Damn. For a one year old, even with a mental quirk, this kid was smart and stubborn. *Too stubborn.* Midoriya liked smart.

Midoriya slowly advanced, and Shinsou just looked at him curiously and tiredly.

"Use your power on me."

Shinsou's eyes grew slightly larger and he shook his head even harder. "No... hurt..."

God dammit. He was just a kid. A baby! And he had to suffer like this, thinking he's hurt everyone!? Midoriya was taking him in if that was the last thing he did.

"Shinsou. You're not a bad person, okay? It doesn't matter what everyone tells you. You're a good child. You won't hurt anyone."

Shinsou wanted to believe that. He wanted to, so badly. But that nagging feeling deep within him wouldn't let him. He remembered the last thing his mom told him before she dumped him on the ground in a cardboard box.

"No one would want a little villain like you."

He had no idea what a villain was. But he knew it was bad. He was bad. That's why no one wanted him.

Midoriya stopped moving. His eyes glazed over.

Shinsou panicked. He used his quirk. By accident. His power was bad. It was bad, it was so bad, it was bad bad bad bad -

The strain on his mind was too much. It hurt too much. He tried to stand, and felt his legs wobble before everything turned black.

He passed out.

Midoriya blinked when the haze over his mind disappeared.

He noticed Shinsou was lying on the ground, and he panicked. How the heck do you deal with a child that passed out?! He was ten for goodness sake. He was smart, but he was no parent. He wasn't a doctor.

Hopefully the child was just tired. Hopefully.

Midoriya scooped up the child in his arms and slowly exited the alleyway.

"You know, I don't think that's a good idea." A man said.

Midoriya just frowned and faced the man.

"Look. I know he's a kid. But all of us around here saw the note. A brainwashing quirk is dangerous. Nothing good will come out of taking a child like that home. I'm just warning you -"

"Look, sir. I understand you're warning me *out of the goodness of your heart,*" The man flinched at Midoriya's sarcasm, "But he's a child. It wasn't his fault he was born with a quirk like this, and I'm sure I can land you in jail or at least a fine for quirk discrimination against what's practically a baby. So run along, and I'll forget I met a person who practically just called a child a villain for having a quirk that he had no power over choosing."

Shinsou slowly opened his eyes. His body wasn't against the cold hard ground. It was... soft. And there was something fluffy.

The fluffy thing was green. It ticked his nose, and he sneezed.

Midoriya shot awake, and sat up straight, looking around him warily, before his eyes settled on the child on his bed.

"Whew. You're awake Shinsou."

Shinsou just looked at him curiously as he sat up. He felt refreshed. He hadn't felt like that in a long time.

"So... sorry I just brought you into my home and you kinda passed out and I panicked and I didn't know what to do so I just decided to bring you here cause I understand what you're feeling and the world really ain't fair and I really like you and I want to you be safe and I think you deserve to have a home and be loved and..."

Shinsou literally lost him as he started rambling on and on.

But he understood on thing. The boy know how he felt. He understood. He wanted to take him in. Despite Shinsou using his quirk on him by accident.

"... bad... power..."

Midoriya gave the small child a grin.

"You used your quirk and nothing bad happened!"

Shinsou had no idea how to react. People don't accept him for his quirk. Never did when he used it by accident.

Why? Why was he so nice!?

"Shinsou. Please. I don't know it you know what I'm talking about, but the world is wrong. You were never bad, okay?"

He placed his hands on Shinsou's shoulders, and the child couldn't stop that warm feeling travel up his arms and warm his entire body. He liked the warmth. He wanted the warmth.

Midoriya knew how to read people. He had to, in order to predict his opponents moves. Shinsou was as easy to read as an open book, and Midoriya pulled the boy in for a hug.

Shinsou didn't protest. He liked it. He missed the warmth. He missed the feeling of someone caring about him. He missed the feeling of someone loving him. He wanted to cry, *but crying was bad.* That was what his mom said. He didn't want to be bad. He was good, right?

"I know how you feel. You think crying is bad."

Shinsou just tried to blink the tears out of his eyes.

"I used to cry a lot too when I was younger."

He... did? And he was so nice. He wasn't bad.

"It's okay to cry. Crying isn't bad. It's natural to want to cry. I feel like crying too, so it's fine."

That was true. Midoriya wanted to cry. But he had forced that side of him aside for so long... *he'd forgotten how to cry. Getting teased for crying. Getting bullied for crying.*

You hypocrite. You stopped crying long ago. Crying is a sign of weakness.

Shinsou didn't need to live like that.

"No one will hurt you for crying. No one will blame you for crying. As long as you're with me, crying will never be bad."

The floodgates broke, and Shinsou burst into tears, crying into the older boy's shirt.

He was wanted. Someone wanted him. He was good. He wasn't bad.

That was all Shinsou wanted.

Bullies

Midoriya had been ten when he adopted Shinsou.

Shinsou was smart. Midoriya would be loving this child more and more, if he wasn't already loving the child with every ounce of love he could give him.

It's been a few months since Midoriya took Shinsou in, and both of them were just really happy. Being in elementary school, Midoriya didn't have stuff that was too hard for him to handle. He finished all his homework easily, and spent the rest of his time trying to teach Shinsou. Midoriya was very happy with Shinsou's progress. He knew how to walk when he was found, albeit shakily, but within a few months he was running around the room and jumping on Midoriya's bed.

Shinsou started off having problems pronouncing Midoriya's last name, so Midoriya just told him to call him Izuku. Which ended up become Izu. Shinsou really liked to call him Izu. He found that Midoriya really liked it. So he kept calling him that. In turn, Midoriya called him Toshi. Shinsou liked the nickname. Both of them were really happy, and they sometimes ended up just having a rally of calling the other's nickname until on of them gave up. Midoriya always relented, letting Shinsou win, and the both of them just flopped on the bed and laughed.

Midoriya was right that people with mental quirks were smarter. Shinsou knew how to write. It was messy, but it was legible. A lot better than what he could say about his own classmates.

Ha. A child had better handwriting than a bunch of ten year olds.

Shinsou didn't know when his birthday was, Midoriya was thinking of putting down the date he was found as his birthday. Which was exactly two weeks before his own when they realised the birthday problem. Yay. They could celebrate both their birthday's at the same, right smack in the middle of both their birthday dates.

Shinsou already knew about Midoriya's status when Midoriya told him about it. Shinsou knew that people had powers. He knew he had his powers early. He did not know that Midoriya did not have the powers that everyone else had. Did that stop him from loving the only person that he loved?

Nope. Nah uh. Never ever.

And somehow, Shinsou also found out that Midoriya liked to sneak out of the house at night and return when he's usually asleep. Shinsou knew the boy was busy, but he never really questioned how. He was a kid. He had questioned the older boy, out of curiosity, of course, before Midoriya just told him, "Someone told me to stop dreaming. So I'm pulling everyone into my dream."

And Shinsou accepted it. They both had dreams. They both wanted to be heroes.

Midoriya told him about Eraser Head. One of the heroes who fought quirkless but was still accepted by society. They both wanted to be like him. All Might was definitely out of the question. Midoriya didn't like how easily he almost shattered his dream. In fact, if he *wasn't quirkless,* or was someone else, he was sure he might have turned to the dark side. That was pretty ironic.

"Hey! It's the quirkless Deku again!" Tsubasa laughed. Bakugou and Akiro, the boy with a quirk that allowed him to extend his fingers, but Bakugou just looked a bit worried for Midoriya. Midoriya had no idea what was it to Bakugou. Bakugou liked to blast him, but didn't want to hurt him? It was confusing. Midoriya didn't really get it.

Midoriya internally seethed, before he realised, what if Shinsou was with him? Was he going to roll over and let his little brother see how weak he was?

No way.

Tsubasa stretched out his wings and rushed forward to attack

Midoriya, but Midoriya just braced himself, grabbed the boy by the wings, and flipped him over, smashing him into the ground. Akiro tried to rush in to help Tsubasa, but Midoriya just grabbed his finger, pulled, and grabbed the boys arm, also flipping him over completely.

Bakugou looked oddly relieved.

"Ne, I suggest you leave me alone. I can do so much worse to you." Midoriya grinned, his eyes glinting dangerously at the two boys."

"Shit! Deku's lost it! Tsubasa we need to warn the others!" Akiro yelped, helping the winged boy up as they limped away.

"So... You finally got the guts to fight back, huh?" Bakugou smiled at him, "Finally!"

"I always was able to fight back. I just decided to show it now. What do you mean, finally?"

"I was waiting for you to finally start fighting back, fucker. You can't be a hero if you let em fucking beat you up."

"Kacchan. Stop swearing. Seriously. And you could have just told me instead of making flashy explosions that literally never hurt me." Midoriya rolled his eyes.

"I could?" Bakugou looked genuinely confused, "My mom always hits me when she wants to tell me something... so I thought it work with you..."

Midoriya sighed. The Bakugou family was a whole new problem, "Let's start with you not swearing. It's bad."

"Shut up, fucking Deku. Just because you fucking finally decided to fight back doesn't mean you're better than me, Deku. I'll be number one!"

"Yeah." Midoriya smiled at him sadly.

"You're not supposed to agree with me, fucking idiot. Did you fucking forget what we said when we were younger?" Bakugou

roared.

"I didn't forget. I'm quirkless. There's no way I can even think to compete with you, Kacchan.." Midoriya sighed, "You'll be number one. I'll be in the top five for sure!"

"Better not fucking forget that, nerd," Bakugou gave a toothy grin, though it was more friendly than malicious.

Aizawa was.... concerned. He and Yamada were walking back to UA for some impromptu meeting in the evening, and there was a mugger corning a boy with a sleeveless green hoodie. Before either of them could react, a blur of green smashed into him, and the mugger went sprawling, knocked out cold. "That's for trying to mug me, idiot!" Midoriya huffed, before he noticed the two adults.

"You two alright?" Midoriya asked, and it dawned on Aizawa that this was the kid he had seen that day. He was small! How!? He looked like he was in freaking elementary school. *And why were his arms covered in bandages for gods sake!?*

"Wait. OH MY GOD IT'S ERASER HEAD AND PRESENT MIC!" He screeched.

Yeah. Aizawa was both scared for and of this kid. How the heck did he recognise Yamada while in his civilian outfit, Aizawa had no idea. Having knowledge like that was scary.

"Wait up, kid!" Aizawa yelled, but Midoriya had already climbed up the ladder, up to the roof, and all Aizawa saw was him climbing onto the roof before running off. Aizawa immediately leapt after him to give chase, but once he got to the roof, any sign of the child was gone.

"Ok. I definitely know why you're so worried about this kid." Yamada nodded, "I thought you were hallucinating that time from your coffee overdrive. We need to talk to Nezu about this. That kid doesn't seem to be any older than twelve."

"Okay. So, there's a child, wearing a green sleeveless hoodie, with bandages on his arms, and he's fighting off muggers?" Nezu raised an eyebrow. Aizawa wasn't sure if it was in disbelief or because he was interested.

Aizawa and Yamada both nodded.

"Weird. I've heard rumours of a new vigilante running around that matches your description. I'll see what I can find."

Things were going well. But Shinsou was at the age to consider going to preschool, and Midoriya was starting middle school in a year. Midoriya decided that Shinsou needed to learn to interact with people other than himself, but didn't want to bother his mom for money. It was already nice enough of her to not complain that he was housing a child and just kept on ignoring them. That was okay. They had each other. Midoriya had never told anyone about Shinsou, scared that his bullies would somehow lay a a hand on his precious little brother.

Inko treated Midoriya like a stranger. That meant that Midoriya literally had to earn his own food by cleaning the house ever since he was declared quirkless. But Shinsou was growing, and Midoriya knew that while he himself might be happy with a bowl of rice, it wouldn't be enough for Shinsou.

He ended up working for several people in order to get the funds he needed. His neighbours still treated him like glass, but they were willing to let Midoriya pop in at times to clean their houses. Midoriya was very fast, and very efficient, and very quiet. And he never disturbed anything or anyone, so usually by the time he had finished cleaning the house, if you weren't in the same room he was cleaning, or wasn't paying attention to him, they generally never even knew Midoriya had been there except that the floors were sparkling clean and everything was shiny. He also ran errands for everyone, cleaned his neighbours cars when they asked, and fetched stuff for them all the time, so by the time the new year came he barely had enough money to pay for Shinsou's preschool, and enough food for the two of them.

The principle was very, *very* surprised to see a three year old purple haired boy with a twelve year old green haired boy handing him a thick stack of ten thousand yen notes, but never questioned it. Money was money, after all. (Yes. His neighbours were nice enough to him to exchange his mountain of smaller notes for larger bank notes, or just let the boy's jobs pile up and just directly paid him in larger notes.)

Midoriya's schedule was hectic. He was lucky Shinsou's preschool was full day instead of halfday. He brought Shinsou to preschool, attended his own middle school, ran his errands, picked Shinsou up after lessons, hung out with him until night time, tucked Shinsou in, before heading out for his own vigilante stuff.

Midoriya shortened his vigilante time. And took extra care to ensure no one saw him. He didn't need a target painted on Shinsou's back. Shinsou's insomnia was either chronic or acute, or even hereditary, and the poor boy often had problems sleeping. Midoriya used to spend two or three hours sleeping because he was just generally fidgety and nervous (Yes he knew he was short. It was probably because of that), but with Shinsou around, he spent around three or four hours doing his vigilante job, before heading back to snuggle with Shinsou.

They both liked it. And it actually helped then sleep better so no one complained.

This cycle went on and on until one day, Midoriya picked up Shinsou, taking the bag that Shinsou usually brought to preschool, and instead of having a vibrant look on his face, the poor child looked sad.

"Toshi? Are you okay?" He crouched down to get on ground level with the purple haired child.

"I'm.. fine..." Shinsou quickly wiped the tears away.

"I told you. As long as I'm here, crying is fine."

Shinsou latched himself onto Midoriya, and cried, "They said I'm weird and I don't sleep. And I look weird. And my quirk is bad."

Midoriya cursed internally. Dammit.

"They keep saying it. Every day. I ... - "

Midoriya blanched. How long has he been teased !?

"Toshi. Why didn't you tell me about it!? I'm sorry. I should have seen the signs... I should have.. I'm so sorry Toshi..."

Shinsou shook his head, "It's fine. I know you say to ignore them... and that they don't know better... and if they say bad things about me then ... then they're bad. It just... hurt more today?"

Midoriya cupped Shinsou's face, and gently wiped his tears away.

"Hitoshi." Shinsou's eyes were immediately alert. Midoriya never used his first name unless it was serious, often opting to use the more affectionate nickname, "Next time this happens, tell me immediately. It pains me that you're suffering and I didn't know about it, okay? Just tell me. Even if we can't do anything, telling helps lessen the pain."

Shinsou nodded, and sniffled. He tugged his sleeve down, and Midoriya frowned. "Toshi. Roll up your sleeve."

The toddler gulped, and complied, and Midoriya gasped at the bruise that stood out against Shinsou's pale skin. He would find out about it when they showered anyway, but still, seeing Shinsou try to hide a bruise was worrying.

"We're fixing that." Midoriya declared, "Any other injuries I should know of?"

Shinsou shook his head, and Midoriya decided that he had probably pushed Shinsou enough. He carefully picked Shinsou up, and started walking home. Shinsou usually liked to walk beside him, and would protest (he was cute when he did that) whenever Midoriya picked him up when he didn't want to be. Shinsou instead just nestled himself comfortably in Midoriya's arms, eyes drooping.

They were both tired. It was a long day. A warm shower and some friend rice sounded nice.

Rumours

Midoriya didn't do his errands that day.

"Sir, he's getting bullied. I don't know about you, but I'm very sure that it's bad for children, especially at his age, to be told that he's going to end up as a villain."

The previous day, when Midoriya picked Shinsou up, Shinsou said that his classmates took his pencil, and when Shinsou tried to take it back, they broke it and told the teacher that it was Shinsou who was taking their pencil. Guess who the teacher blamed. The child with the brainwashing quirk, of course. Said he shouldn't use his bad quirk to do bad things, and that things like this were what made people into villains.

That word. Shinsou hated it. Villains were people who hurt others for no reason. Shinsou wasn't a villain. He didn't want to be one. He never wanted to be one.

"Look, the entire class said it was Shinsou's fault, Midoriya." The principal sighed, "I understand that the teacher shouldn't have called him a potential villain, but if everyone says that Shinsou is wrong, then he's wrong. It's the majority."

"The majority is wrong! Look, I raised that kid. Myself! I know him! He wouldn't want to do anything wrong. You think he would take someone else's pencil when he has his own, and without asking for permission!? He's trying his best to be perfect given his circumstance, and I don't think having all the kids bring him down is good for him." Midoriya growled.

"I can get speak to the kids. But you know how kids are. You're quirkless. You know exactly how bad kids can get. I'm sorry Midoriya, but there's nothing we can do. They're all toddlers. We can't punish them for being influenced by their surroundings." The principal shook his head.

"Then can I talk to the kids myself?" Midorya asked.

"I... think we can arrange that. But if you try to defend Shinsou, it won't last. I've been taking care of kids for so long. Once you leave, they'll pick on Shinsou again. It would be better if he learnt to stand up for himself. It might be better to homeschool him - "

"That's the problem. I have school. I can't. This is the only place near my school and home that is affordable. At the very least, can you try to stop them from physically hurting him? I'll talk to him myself later."

The principal sighed. Midoriya was stubborn. Very stubborn. He was old. He would never be able to win an argument against the twelve year old. Midoriya himself went to that preschool before. He knew Midoriya was quirkless, and seeing the timid child finally standing up for himself warmed his heart. That was the only reason he allowed Midoriya to enrol Shinsou for a lower rate that was within the boy's price range. (Yes. He knew that Midoriya ran all over the neighbourhood to run errands for people. He never thought that he adopted a child, and was surprised.)

Midoriya was picking Shinsou up when he found a woman picking up another boy who was staying behind with Shinsou.

"Toshi! How are you?" Midoriya grinned. Shinsou had turned four a few montgs ago, and Midoriya could see the huge improvement that he had with his quirk. Apparently it manifested early, but the actual workings of the quirk only just came to him, and they were working on giving Shinsou conplete control over his power and finding the limits of it.

Shinsou merely frowned, and slowly grabbed Midoriya's hand. "You okay Toshi?"

Shinsou nodded.

"Mom! That's the weird one that controlled me!"

Midoriya frowned. He had been training enough with Shinsou so

that he wouldn't use his quirk by accident, and Shinsou was so good with it that he only used it when he wanted. Only when he was scared or threatened that he would unintentionally activate it.

"Toshi, what happened?"

"I'll tell you what happened, young man. That freak brainwashed my child! Such a villainous quirk, why is he here?!" The lady, who Midoriya assumed was the other kid's mother, screeched.

"Excuse me, I would prefer if you not call him a freak!" Midoriya snapped.

"I didn't even use my quirk." Shinsou muttered. "He pushed me, then started yelling that I controlled him."

"No! I bumped into him by accident, and he made me give him my bag." The other boy whined.

Midoriya growled. This kid was getting a bit to much for him.

"Kid, did Shinsou say anything to you?"

The boy nodded, crying into his mother's shirt.

"Did you reply?"

The boy shook his head.

Midoriya let out an angry "tch".

"Look, brat! And you! Listen up as well!" Midoriya growled at both mother and child, "His quirk is response based. If you don't reply to him, he can't control you."

The child's eyes widened.

"And Toshi has been training his quirk day and night to control it, so don't you *dare* accuse him of doing it by accident either!"

Midoriya poked his finger into the child's chest. "You know, lying is bad. This reflects very badly on you, and your mom."

The mother tried to protest, but Midoriya's aura flared up. He had been learning to do that for a long time when he encountered another vigilante called Stendhal. Instead of being scared, he found it really fascinating, and had prompt questioned the bewildered vigilante on how the heck he did that. Stendhal ended up giving the child some pointers, before they ended up parting ways.

Both mother and child froze in place, scared stiff of the menacing aura right in front of them. Shinsou clutched Midoriya's leg, scared of what was going to happen.

"You leave Shinsou Hitoshi alone. You lay a single finger on him. You. Will. Regret. It. Understood? And it's very rude of you to call a child a freak simply because of his quirk." Midoriya hissed. "Say that again, and I will get you in trouble with the police for quirk discrimination, got it?"

The mother and child both nodded, and she picked up her child before leaving.

Midoriya reigned in his anger, before turning to Shinsou, who was still scared and clinging to him.

"Toshi."

The toddler let go of his leg, and Midoriya scooped him up.

"Am... I a villain?"

"You'll never be a villain Toshi. You never even used your quirk." Midoriya ran his hand through Shinsou's hair. "You're a hero. My brave little hero, okay?"

Shinsou nodded, "You're my hero too! Eraser Head is second! You're first!"

Midoriya was internally screeching in happiness that his little brother thought he was a hero.

"Yep! I'm your hero! If you ever get into trouble, I'll save you for sure! So never give up, ever. Okay Toshi?

Shinsou smiled and nodded.

"You like that cat cafe, don't ya? Come on. Let's go there for dinner. I'm sure Snowy and Sherry miss you already."

"Snowball! The white cat is called Snowball! And the orange one is Cherry, not Sherry!" Shinsou protested.

Midoriya just chuckled as the two boys walked away from the preschool.

Midoroya's threats had... a larger impact that he thought. The child that once lied avout Shindou never bothered him again, but there had been several more incidents when other children picked on him and Midoriya had to deal with the idiotic parents who thought their children were angels when they were in actuality demons.

Midoriya didn't care that he had to scare the wits out of adults and children alike in order for them to leave Shinsou alone. He didn't care if his actions seemed like a villains to other people. If he had to, he'd happily burn the entire world to keep Shinsou safe.

There were rumours starting to spread that he had a demonic guardian that would protect him if anyone were to lay a finger on him.

Except that everyone in the neighbourhood seemed to think that Shinsou had somehow summoned the demon and it had possessed the "poor helpless quirkless Midoriya Izuku", using him as a vessle.

Midoriya really wanted to snort. Humans were just so, so, dumb and ridiculous sometimes.

But he didn't. There were consequences.

Everyone now stayed as far away from Shinsou as possible, scared that the monster would come after them. Word of Shinsou's quirk had also spread, and more and more people talked about "the purple brainwashing monster that had a pet demon right on a leash".

And every single time Midoriya entered his classroom, everyone (except Bakugou. Bakugou was laughing at Midoriya's expense the entire time while also being very internally confused) kept saying exorcism prayers and holding crosses and all sorts of random items.

One kid was apparently on a different page from the others, and threw garlic at him. And salt.

It was annoying. Very annoying. His bullies sometimes asked him questions. If Midoriya played nice, they bullied him. If he talked back at them, they screamed that he was possessed and ran. He also had countless people come up to him to ask if he was okay, did he want ginger tea to expel the demon, etcetera. And apparently no one questioned his connection to Shinsou, thinking that he had no idea who Shinsou was or that he was possessed.

Midoriya was fairly sure it was that it was the dumb parents that made it up. They hated Shinsou and his quirk. They were scared of the child's guardian, and upon finding out he was quirkless? Bam. He was possessed by an evil spirit.

It. Was. So. Dumb.

And the people that believe it all? Also dumb.

Why the heck was everyone so scared of Shinsou? He was a nice kid, perfect, if anyone asked Midoriya. Shinsou just wanted to help, make friends, be a normal kid. But no. He naturally had pale skin and eye bags. His hair seemed to defy gravity and was fluffed up for no reason. (Midoriya really liked it. It was so damn fluffy. So much fluffier than his own. Shinsou said otherwise.) He was kind, nice, polite, had perfect manners, never interrupted people when they were speaking, and never lied. (He hid his wounds and the bullying, but that was something else all together)

Shinsou was practically like a kitten begging for positive attention, and everyone just kicked him away cause he was different. Midoriya would indulge him, but both of them knew it wasn't enough. Midoriya was the only positive influence in Shinsou's life, and Midoriya knew it wasn't healthy for the toddler.

It got worse. Apparently, his father was a villain too. How coincidental. Inko didn't know about it, but when Midoriya went home one day to find his house in flames, he had panicked and barged into his home. Apparently, his father came home, talked with Inko, realised that she hadn't outrightly abandoned Midoriya for being quirkless, and had gotten angry.

There were eyewitnesses who saw the fire breathing villain stomping around, and Aizawa and Yamada, who just happened to be the closest heroes to the scene, managed to apprehend him. They had no idea what or how the villain was connected to anything, just that he was burning houses, and when they caught the villain they left to let their statements get taken.

But the damage was already done.

Midoriya had to practically beg Shinsou to stay with the principal of the preschool for a few days while the entire matter was sorted out. Shinsou didn't want to leave, but Midoriya promised that he would visit him every day until he managed to fix the entire situation. He didn't want to be seen with Shinsou. That would just complicate the entire matter, cause then everyone would say Shinsou brainwashed him and set the house on fire or something. It was better if Shinsou stayed incognito to the government for the time being.

Inko technically owned the house, and had already paid for electricity and water for the next few years, and since she was dead and his father was a villain, the house was put under Midoriya's name. However, her savings and money came from Hisashi, who apparently provided for her, so that had been confiscated by the government. Midoriya, who was thirteen, at the time, had outrightly refused to go into an orphanage, and practically told everyone that he was capable of taking care of himself.

No one wanted to argue with the quirkless kid. They didn't really care either. They left him to his own devices, and just provided enough money for food. Everything else was swept under the rug. Midoriya was fine with that. He didn't want government people in his home anyway. Shinsou would still be safe with him. He was capable of providing for them all.

He did have to end up working a lot more in order to pay for his own education as well. Apparently the government thought that Midoriya ate a lot or something, cause the amount provided was way too much just for food. There was enough for him to pay at least half his own school fees, so while Midoriya didn't have to work that much more, it was still very, very annoying that they just agreed to let a kid live on his own just because he was quirkless. The discrimination was that bad.

Midoriya was very much considering just studying ahead and getting out of junior high early, but both of them agreed that doing so would make him stand out and it would end up being much more dangerous for them both if anyone found out that two kids were practically living on their own.

"Ok. You're telling me that this villain killed people, burnt a few houses, we caught him, and now there's a child living on his own."

Nezu nodded. "Yeah. Apparently, the kid had specifically said that he didn't want people checking on him because that would just draw more attention to him. They didn't specify his age, just that he was a teen. Maybe he isn't that young. We can't pursue this anymore unless you want to take it up with orphanages and all the officials, and while I say that it's wrong to just let him live like this, doing any more might make it more dangerous."

Aizawa just sighed. This was just getting *better and better*. Sarcastically.

The vigilante he used to chase was appearing a lot less often, and Aizawa was hoping that maybe he realised it was too dangerous and was trying to cut it out of his schedule slowly. Hopefully.

He had a very, very bad feeling, that things were going to get a lot more messier.

Midoriya was very, very tired. Studying, working, everything.

Shinsou was always doing his best to try and help out, sometimes helping run a few simple calculations, or grabbed his stuff when he needed it. Apparently, after Midoriya had to fix a few people's ovens and toasters a few times, people had realised he was good with machines.

Some of his neighbours paid him to fix their doorbells, or vacuum cleaners, or whatever broken devices they possessed. The large ones, like kitchen appliances, were easy to fix. Phones, were not.

He often had to squint at all the cables before Shinsou just shoved a magnifying class between the device and his face, holding it steady to that Midoriya could easily grab the one red wire out the dozens of wires that littered the inside of the device. This person tried to repair it on their own, and had done a horrible job. The wires were all over the place, they were all connected wrongly, and seriously, why the heck was the home button connected to the battery directly without insulation or a transformer? They were literally asking to be electrocuted. Idiots.

Shinsou just hummed and grabbed the screwdriver for Midoriya when he asked for it. Midoriya took it, prying out a few more of the insides of the phone before he set about fixing them.

Yeah. Midoriya was tired. And mad. But mostly tired. Not just physically. Emotionally and mentally. He understood, but he couldn't accept it. Why Shinsou? What did he do wrong? Why was it always him or Shinsou that was in the wrong when they were the victims? Why couldn't he stand up for Shinsou without having ridiculous repercussions? Why couldn't Shinsou live a normal life when he was literally the sweetest person in the whole entire world?!

Midoriya Izuku realised one thing.

They may be not be the ones in the wrong.

But if the whole world says they're wrong... were they really right?

Darkness

Shinsou was bad with interacting with people. Scratch that. He only knew how to interact with Midoriya and the elderly owner of the preschool that was very exasperated with Midoriya's antics.

Actually, he had no idea how to even interact with that old man that took care of him for three days under Midoriya's request, and Shinsou was very sure there was also some kind of exchange in money. The old man was wary around him, Shinsou knew that much. He did give him food, and kept and eye on him, and Shinsou did his very best to behave and not do anything wrong, but honestly, unlike Midoriya, who was very open with his physical and verbal cues and wouldn't hestitate to tell him if he did something wrong, the elderly preschool owner was reserved. He never knew if he was supposed to eat, wait until he finished eating before starting, or was supposed to take his meal somewhere else to eat.

It stressed him out. So every time he got a negative reaction out of anyone, he assumed it was wrong. But he was just getting himself hopelessly confused. Using a pencil made everyone stay as far away as possible from him. Was that wrong? It had to be wrong, right? So he used a crayon. Still, no one went near him. So that must be wrong too.

Returning a pair of scissors to the teacher when it had fallen out of her bag? The teacher looked so pale when she saw the cutting instrument in the child's grasp, she snatched it right out of his hands and ordered him back to the classroom, looking at him like he was going to murder her or something.

What was right? What was wrong?

Everything was wrong.

Shinsou didn't know anymore. Was helping people bad? Was hurting people good? Why did he always get a negative reaction when he didn't do anything wrong, but when the others used to

bully him, all the other children were all happy and smiling?

He wanted to ask Midoriya. Midoriya would always tell him whatever he wanted. But Shinsou knew the older child was preoccupied at the moment, and didn't want to bother him when he could see the exhaustion and feel the overwhelming emotions of anger and guilt whenever the older came to visit. So he swallowed his questions. They could wait until Midoriya sorted the matters with the house out.

It was a relief when Midoriya barged into the old man's office one day, declaring that everything was done and he was taking Shinsou with him. Finally, being with the only person that cared about him simply because he loved him, and for no other reason. That was one of the reasons why Shinsou loved Midoriya so much. As his older brother, as the only person who understood him, who took him in despite what everyone else in the world said. Who still loved him unconditionally even with all the rumours floating around the two of them. But Shinsou knew those weren't the main reasons why he loved his older brother. He didn't know the real reason. Maybe because they were family?

That seemed like a valid reason.

Emotions were complicated. No one could explain them. Emotions were irrational.

Especially love. But love was good.

Shinsou knew Midoriya was a rational person. He rarely acted on his emotions, reigning them in all the time, rendering him emotionally exhausted all the time from hiding all his anger at the world.

But Midoriya never repressed his emotions around Shinsou. He knew when he was sad, was angry, was upset, and most important of all, when he was happy.

And Shinsou liked it whenever he helped Midoriya do something, or after Midoriya would rant about some idiot or some other things until he calmed down, and smiled, cuddling Shinsou as they both

sat quietly together. He made Midoriya happy, and Shinsou was happy too.

Family was nice, Shinsou decided.

But with the love, came the pain.

"Hey, you know that green haired kid that picks the freak up?"

"Yeah, the demon one, right?"

"He's scary."

"Maybe he's a villain."

"I think he has a villainous quirk like the weirdo does."

"Maybe he really is a monster."

Shinsou had felt this foreign feeling bubble up in his stomach when he hward that. Saying all sorts of things about him wasn't bad enough. They just had to speak badly about Midoriya too. A hot searing pain flared in his gut, twisting and turning and roared at him to be released. He tried to supress it, but he felt nauseous, and the fiery feeling burst out.

"Shut up! Ni-san is the best person ever!"

He didn't realise he was yelling.

"He's the kindest, best person in the whole world! Stop saying bad things about him!"

Anger, tied with love for being the most irrational of emotions.

Was this how Izu felt all the time whenever people say bad things about me?

I can't control it. How does he control it?

He didn't realise the caretaker coming towards him until he was

picked up by the collar of his shirt.

"You little trouble maker. I have no idea why the owner even lets you stay here. You're just a future villain in the making. Stop trying to bother everyone else."

He didn't reply. He couldn't. If he did, they'll say he brainwashed them. He had to keep his mouth shut.

She dragged the child out of the classroom, and dumped him in a closet.

"I hope you'll think about your actions and how wrong they were."

Before he could protest, the door slammed shut. He heard the click of the lock, and the whole place fell into darkness. He couldn't even see his hands in front of him. He banged his shoulder into the door, and an ache ran through his arm, but the door didn't even budge.

There wasn't any other sounds, other than his breathing and the faint echo of his attempt to hit the door.

He was scared.

He couldn't see anything.

Shinsou tucked himself into a corner of the closet.

He was cold.

He felt his breath hitch.

Help.

But he knew if he cried out for help, he would just be locked in here longer.

He wrapped his arms around himself trying to keep himself warm and away from the coolness of the metal cupboard.

He wanted to cry. He was all alone again, sitting in the cool, damp alleyway as people ignored him, walking past him like he didn't

exist.

"As long as you're with me, crying will never be bad."

Izu will come for me, right?

He just had to hold out till then.

"Where. Is. Shinsou?" Midoriya grit his teeth.

When he went to pick up his little brother, he was nowhere to be found.

"I have no idea. I asked the teachers when he didn't come out, but none of them knew where he was. Apparently, he was missing the entire day." The owner sighed.

The entire day!?

Midoriya's breath hitched.

Toshi knows it's dangerous outside. He knows he should never leave the school. That meant he was somewhere here.

Midoriya raced into the school, despite the elderly owner telling him to calm down and think.

"Toshi!"

He raced around the first floor, yelling desparately, "Toshi!?"

His voice echoed in the hallways eerily. His footsteps sounded like thunder in the creepy quietness of the preschool. It was no longer full of happy, cheerful children. It was as quiet as a graveyard.

The evening lights that peeked in through the windows cast shadows that seemed to twist and turn in Midoriya's vision.

He was probably hallucinating. Getting such little sleep was definitely taking its toil on him.

He couldn't give up yet. Shinsou was still here somewhere. Midoriya wasn't leaving this damned place without him, even if he had to tear the entire building down brick by brick.

"Hitoshi! Where are you!? Hitoshi!"

He ran up the stairs, tripping on the last step. His chin slammed into the ground, and his mouth was slammed shut by the impact, but Midoriya just scrambled to his feet again, picking himself off the ground as he shot off down the hallway again.

"Hitoshi!?"

"Izu?"

Shinsou didn't know how long he had been in the cupboard. He didn't have a watch. It was dark. Too dark. He wouldn't be able to tell the time even if he had it.

He didn't even know what had woken him up. He only knew that he had tried to stifle his tears, but he had ended up crying quietly to himself before he passed out in the darkness of the cupboard.

"Hitoshi!?"

It was Midoriya. Shinsou felt his heart race. Midoriya was here.

"Izu?"

His voice was quiet, and his throat burned from the dryness caused by his crying. He coughed.

"Toshi?"

Midoriya's voice sounded closer.

He tried again.

"Izu!"

He didn't have to wait long before he heard the familiar click of the

door, and it was flung open. Light poured into the cupboard, and Shinsou rubbed his eyes.

Midoriya stood in front of him, panting. His hair was messy, even messier than usual. There was a bruise forming under his chin. His Aldera Junior High uniform was crumpled all over the place, and his pupils were dilated with exhaustion.

But it was Midoriya.

Shinsou flung himself into Midoriya, who picked up the child with one swift motion.

"You're okay now, Toshi. You're okay."

Shinsou just nuzzled his face against Midoriya's neck as tears threatened to fall.

"Shh. You must have been scared in there, weren't you."

Midoriya's voice was hypnotic to Shinsou, slowly lulling the smaller child into a haze of sleepiness.

Midoriya could feel the tremors emanating from the child subsiding. *Who the heck in the right mind thought it was ever okay TO LOCK A FIVE YEAR OLD IN A CUPBOARD!?*

He was scared. But he was fine now. He was safe. The warmth of his brother wrapped around his small frame, and the light that seeped into the hallway was good enough for Shinsou.

Midoriya spent the entire night fussing over Shinsou. Shinsou had ended up developing a fear of the dark and the old fear of abandonment that he thought had faded away had crept back up from the darkness. Midoriya only realised this after he had gotten up to use the bathroom, and returned to their room, only for Shinsou to fling hinself at the older boy, crying and shaking the entire time.

He was ready to murder someone for that vile act or cruelty.

But his first and foremost priority was Shinsou.

They were lucky it was a Friday, so Midoriya could accompany Shinsou for a full two days before he had to go back to attending school. Or maybe he should just ditch school. Who cared about quadratic equations and why titration works, he already knew all that stuff. It was in no way more important than Shinsou's mental and physical wellbeing.

Midoriya decided stopped his vigilantism completely. He knew that Shinsou was resilient, and wouldn't want to let something like this stop him from attending preschool and trying to live a semi-normal life. Midoriya wasn't going to leave Shinsou alone in the house anymore, especially at night. He didn't want to save anyone if he couldn't even protect his little brother from his own nightmares and demons.

Midoriya tried to think of everything that would cheer the boy up. Watching silly videos on the internet, playing ridiculous games, they ended up sticking scraps of paper on each other and chased each other around the house. Shinsou was happy as long as he was with the older boy, Midoriya realised.

He wasn't going to leave any time soon.

"And why did you stick him in the cupboard?!"

"He was causing trouble, sir." The teacher snorted.

Shinsou had told him the name of the teacher that had left him in there and conveniently forgot that he was there, forcing the boy to be stuck in there for the entire day in the cold and darkness. Midoriya had filed a complaint to the preschool owner. And they were currently discussing about it.

"And what, exactly did he do?"

"He was yelling at his classmates."

"Really?" Midoriya raised his eyebrow, his tone turning sarcastic,

"And *that* was a very good reason to act like you did! Sure! You're a responsible adult that cannot handle a child yelling? Really? Are you sure you have a teaching or care-taking licence?"

"He was scaring them!" The teacher replied, though she did shrink back from Midoriya's tone. Shinsou was sitting outside the office, listening to Midoriya scold the teacher.

"Oh, so you let the other kids bully him and you don't even bat an eyelash, but when he gets angry he's the one at fault? How dumb can you get? He has emotions too!"

"Excuse me, he's the bully if everyone else is scared of him!"

"Do you even know why he was yelling in the first place?!"

"It doesn't matter!"

"Of course it matters! He wouldn't just get angry for no reason!"

"Both of you please calm down - "

"No! I won't stand for this! The other children being against him is bad enough! The fact that even the teachers are biased against him for no reason is worse! You're the ones that are letting the children think *it's okay* to bully other people!"

"Do not use that tone with me, young man."

"Excuse me. You're not my mom, and you literally LEFT A FIVE YEAR OLD IN A CUPBOARD. IN THE DARK. FOR THE ENTIRE DAY. AND YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TO LET HIM OUT. YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RIGHT TO CALL ME THAT, OR EVEN TAKE CARE OF ANY KIDS!" Midoriya growled. His eyes seemed to glint in the dark, and his tone and attitude literally screamed that he expected no resistance.

He wasn't met with any. The teacher had shrunk into a corner, eyes wide open with fear as she stared at the fourteen year old staring her down.

"If I see you ever again, harrassing my little brother, you will pay

for it, understood!?" Midoriya hissed.

She nodded.

"Good. Have a nice day!" Midoriya's demeanour changed drastically, and he smiled, walking out of the office. Shinsou grabbed his hand, and they both walked out of the school.

The owner sighed, "Honestly, I agree with him. I can't have a caretaker that locks children in cupboards. That's just too much. I'm sorry. You won't have to come tomorrow."

"Tch. Stupid child." The woman hissed as she collected her belongings and walked out of the school. "But... it seems like the rumours were right..."

She smiled, picking up her phone.

"Hello? I got fired. I have the info on both the brainwashing child and the supposed quirkless demon."

"When do you think we can get them?"

"Anytime after three to about five in afternoon. That's when he gets picked up."

"Good."

Gone

Midoriya tapped his foot restlessly as he waited for his lesson to end. The teacher was talking about algebra manipulation. That was fun, not. Midoriya had already finished the entire worksheet that the teacher had given him, as well as the english grammar worksheet the other teacher had given him. He literally didn't have anything to do.

It's been a few weeks since Shinsou's incident of being locked in the cupboard. Midoriya was still very, very angry over it. But the teacher had been fired and there weren't any more incidents like that, so all was good.

"Deku, stop tapping your feet, dammit." Bakugou hissed, "It's annoying."

Midoriya rolled his eyes, but obliged.

His relationship with Bakugou was... weird. He knew why Bakugou used to blow him up, but he was still slightly peeved that Bakugou hadn't thought to talk to him. Then again, the same could be said about himself. Why didn't he question why Bakugou was blowing him up all the time?

He couldn't really blame Bakugou. They both had no idea what they were doing.

They were currently at the point where they had made up, they gently sparred sometimes during lunches and breaks, but were very awkward around each other. Neither of them knew what to talk about, and it was still weird to be next to the person that blew him up every five minutes since he was a toddler. Bakugou was okay with that. They both needed time to adjust.

Midoriya was still worried about Shinsou. He knew all the teachers were biased against the child with a brainwashing quirk. That was the only teacher that acted against him, but who knew when any of

the other caretakers would take action again?

Shinsou was idly doodling on a piece of paper. He got bored often, waiting for Midoriya was painful when the only thing he could do was stare at the clock on the wall and the seconds ticked past. Midoriya had started teaching him basic mathematics, and he had already finished up the math exercises that Midoriya had placed in his bag. Math was... easy. It was logical. Shinsou liked logical stuff. It made sense. And things like 19 + 24 weren't that hard.

The bell by the door chimed as the door was pushed open. Shinsou lifted his head in anticipation, hoping it was Midoriya and that he had come to pick him up early.

To his dismay, it wasn't his older brother. It was a man with long brown hair that reached his shoulders, with eyebags that rivalled that of Shinsou's own. His eyes were red and full of malice.

The man just felt so wrong. Shinsou wished he was back in the cupboard instead of right in front of this new person, and that was saying a lot about the amount of fear and unease he got looking at the man.

"Ahm. I'm here to pick up Shinsou Hitoshi."

Shinsou blanched. Who the heck was this guy? Midoriya wouldn't get someone else to pick him up without telling him, much less a stranger. He wasn't on the piece of paper that Midoriya had handed him.

Midoriya had drawn four people, but apparently two of the four drawings were of the same person. They were both blonde. One was of Present Mic, a hero and dj that they both liked to listen to over the radio when he blasted all sorts of music over the weekends. The other blonde was apparently him as well, but without the tinted glasses and he had his hair tied up in a bun. There was another with spiky, beige hair. His eyes were red, and according to Midoriya, he swore a lot, but he trusted this person called Bakugou Katsuki who had an explosion quirk. The last person had a grey scarf around his

neck, black eyes and equally black long hair. Eraser Head. Those were the people that Midoriya said were trustworthy. This new guy wasn't either of them.

So he couldn't be trusted.

What does he want with me?

The old man looked at this new guy weirdly.

Please don't let me go with him please don't let me go with him please don't let me go with him-

"Who are you? You're new. I don't recognise you."

Thank god.

"Shinsou's caretaker told me to pick him up as he's busy." The man shrugged.

"Look, who is Shinsou's caretaker, if you don't mind me asking?"

"He doesn't want to reveal his name."

There was a problem. The old man and Shinsou were the only ones who knew Midoriya's name. If there was someone who was picking Shinsou up in his place, they should have mentioned his name. It wasn't like there was anyone else in the room that was trying to eavesdrop.

The old man sighed, "Look, please get out of here. You seem like a decent person, but please stop harassing this kid or I'll call the police for attempted kidnapping."

The man sighed. "Looks like we'll have to do it the hard way."

The man immediately whipped out a gun, and before Shinsou could do anything, and loud bang rang out through the preschool.

Shinsou flinched at the sudden loud sound.

He blinked, and realised that the elderly owner of the preschool was

slumped against his table, a red liquid slowly dripping off the table.

Shinsou gulped, and backed away from the man, who was twirling the gun in his hand.

"Come on, Shinsou. You don't wanna end up like that, do you?"

He cornered the smaller boy, and Shinsou looked around. He was backed into a corner, and he could feel his back against the wall.

Before he could even think about making another move, he felt something sharp sink into his neck.

He blinked. His eyesight turned blurry. He couldn't see straight.

He felt his legs give out from under him, as he gazed at the man in front of him.

Shinsou couldn't move his body. It felt stiff, and it wouldn't respond to him. He felt... what was that word that Midoriya taught him... *paralysed?*

Midoriya finished all his stuff early, and went to pick Shinsou up. His finals were coming up soon, and while he didn't really need to study for it, he had to start getting ready for UA's entrance exam. He also didn't want to leave Shinsou in preschool for too long either. Who knew how long more the child had to suffer in the damn closet if Midoriya hadn't gotten there earlier than usual?

Midoriya felt a shiver up his spine. Something was wrong. Very wrong. He shook his head, before he started running towards the preschool.

He just rounded the corner when he saw a man walking out, carrying a child. He blinked.

The child had purple hair.

Toshi.

"Hey! Put him down!" Midoriya yelled, as he ran at the man. His hand automatically reached into the hidden compartment in his jacket to pull out his retractable staff, one that he and Shinsou both had fun making together with the scraps from the nearby garbage beach.

"You must be the Demon, eh?" The man grinned, before a dark liquid was expelled from his mouth, enveloping the duo.

"TOSHI!" Midoriya yelled, and leapt at them.

But it was too late.

The black ooze had literally disappeared into thin air, and Midoriya bashed into the ground.

"... Toshi..?"

There was no reply.

He had disappeared. With Hitoshi.

Midoriya felt nauseous. His throat tightened, and he felt utterly sick to his stomach.

Hitoshi was gone.

He forced that uncomfortable feeling back into the depths it had crawled out from. He couldn't let himself be bothered with his emotions right now.

He needed to get help. Fast.

Midoriya slammed his palms onto the desk of the police station, the loud sound echoing throughout the office.

Tsukauchi and Aizawa jumped at the sudden loud noise, and turned away from whatever conversation they were having to face the green haired boy who had barged into the station. They were originally talking about the disappearance of the new vigilante.

Aizawa was worried. What if he was dead? He was just a kid. Aizawa couldn't help it. Vigilante's don't just disappear like that.

Aizawa looked up. He recognised the kid. He remembered seeing him once walking along the side of the road, talking to a purple haired toddler. Aizawa could tell by how they looked at each other, they both loved each other like the other was the entire world. That kind of pure, unadulterated like was rare in this world, especially among siblings who wanted to make it big in the hero industry. It was pathetic, to be a hero, you had to step over others, but that was life. You couldn't get too attached. That would hinder their work.

"There's a kidnapping. I saw it. He took my little brother."

The police officer at the desk blanched.

"You're... the demon - "

"I'm not a demon!" Midoriya growled. "You guys are idiots if you're believing stupid rumours like that! Now get serious, put that stupid mug aside and help me, god damn it!"

Aizawa blinked. *What the heck? Why is the kid giving off such intensity?*

The police had cleared his desk and was sitting upright, perfectly still in an instance, faster than either of them had seen him react before.

Who was this kid?

"Ah.. yes. Sorry. Who are you?"

"Midoriya Izuku. Age, fourteen. I go to Aldera Junior High."

"Alright. Who was kidnapped?"

"My little brother. Shinsou Hitoshi. He's five. He goes to the Aoihoshi Preschool, the one three blocks away from here."

"He isn't registered under - "

"I adopted him four years ago."

Aizawa gulped when Tsukauchi looked at him and nodded. Midoriya was telling the truth. That meant Shinsou was abandoned when he was one. That was too young. Way too young. Another bothered Aizawa. Midoriya said he adopted Shinsou. Not his mom, or dad. He did. And he was fourteen. He adopted Shinsou when he was ten.

Both of them were too young, jeez.

The officer gulped.

"Okay, how was he -"

"I was picking him up, this guy with long black hair and red eyes was carrying him out, I tried to tell him to let go and they disappeared into black ooze."

The kid was intense, Aizawa would give him that. And straightforward.

Midoriya groaned, "It's had to describe them all. Can I just draw them out for you?"

The officer nodded, meekly pushing over a pack of pencils and paper. Midoriya grabbed them, and the officer flinched.

"Jeez, stop acting like I'm going to hurt you or something. You're a police officer, aren't you?"

Tsukauchi blinked.

"What's this about a demon?" Aizawa asked.

Tsukauchi shrugged, "There are rumours about an evil purple haired toddler who can control people and apparently they summoned a demon that possessed a green haired quirkless boy called Midoriya Izuku. No one even refers to him by name cause " speak of the devil and he shall appear" or something."

Aizawa frowned in disbelief. Yep, that rumour was dumb. Midoriya

was obviously overprotective of the poor kid, and if people hated them enough to start rumours like this, then his attitude was justified.

He was shaken out of his thoughts when Midoriya slammed some paper on the police officer's desk, scaring the poor man again. He shoved the paper in the officer's face, revealing two well drawn coloured sketches of a man with long black hair and red eyes, and a smaller child with purple hair.

"This is the kidnapper. And this is Shinsou Hitoshi. And this is my phone number."

Midoriya leaned forward and growled, "I want in on this case. Any new information, leads, clues, I want to know. If your boss doesn't want to, you contact me and I will speak to him myself. Understand?"

The officer nodded meekly, and Midoriya sighed, "Okay, can you guys send some people to investigate Aoihoshi Preschool?"

"You... didn't-"

"Of course not. Do I look like I work for the police?" Midoriya snorted, "And that's why I didn't call, and instead ran here. If I had called, I would have probably only just have gotten connected. Your system is inefficient. And if you're not doing something about it now, I'll go investigate myself."

"That's not a good idea." Aizawa pipped up.

Midoriya regarded him and Tsukauchi oddly.

"You. Pro hero Eraser Head. You gonna come help me or are you going to just lecture me?"

Aizawa gave a small snort. He liked this kid. He didn't beat around the bush or sugarcoat things. He was straight to the point. He was logical. And he knew about him? That's a first. Usually if he interfered like this, people would tell him to stay out of their business, not even recognising him. That was the job of an underground hero, but yeah, it got annoying.

"I suppose so."

"Good. Follow me."

Aizawa was about to retort that he didn't listen to kids when he saw the expressions in Midoriya's eyes.

He was determined to find Shinsou. But that expression was hiding the vivid array of negative emotions, deep underneath.

Rage.

Anger

Grief.

Self loathing.

Sadness.

Desperation.

Aizawa's heart softened.

Maybe he'll relent, just this once.

Back to Rooftop Hopping

Aizawa and Midoriya walked briskly, side by side. Tsukauchi had agreed to get into contact with Nezu for him while he sorted the case out with Midoriya, as they made their way to the preschool.

"So... you doing okay, kid?"

"Yes, I'm totally doing okay." Midoriya grumbled, his tone laced with sarcasm.

He led the pro hero to the preschool, and Aizawa blinked. He pushed open the door, and grimaced as the metallic smell of blood filled his nose. Midoriya sucked in a breath when he sae the still, bloodied form of the elderly preschool owner. Aizawa did *not* like normal Midoriya was acting seeing a dead body that was dripping blood. Heck, even he panicked when he saw his first dead body while on patrol with Yamada in their third year of UA. Midoriya had glanced at the dead body, said nothing, and continued looking at the rest of the room like nothing else was wrong.

Aizawa grunted, this was troublesome. A dead body, a kidnapped child, and a teen that was oddly immune to the thought that someone was dead and bleeding.

Then Midoriya saw a small green bag on the ground. *Toshi's bag*.

He yelped, and was about to rush into the corner with the abandoned bag, when he was grabbed by Aizawa before he could run further into the school in a panic as mess up the scene.

"Calm down. Deep breaths. Do you know where to security room is? I need access to the cameras."

Midoriya nodded, gulping, "I fix the tech here sometimes. I can get you access."

"Alright. Lead me there. There's going to be more heroes and police

arriving, so if you're not with me, you'll get in trouble."

Midoriya mutely nodded, as he pushed a door open and made his way down the hallway.

"Yup. That's him." Midoriya nodded at the picture shown on Aizawa's screen. Nezu had sent a picture on the database based off the drawing that Midoriya had made. However, his quirk wasn't the black, gooey teleportation quirk that Midoriya had described. His quirk was a paralysis quirk, where his nails could grow into needles and all he had to do was stab someone to paralyse them. It matched with what Aizawa got from the sercurity cameras.

They saw the man enter. They saw him shoot the preschool owner, corner Shinsou, and stab him in the neck with his needles.

Midoriya had almost bashed the screen in his rage. At himself or the villain, Aizawa didn't know. Probably them both. He just tied the smaller child up in his capture weapon while he tried to access the rest of the security feeds.

He saw the fluffy haired child being bullied. He saw the teacher lock him in the cupboard. He saw Midoriya running throughout the school, before finally letting the child out of the closet. He saw parents pointing fingers at the poor scared child, before Midoriya retaliated and defended the kid.

For goodness sake. Shinsou had it rough. And a brainwashing quirk? No wonder everyone thought so badly of him. There was a villain take liked to hide in the shadows, and took control of random people, making them commit crimes completelyagain their will.

He remembered one encounter where a teacher was yelling at the students to run away as he tried to hack away with them with a knife. He was lucky that Kayama was there and managed to knock the teacher out before he could hurt anyone, but the students were traumatised.

And the ooze person. Nezu had identified him as another villain. The fact they had a teleportation quirk user was scary. Leads would be even harder to find since there wasn't even a trail for them to follow.

More pro heroes had arrived at the scene, and Aizawa had to pull Midoriya out of the school. The teen just looked... emotionless. His eyes looked dead. All the anger was gone. He looked like his entire world had shattered. Aizawa groaned under his breath as Yamada, in his Present Mic persona, tried to comfort the boy, to no avail.

"If there's anything we can do to help -"

"If you want to help, please. Find him. Help me find my brother." Midoriya's voice cracked. "He's the only person that matters to me. Please."

Shit. Aizawa thought. *Shinsou meant the world to Midoriya. His entire world did shatter.*

Aizawa pulled the boy in for a hug. He couldn't help it. He was attached already. The boy was quirkless. Aizawa understood how he felt. He himself practically fought quirkless, given his quirk didn't even work on mutant type quirks. He could probably guess how badly the boy had been shunned for it. He was scary at times, sure, but he wouldn't be able to find or rescue Shinsou without help. He had seen how much Midoriya loved Shinsou, how much he cared about him. He had no problems threatening pro heroes or police officers just to be able to understand the entire situation and get as much information as he could about his brother's state.

The fact that he was asking, practically begging for help, showed how desperate he was.

"Yeah. We'll do our best."

Problem child.

Midoriya growled.

It had been a few days after the start of the investigation. He popped by the police station every day, but they had no information for him. He wasn't sure if it was because there were no leads yet, or they didn't want to deal with the quirkless green haired kid that they all called a demon. He had gone bak to vigilantism (or just running all over the place in a green hoodie. He didn't really focus on taking out villains, just finding information about his brother. But if anyone came after him, they would have hell on their hands.)

So, if they weren't going to spill to a fourteen year old student, maybe a vigilante? He knew that Aizawa was after him. He did like to dance around the pro hero, popping up, teasing him, sending silly messages and cat pictures on his vigilante phone. Aizawa was annoyed with him for sure. But maybe... he might be more willing to open up.

With that, he put on his sleeveless hoodie, put his voice modulator mask on, and hopped out of the window.

The UA exams were in a three or four months. Aizawa would probably stay in the area. But finding where the pro hero patrolled at night was... hard. He wore black. That was a pain to find.

Maybe he should let Eraser Head find him instead. Green was a much easier colour to spot.

He quickly whipped out his phone and texted the hero.

Eraser Head. I wanna meet up at eleven. Find me two stations away from UA on the usual rooftop. Present Mic can come too if he wants, I guess.

He pocketed his phone, and leapt off the roof, rolling, before blasting into a sprint. He had two hours before he was due to meet the hero. Maybe he could sniff around for more clues and take his anger out on villain small fries.

Aizawa groaned at the text.

The vigilante that disappeared for several months was back,

roaming the streets. And now he wanted to talk. And at least he was alive. How old was the damn vigilante anyway?

Aizawa slumped back into the sofa, aggressively sipping his juice pack. Everything seemed to be going crazy now. The UA exams, exams in general, the kidnapped child, and now this. Thank god he didn't have a homeroom class, or he'd go mad.

"What's gotten you so worked up?" Yamada asked, tossing another juice pack at Aizawa, "You've been angrily sucking that thing for so long, I'm surprised you haven't passed out from the lack of oxygen." Aizawa tossed his juice pack in the trash can across the living room. It smacked against the wall and pathetically slid into the trash bin, before the tired pro hero grabbed the new pack and sucked on it with what was definitely more force than necessary.

"You know that vigilante? The one called Akatani?"

"Didn't you mention that he disappeared a few months ago?"

"Yeah. He's active now." Aizawa nodded, "He just texted me. He wants to meet. He said you could come if you wanted to."

"Okay. Gimmie a second to gel my hair, Sho."

"It takes at least half an hour for you to do your hair, Zashi."

"Sup?" Midoriya greeted, as he saw Aizawa and Yamada climb up the ladder that led to the roof where he was waiting.

"So, Akatani, what do you want now. You disappear for a few months, and then you come back again? What do you want?"

"I had stuff to do." Midoriya grumbled.

"Eraser was really worried, you know?" Yamada said.

Midoriya's face shot up. Aizawa was worried about him!? Sure, he and Aizawa had met a few times while Midoriya was patrolling, and they did have conversations while the teen was trying to avoid

getting caught in Aizawa's capture weapon, but he didn't think that Aizawa was that concerned.

"Shut up, Mic." Aizawa growled.

He didn't want to admit it.

Midoriya sighed and got straight to the point, "So. Kidnapped toddler."

Yamada and Aizawa straightened out. This case wasn't revealed to the public, at least in Musutafu, seeing how bad a reputation Midoriya and Shinsou got. If they revealed it, who knew how to public would react. How did the vigilante know about it.

"You know, the green haired kid has literally been asking anyone who hasn't shunned both him and the other kid before." Midoriya snorted. That technically was true. Whenever he saw a pro hero, or he sought them out, he literally ran up to them, asked them if they've seen a purple haired toddler before, before spouting every single thing he knew about the case after literally dragging the hero into some place where they won't be overheard. Midoriya himself had a file on it at home that he personally compiled.

Aizawa sighed. Midoriya really was determined to find his little brother. Heck, he was even dragging other pro heroes into it. No wonder Kamui Woods was saying something about a kidnapped kid with purple hair and someone dragging him into an alleyway to talk. He did have to admire the kid's drive though. And could he really call it *bothering* heroes when this kind of stuff was what they were supposed to do in the first place?

"So, he asked you?"

"Yep." *If you can even call asking your hidden vigilante persona for help as asking.*

"And you want to help him, why?"

Midoriya sighed. Aizawa really was being cautious.

"Look, I know how it feels to lose a person close to you." *That's my*

kidnapped brother. "I lost the only person that I ever cared about." *Toshi.* "I know it hurts a lot." *My heart feels like it's being torn into two.* "I don't want other people to feel like that." *I don't want to feel that. It hurts too much.*

Aizawa gulped. He didn't think that the vigilante had also lost someone.

"I'm sorry for your loss."

"It's fine." *No it isn't.*

"Look, kid, I know you're a vigilante and stuff, but since you technically never used your quirk, hey, Eraser, he didn't use his quirk right? So technically we can't arrest you, but this is supposed to be a secret from the public, you know?" Yamada said.

Midoriya snorted. Yep. He definitely liked Present Mic for trying to very nicely tell him to not get involved. If it was that flaming trash dump Endeavor, no doubt he would have been fried to a crisp.

"There's a kidnapped kid. As far as I know, they have a teleportation quirk user, and a user that can paralyse people. You're going to need all the help you can get. I'm not planning on revealing anything to the public, but I think we can speed this process up if we help each other." Midoriya said.

"Will you be telling Midoriya?"

"Who's that?" Midoriya feigned ignorance.

"The green haired kid."

"Oh. Of course not. That kid doesn't need to worry about any more stuff." *JUST LET ME WORRY DAMMIT!*

"It doesn't matter if you agree to this or not. Anything you know, I will find out eventually. And I'm pretty sure I can find out more information about this than either of you. So you either work with me, and we help each other, or I'll just investigate and rescue the kid myself."

"You can't. It's dangerous." Yamada retorted, "And how old are you anyway?"

"Old enough to protect myself." Midoriya snorted.

"That's... a fair enough point." Aizawa sighed. The kid knew how to fight and avoid attacks, at the very least. And he seemed smart, since was able to take out people that outnumbered him, or was a lot stronger than him. "We can... help each other, I suppose."

"Oi, Eraser, are you sure?" Yamada groaned.

"Yes. This would definitely speed up the process the finding the kid. We honestly don't have much yet, but there's a few conditions. One, any information you get, you send it to us, immediately, along with sources, and your own deductions. We would let the other pros see it, and it would be very weird if we gave them conclusions with no concrete evidence or thought processes. You're basically incognito to them."

"Yep. I was originally going to do that. Also, you guys have to spill too."

"Fine. Two, we meet every week. Somewhere. I want to make sure you're not getting yourself involved in something too big for you to handle."

Midoriya snorted. Aizawa really was a mother hen. Or a mother cat. He seemed more like a cat. Yamada was a bird.

"Three, you do not tell Midoriya, anything. We'll sieve through the information and tell him what it necessary."

"Fine. Is that it?"

"No. Who the heck are you under the hood?" Yamada asked, butting in.

"Nope. I'm not taking the hood off." Midoriya growled.

"Aww... It was worth a shot." Yamada sighed. He was curious to know who Akatani really was, though. He recently started wearing

a mask, so his voice was slightly different. His hood was also on almost all the time, and they didn't even know what colour hair the vigilante had. All they knew was that he had bright green eyes that glinted in the moonlight.

"How old are you?"

"Not saying either."

"That means you're way too young to be a vigilante kid."

"I will not agree or disagree with that statement."

"You just admitted it." Aizawa sighed. The last time he saw him, he had an assumption that he was around eighteen. Maybe a very small eighteen year old. But now, he had a good, long look at Akatani. The way he spoke... despite having a voice changer, his sentence structure and the way he dealt with the heroes made him feel younger. He was small. He was probably as tall as Midoriya. So maybe he was fourteen or fifteen.

That was still way too young. But he knew he wasn't going to get anything more out of the vigilante.

"That's it."

"Alright. Spill. I want to know about the people who kidnapped the kid."

"So... personally, I think that Ooze Guy can only teleport people that are close to him, or at least, he knows them." Midoriya said, "Otherwise he would be able to just teleport Shinsou out of the preschool on his own, without needing Paralysis guy to pic him up. That means Paralysis Guy and Ooze guy are probably working together. But based on your records, neither of them are very smart, so there's probably some other mastermind behind this kidnapping, and they want Shinsou for something. The audio in the cameras specifically said they were after him."

Aizawa nodded.

"So... why do they want him?" Midoriya asked.

"No idea. Could be for his brainwashing quirk, but you probably heard of the rumours surrounding Shinsou and Midoriya. I'm personally thinking that they're not sure of Shinsou's real quirk, and want to use him to get to the "demon" or something. That seems more likely that trying to convince him to become a villain."

Midoriya cursed internally. That meant when they realise that the rumours surrounding the poor kid were false, they might end up coming after him. Or they figure out what Shinsou's real quirk is.

He needed to find his little brother, fast.

"So, any idea where these villains are active?"

Aizawa shook his head. "Teleportation quirk. The paralysis guy has been seen all over the place, but we can't pinpoint a base or location because of the teleportation quirk user."

Midoriya growled. That means he would have to search the entirety of Japan.

"Where has he been seen before?" Yamada asked, "There has to be a range, right? There's no way he can teleport people from all over the world, right?"

"Well... mostly Hosu, Shibuya, and the cities around here." Aizawa stated. They had found locations, but they just seemed so random. Before he scribbled them on a map that Midoriya somehow had, he wouldn't have thought that all the hit places were around Musutafu.

"Then we should search these cities first. Musutafu is in the middle of this group, and they were recently seen here. It might be a good place since they have a range around these cities. If you don't look at the map from above, people may not think of searching in Musutafu, just the places that have been hit."

Yamada nodded.

"Well, I think that's it. I'll find stuff, and send it." Midoriya pocketed the map, before he hopped off the building.

Aizawa and Yamada panicked, leaning over the edge, before seeing Midoriya sliding down the building by a water pipe. He hopped off the pipe, and ran off into the darkness.

"This was... constructive." Aizawa blinked.

"Eraser, you're not adopting him. I can see it in your eyes."

"I'm not."

"Honestly, if he wasn't a vigilante, maybe."

"If he wasn't a vigilante, I wouldn't feel safe leaving him alone in the house even if I took him in."

"Look, Shou, focus on Midoriya first." Yamada sighed, "His brother is missing. You said that he adopted Shinsou, that probably means that there isn't anyone taking care of him. His files are also all under wraps, so we can't get into them. We fix this case first, find Shinsou, deal with Midoriya, then maybe we can talk about Akatani."

"Fine."

Midoriya panted as he ran back to his house, climbing in through his window.

He had never, ever, ran so fast in his life. He wanted to get away from the two heroes, get home, start planning, and maybe patrol if he planned fast enough. As fast as possible. He didn't want to waste even a single *second* on something meaningless.

The faster he sieved through his information and data, the faster he could find Shinsou.

And with that, Midoriya jabbed the button on the laptop he salvaged, fixed and upgraded from the garbage dump, and got to work.

Entrance Exams

Midoriya grabbed a piece of bread, and ran to school, tapping furiously on his phone as he dodged all the pedestrians in his way.

He had a plan. He had a list of locations to hit.

But he didn't know which order, or how to infiltrate them.

Tapping furiously, as he turned, he thought.

What do I need to bring? Do I need to hack it? Should I beat em up, or should I just get information?

He dashed into his classroom, dumping his bag on the ground, before yanking a notebook out of his bag and began scribbling furiously.

What other equipment should I bring? Do I need to make anything else?

It wasn't before long before everyone started streaming into the classroom, and they avoided Midoriya, who gave off an aura of absolute chaos. He was a mess, for sure. Shinsou's kidnapping was driving him nuts.

"Hey. Deku." The teacher called. No one called him by his name anymore, just Deku. Midoriya didn't care, honestly. Everyone called him Deku anyway, the teachers calling him that didn't change anything.

Midoriya didn't listen as he kept mumbling under his breath and scribbled.

"Oi." Bakugou turned around, whacking Midoriya's hand, "Teacher's calling you."

"Don't bother me! X is ten, four, or five over two!" Midoriya looked up, glanced at the question, quickly did a mental calculation, and yelled.

The teacher gulped. Midorya never yelled. And he was scary. He wasn't going to call on the green haired boy, ever, again. At least he seemed to know what he was doing.....

Aizawa was sure Midoriya's mental state was deteriorating. Either that or he was going crazy.

Each time Midoriya burst into the police station asking for information, Aizawa noticed his hair getting even more wild and messy. His eye bags were getting worse. He saw a bottle of coffee in his bag pocket. He slouched a lot.

He was originally worried that Shinsou's disappearance would take a hit on Midoriya's education. He knew Midoriya wanted to be a hero, he had heard the boy say that once when he went to Aldera to check on his studies subtly. To his surprise, Midoriya was getting full marks in everything. So now, Aizawa was very sure that while Midoriya was set for his exams, his physical state was another problem all together.

There was once that Midoriya had fallen asleep in the police station, waiting for someone to get back to the counter. Both Aizawa and Tsukauchi had found him, woke him up, and asked him why the heck he was sleeping there.

"I.. don't know..."

"When was the last time you slept?"

"Uh.... Friday?"

"So.... the twenty second?"

"No... uh... Fifteenth, I think."

Aizawa was seriously worried. The last time he slept was two weeks ago? And was all he drinking just coffee and energy drinks? He didn't even seem to eat anything in school, scribbling in that notebook of his all the time, if what all the students were saying was correct. What was he even eating? Why wasn't he resting? How

was he still running about all over the place? Why hasn't he passed out in the middle of the road?

And to make things even complicated, Akatani seemed to be having the same problems at Midoriya. He was now gaining a lot of attention for his exploits, taking out villains with a hidden, murderous rage that left villains alive, but traumatised. He had no idea how many times the villains he beat begged the police to lock them up for their crimes and promising about a thousand times after an encounter with the vigilante. How he managed to do that, Aizawa had no idea. His spelling over the texts had deteriorated. Akatani was usually polite, snarky and sassy sometimes, but he never really raised his voice. Now, he sometimes yelled at Aizawa when he tried to pry too much. He also tripped and almost fell off a building once, if Aizawa hadn't grabbed him with his capture weapon in time.

They found Midoriya asleep in the police office again, two months later, so Tsukauchi ended up letting him sleep in his office. And to his surprise, he never saw, or hears anything about Akatani those two times. Hopefully he was finally taken Aizawa's and Yamada's constant nagging in the group chat to finally rest and recover before he crashed while out at night.

Aizawa just realised he had no idea where Midoriya or Akatani lived. The boy's files were under wraps, and he somehow always knew how to lose Aizawa on the rare cases when he tried to follow him. Akatani always managed to hide from Aizawa, so he couldn't even check on him.

"He applied to UA?" Yamada asked incredulously.

"Mhm." Nezu grinned. He was also part in the investigation, and was also the only other person to know that the two pros were collaborating with Akatani. Honestly, that made it a lot easier. They could just say "Nezu said so." and all the other pros just accepted it. That saved a lot of time. Nezu also started having an interest in Akatani from all his deductions, and information gathering.

Akatani had somehow found out that Nezu knew about him (Yamada probably said it by accident) and mailed a whole file of villains that were possibly working with the two kidnappers, along with quirks, weaknesses, and other information that was borderline stalker-ish. Nezu had tried to sniff out who Akatani was, and checked each piece of paper for fingerprints and other clues of the boy's real identity, but somehow he managed keep all the papers clean of all his DNA. He couldn't even find a single fingerprint. He really was getting interesting in this kid.

"He's quirkless? I can see how he'll maybe do well on the written test, since he literally got full marks on the preliminary paper, but what is he supposed to do against robots?" Kan said.

"There's still rescue points." Kayama pointed out. She was slightly fond of Midoriya, seeing him worry so much about Shinsou and doing everything he could to find out more information. Yamada was very surprised when he found Midoriya in the lobby of his radio station one day, giving him a stack of papers about articles he found online, and a narrowed down version of possible locations that could be their hideouts. She sometimes saw the boy rushing around all over the place, scribbling in that notebook (she was pretty sure she saw him writing in at least three of them) or tapping on his phone. Heck, she saw him doing homework simultaneous equations once as he ran past her.

"Yeah, but honestly, I think he had a good shot at general education. There are thirty six slots here, not counting the recommendation students. There's plenty of people here who would be able to do destroy the robots in a blink of an eye." Snipe said. "If he doesn't get into the hero course, I might want him in my homeroom class. Someone needs to keep an eye on him. You said he doesn't pay attention, and yet he's getting perfect scores?"

Snipe... liked and disliked the boy. He liked how determined the boy was, and he was smart. He was able to think, and had a one track mind and would do anything to get what he wanted, which was finding Shinsou. What he disliked was how little the boy took care of himself. He saw the boy buying bread once. A loaf, the kind that would usually last a day, two at most, as his regular stop for breakfast. He only saw Midoriya buying it once a week, and upon

further question of the few shops around the area, Midoriya was never seen eating, or buying food.

Aizawa nodded. "He uses his phone under the table as well sometimes. The teachers don't call him out, but honestly I don't even think his classmates know that he uses his phone. He falls asleep sometimes in class, but he never stays asleep for more than an hour. I think he crashes."

"Stalker." Yamada snorted.

"Yeah. Someone needs to keep an eye on him." Snipe sighed.

"Can you just calm the fuck down for a god damned second?!" Bakugou snarled.

They had already completed the written exam, and they were waiting for Yamada to very flashily finish explaining the exam. But just sitting still and waiting didn't sit well with Midoriya. He already had to suffer for ten minutes after finishing the written exam. There was no way he was able to sit through Yamada's introduction without doing anything.

Midoriya was scribbling in his ridiculously messy handwritting. Even though Bakugou was sitting righy beside him, he had no idea how to decipher Midoriya's scrawls. And Midoriya was very angry that day for some reason that Bakugou didn't know, and his handwriting was even worse than usual.

"Excuse me, there are three villains stated, but you have shown four. Why has UA made such a mistake!? And you sitting over there. You're not serious about the exam and listening." A blue haired boy stood up and pointed out.

Midoriya growled when he was interrupted. God damn it. His enraged mind was thinking about how to strangle person to the very brink of death before his thoughts were cut off.

"Well excuse me, if you would just wait patiently for Present Mic to finish the instructions, he was about to explain it. And seriously, I

already did my research on the exam. The missing robot, that you're clearly asking about, is called the zero pointer. It's a much larger robot that the others, and generally causes mass destruction. You don't get any points for defeating it, and it's very dangerous when in tight spaces. Now if you excuse me, please don't call me out when I clearly know more about the entrance exam than you do, and can afford to not listen to this introduction. I need to focus on something that's much more important, and has someone's life at stake. So if you excuse me, please sit down and let Present Mic continue." Midoriya said in the most flat tone he could use, while growling out his anger to make it very, very clear that he was serious, before sitting down harshly and continued his scribbling.

The blue haired boy just blinked, spluttered, and sat back before he could embarrass himself further.

"Well... he's right about the zero pointer." Yamada tried to clear the air, before finishing up the introduction and letting the examinees off to their respective battle grounds.

Bakugou looked at Midoriya worriedly. What had gotten into him these past few months?

Midoriya was tapping his feet impatiently as he waited for Yamada to give then the signal to start. He wasn't allowed to bring anything with him, so even his notebooks were stashed away in his bag in the changing room. He was angrily mumbling under his breath about the information he had gathered the previous day.

Or more like the information sent to him.

His address was placed as the post office's address, and he went to collect his mail everyday. However, there was a letter slipped under his door when he had gotten home after talking to the police at night.

"To Midoriya Izuku,

You know, this kid keeps saying that his big brother will save him. It's

disgustingly sweet, how much trust he has in you. We locked him in a dark room. I heard he really, really, loves it.

Lots of Love!"

It was an understatement to say that Midoriya was enraged when he stomped up to UA the next day, a few hours early for the entrance exam, demanded to see Present Mic and Eraser Head and shoved the letter in their faces.

"Can you please stop muttering and tapping your feet. Your antics are disturbing everyone." The same blue haired boy spoke up, waving his hands robotically.

Everyone turned to look at them.

"Well excuse me, it appears that my so called *antics* aren't bothering anyone except you. And now you're the one bothering people. If you don't like it, walk away and do something else, jeez. Your family are pro heroes, aren't they. Don't you know how to respect other people, Mr Iida Tenya, brother of Iida Tensei, who used to go to UA?" Midoriya snapped.

His information gathering *may* have ended up with him researching every single person who may apply to UA.

"Wha - " Iida was about to reply when Yamada yelled, "Alright examinees! Break it up! It's going to start soon! I'm pretty sure some of you are just jumpy right now!"

Everyone turned away from the arguing duo, and with a huff, Iida turned away from Midoriya and walked off.

Sure enough, Yamada yelled a few minutes later, "And go! What are you all waiting for! There's no countdowns in real fights! Look at him!" Yamada pointed out Midoriya, who had already ran into the battle ground, before the rest of the examinees snapped out of their dazes and stampeded in after him.

"Alright. Lets see." Maijima pointed, as Midoriya encountered a

three pointer as it rounded the corner. Honestly, wearing a tight black tracksuit with red sneakers, Midoriya was ridiculously skinny. There was no doubt Maijima could tell that Midoriya knew how to fight and instead, just thought he was a twig.

To his surprise, Midoriya just let the robot charge at him and made no move to dodge the attack. When the robot finally go close enough, it struck, lashing out with its metal arms.

Midoriya jumped, landing on the robot's arm, before using it to jump higher into the air. He flipped around, and literally kicked the robot's head off.

The joints at the neck weren't particular strong, but the fact that he just kicked the robot's head off so easily took them all by surprise.

A three pointer turned the corner, and Midoriya looked up. A laser shot through the robot, and he grabbed the arm of the robot he just destroyed, and used it as a shield as shrapnel rained down on him.

"Sorry, I didn't see you there!" The blonde boy with a french accent grinned, "I don't think we'll see each other again!"

Midoriya was at a huge disadvantage, as they could all see. His combat ability was good, and his analysis and information gathering skills were awesome, but against mindless robots, other people with long ranged quirks or strength quirks just had it a lot easier. Midoriya's skills were better against things that could think and react. He managed to get fifteen points because of his head start, but once everyone caught up, Midoriya no longer stood a chance.

"It's a pity." Yagi sighed.

Nezu slammed the glaring red button down.

The ground shook, and a robot emerged from the ground.

Midoriya groaned. He knew he didn't have enough points, and it was near the end of the exam if Nezu decided to unleash the Zero

Pointer.

He saw everyone running from the robot, and a cry of help rang out.

It was the girl with the gravity quirk. Uraraka Ochako. She was pinned down by a large slab of concrete, and Midoriya could see blood pooling out.

Midoriya groaned again. He couldn't just leave here there.

He raced towards the Zero Pointer. It was just large, but it was slow. Very, very slow.

Aizawa's eyes were glued on the screen, as were Kayama's, Yagi's, Kan's, Snipe's and Nezu's.

"What are you doing! You'll die!" A red haired boy yelled. Kirishima Eijiro. Hardening quirk.

"Shut up! If you have time to talk, toss that to me!" Midoriya screeched, pointing at a metal pole fair distance away from the Zero pointer.

Kirishima immediately raced over and picked up the pole as Midoriya charged at the robot. He poked another guy with six arms, Shoji Mezo, who had the Dupli-Arms quirk, and the stronger teen tossed the pole over at Midoriya. He caught the pole swiftly, and someome with yellow hair yelled, "Watch out!"

Midoriya prompty swatted away some rubble that was about to fall on him with the pole, and he casually turned back to see who had yelled. Kaminari Denki, the Electrification Quirk guy.

He turned back to the Zero Pointer. The robot was huge, and Midoriya prompty pried off the control panel on it's leg with the pole. It would be dumb to put the control panel on its head, especially when the damn thing was so big. You'd fall off the robot just trying to screw the panel back on.

He dug the pole into the control panel, wrecking the circuitery, and the robot spluttered to a halt.

"Are you okay?" Midorita called out to Uraraka.

"My.. leg..."

The slab of concrete was huge. She's be lucky if her leg could still be fixed, even with the help of Recovery Girl.

"And that's it! The exam's over!"

"You! And you!" Midoriya pointed at Shoji and Kirishima, "Help me try to get that thing off her!"

Kirishima agreed way too easily. Shoji did so as well, but he looked a bit more hesitant. The three of them tried to push the concrete slab upwards, but the damn thing was heavy.

Midoroya growled. Stupid concrete slab.

"Someone drag that stupid robot over here!" He growled.

No one made a move, until he heard a hesitant, "That one, kero?"

"No, it's totally that other one that's all the way over there!" He snapped sarcastically. Asui Tsuyu, frog quirk. He grabbed a handful of wires in the Zero Pointer's control panel and started fiddling with them.

A plain faced boy, the boy with the tape quirk, Sero Hanta, grabbed the robot with tape, and with the help of the Sugar Rush user, they dragged it over to the green haired boy. They watched at Midoriya picked the robot apart, before someone yelped, "Wait! Aren't you the Demon of Musutafu - "

"I'M NOT A GOD DAMNED DEMON, GOD DAMMIT!" Midoriya screeched.

"Wait, what demon?"

"You guys haven't heard of it? There's rumours of a purple haired monster in Musutafu. They're apparently are seen with a green haired boy that goes to Aldera Junior High. I heard he used to be very timid and people walked all over him, but one day he just

snapped and flipped two students over and smashed them into the ground. Though recently the purple haired person hasn't been seen so people think they're plotting something."

"You guys might wanna shut up, kero. He looks mad." Asui said.

Midoriya was mad. Very mad. His little brother was five, for gods sake. He couldn't plot a single thing, and he was too sweet to even think of such a vile thing. His hands were shaking in rage some wires out and tore more wires apart harshly with his teeth, before fixing them together. He yanked out some metal and proceeded to break them into smaller usable pieces, before smashing the whole thing together, held in place with Sero's tape. Stray wires stuck out of the smaller, hastily made contraption, but Midoriya didn't care about the aesthetics now.

He yanked the makeshift joystick, and Sato, Kirishima and Sero yelped as the the robot's giant arm started moving. They, along with Shoji, scrambled away as the arm slowly made its way towards Uraraka.

"What are you doing!?" Iida yelled.

"Shut up! I know what I'm doing!"

"You'll crush her!"

"If you don't shut up I'll end up crushing her by accident, dammit!" Midoriya growled, as he carefully punched a few buttons on the control panel and wiggled the joystick. The hand opened up, grabbed the concrete slab, and lifted it off Uraraka, who sighed as the pressure was taken off her leg.

Shuzenji appeared not too long after, healing Uraraka's broken leg.

"So... He knew the control panel was in the leg?" Maijima asked.

"Apparently so." Aizawa sighed. Midoriya had barely passed the exam with his rescue points and his fifteen measly" He was unlucky that his eventual rescue of Uraraka from the concrete slab didn't

count as it took place after the exam ended. He had passed, sure, but there were many people who had gotten a much higher score from villain points.

Like Bakugou Katsuki. Ninety two villain points, zero rescue points.

Or Kirishima Eijiro, forty eight villain points, thirty five rescue points.

The tabulated scores finally showed up on their screens.

In thirty seventh place. Midoriya Izuku. Fifteen villain points, thirty two rescue points.

Aizawa sighed.

Midoriya still had a shot at General Education. He did apply for that as well, and passed.

Aizawa wondered how he was going to take it. Hopefully he would take it well. And he could try again during the Sports Festival.

Shinsou

Shinsou was scared.

That was an understatement.

It was dark everywhere. There wasn't a hint of light anywhere he could see.

He remembered his body refusing to listen to him. He remembered Midoriya seeing him with the strange man. He remembered his older brother yelling his name, as he lunged at them.

He remembered his vision turning black.

He shifted uncomfortably. He could feel the cool chains around his wrist, clanking against each other with every movement he made. The eerie clanking resonated throughout the room, echoing around.

Why was it so dark?

Shinsou clutched the small, cool, metal feather that hung on a chain around his neck. Midoriya had given it to him when they celebrated their birthdays on the day right smack between both their birthdays, a few days after he was locked in the closet. He remembered Midoriya hunched over his desk, calmly telling him to sleep as he held a small penknife in one hand and a kitchen lighter in his other.

"Feathers come from birds. They aren't weighed down by the laws of gravity. We'll find our place, our freedom in this world full of discrimination one day. You're allowed to fly higher than other people. Don't ever let other people weigh you down, and don't ever give up hope, Toshi. I said I'll save you whenever something happens. If I don't come immediately, I'll get there eventually. I'll always be with you, Toshi, no matter where you are."

Midoriya had said, when he carefully clasped the metal chain

around Shinsou's neck. It was light. Shinsou liked how it glinted in the light. He always kept it hidden under his shirt when he went to school, scared that the other kids might take it. He always liked the feel of the cool metal pressing against his chest when he attempts to curl up in a ball in a corner of the preschool room to stay as far away from the other kids as possible. It was comforting.

This time, it was no different. The cool metal of the feather and the necklace felt different from the restricting chains that were wrapped around his wrists. He tried to relax his breathing.

Izu will come for me. I just have to wait.

But he knew it wouldn't be so simple. He knew Midoriya was just a teenager. A kid forced to grow up way too fast. He knew that he wasn't dealing with bullies, or biased teachers. These people knew what they were doing. They killed people. He saw him kill someone. They were villains.

He knew it wouldn't be as simple as the time that he was locked in the dark, foreboding metal closet.

He wanted to get out. He wanted to go home, to the only person on the entire planet that cared about him and loved him.

He remembered Midoriya's expression as he lunged at them. His eyes were full of anger, desperation, guilt, sadness, worry.

And fear.

Fear wasn't an expression he saw on Midoriya's face often. He had seen it when Midoriya rescued him from the cupboard. He saw it whenever Midoriya came to school, and saw him hiding in a corner when there was another kid and their parent. But that feeling of fear in Midoriya's eyes, it was a thousand times more potent that Shinsou had ever seen him before.

He curled in on himself. The metal feather was pressed against his skin, and he tried to steady his breathing.

Izu will come for me. Maybe not now, but he'll save me.

It hurt. *A lot.*

Shinsou didn't know when was the last time it stopped hurting.

He didn't even know how long he had stayed in this place.

They liked to hurt him. Told him to brainwash people. Told him to do stuff he never, ever wanted to do. He didn't want to do it. He never agreed.

His arms hurt where they grabbed him. His ankles and wrists were sore from the chains when they dragged him around. His neck was aching from the heavy metal collar they had put on him a few days after he was pulled away from Midoriya. His lungs were screaming in protest as he coughed.

Everything hurt. He wanted to sleep. But if he slept, they'll hurt him. They always hurt him. If he stayed awake, they wouldn't hurt him. But if he slept, they'll hurt him more. A lot more.

Izu will come for me. Izu will come for me. Izu will -

"Brat, we heard ya the first thousand times already." A man snarled. Shinsou jumped. He didn't realise that he had said that out loud.

"Yeah. That brother of yours ain't coming." Another laughed. "We won't ever be caught. This is a secluded location, kiddo. You'll never be found. Just listen to us, and you'll have your freedom back."

"Hey, the green haired kid ran into the station again today. How many times has he done that already today?" The first man laughed.

"I dunno. It's a Sunday. I think this is the third time he's has done that."

"Doesn't he visit the station every day or something?"

They all roared in laughter.

Shinsou perked up.

"He won't come. He doesn't know where to look. He won't get anywhere, and he'll eventually forget about you and move on with his life, brat." One of them said, seeing Shinsou's hopeful expression.

Shinsou didn't care. Midoriya was still looking for him. He still cared. That's all Shinsou needed.

He'll come save me eventually. I just have to wait.

The pain only got worse.

His ribs were sore. His throat was parched. His stomach was protesting. His lungs hurt.

He didn't know when was the last time he ate or drank something. His ribs were hurting the most. They apparently decided that Shinsuo was a very nice football, and literally kicked him around. His back was sore from the constant impacts against the wall. Shinsou was very surprised that he hasn't broken anything yet.

Or maybe they were broken and he just couldn't feel it cause everything hurt so much.

They still wanted him to use his quirk. Brainwash people. Do bad things.

Though one of the instructions confused him. Summon a demon.

Eh... what?

Yeah, Shinsou had no idea what they wanted with him. Maybe he was going mad.

The feather was pressed against his skin uncomfortably. But he had no intention to move from his position on the ground.

He'll come.

He knew what they wanted.

They kept repeating it, over and over.

They wanted to break him.

Shinsou refused to give in. He wanted to be a hero, just like Midoriya. He wanted to save people, not harm people, god damn it.

Until they called in the brown haired person. The one that paralysed him.

He hated how his body didn't react to him. He hated that he was helpless to do anything. He hated how he couldn't even use his quirk to find some relief from the pain because *he had quirk suppressing cuffs and it wasn't like he could brainwashing himself to not feel the pain.*

He still refused to give in.

They also wanted Izuku.

They wanted the supposed Demon of Musutafu.

Shinsou didn't want them to hurt Midoriya. Once he gave up, they'll use him to get to Midoriya. He knew it. They said so.

They were just *waiting for him to break.*

He wasn't going to break.

Midoriya deserved the world. Heck, Shinsou did not even know what he did to get someone as loving as Midoriya. Did he think he deserved Midoriya? Nope. His quirk was bad. Everyone said he was bad. No one wanted him. His mom didn't want him. But he ended up with the most loving and caring person in the whole entire world. Midoriya, the one to ran himself ragged all the time to keep up preschool, his own education, and all the other adult things that needed to be done, just to make sure that Shinsou was happy and they were able to live semi-normally. Shinsou didn't want his

brother to get hurt just because he couldn't handle getting hurt.

He didn't want to be a villain anyways.

So when the paralysis finally faded from his limbs, he shakily curled up into a ball, careful to avoid aggravating the injury to his side that he had gotten when they decided to try stabbing him. He had been very, very lucky that the villains sometimes took the time to clean him up, washing the dried blood of his skin and off his hair. His clothes were still torn and broken, and oversized on the smaller boy, but at least they were clean too. They never bother bandaging his injuries, though, and they stung under the water.

He clutched the necklace from under his shirt, and wrinkled his nose, trying not to let the smell of rotting flesh bother him.

I can take this. I'm not gonna let them hurt my brother.

Izu will come for me.

Paralysis isn't fun.

Shinsou didn't like the brown haired guy with piercing red eyes.

But he decided he didn't like this new guy even more.

He had purple hair, just like him, but instead of it being fluffed up, it lay slick against his skull. His purple eyes were cold and calculating, and held no warmth in it. Heck, even the other villains and paralysis guy eventually left the boy alone after roughing him up. This new guy looked like he could murder everyone and not feel a hint of remorse.

And how the heck did Shinsou know that?

There were corpses in the room. Shinsou never saw them before, and his shackles weren't long enough for him to move around that much (Speaking of which, he was sure the skin around his wrists and ankles were probably raw by now. But he couldn't really check in the dark). Only when they entered the room to "collect" him, that

was the few times that light flooded into the room he was in.

Once his eyes finally adjusted, he was able to make out the corpses, the rotting, deteriorating corpses, from the shadows.

Shinsou didn't know how to feel. At first he thought they were just mounds of dirt and blood, until a freshly dead body was literally dumped next to him. That was when he realised what they were, and he was pretty sure that wanted to thrw up the first time he finally realised what they were. His stomach was churning with a mixture of emotions: Fear, disgust, pity, sadness, and even more fear.

Shinsou didn't like how the man looked at him, his eyes glinting in the minimal light like Shinsou was some kind of puzzle that he needed to break apart to the very atoms. Shinsou did not like the predatory gaze he had. Heck, he'd rather get paralysed, beaten up, electrocuted, and maybe even stabbed a few times that to be in this new person's presence.

Actually he'd rather go back home. Midoriya's house, not his original birth home. He didn't even know where he originally lived before Midoriya picked him up. He wanted to be back home, with Midoriya. He wanted that warm, comforting hugs. He wanted to nuzzle into Midoriya's shirt, and feel the older boy's hand ruffled his hair gently, twirling each strand delicately, never pulling or tugging too hard. He just wanted to be able to see his surroundings, the desk that Midoriya worked at, tools and scraps spilled over the ground instead of dark rotting guts and other insides Shinsou was sure was supposed to stay inside the human body, and feel the soft fabric of the bed.

He tensed up involuntarily, twitching as pain flared through his side, as the man walked closer.

"Ah. Hitoshi. It's been so long since I've last seen you."

Shinsou flinched.

"I still remember, you were so small, and you just cried. A lot. You've grown up, no?"

Shinsou was confused, hurting a lot, and still very much confused. He was too tired to form a coherent sentence.

"I don't suppose you remember me. I've only seen you five years ago, I suppose. But you're here now. We're family now, after all."

Shinsou didn't like the way the man said that. Midoriya was his only family. No one else wanted him out of the goodness out of their heart like Midoriya did. They always wanted something from him. This man was no different.

He scrambled away from the man, breathing in harshly as his spine was pressed up against the wall. He curled up, and tried to get as far away from the man as possible.

Just calm down. Just wait it out. Izuku will come eventually. He just has too much on his plate and these guys are smart and can hide. He'll come. He still likes me. He still loves and cares about me. He's not going to abandon me like everyone else did. He'll come. I just have to wait.

Damn it, Media

Midoriya sighed when he opened the letter, skimming over the words searching for the phrase "you didn't get into the hero course". He knew he didn't get into the hero course from villain points, and he didn't really care anyway. There was still the sports festival.

He didn't have time to wallow in self pity. It was robots. He couldn't do shit against robots anyway.

He needed to find his little brother.

He slipped on his mask, pulled up his hood and slid out his window.

Bakugou sat on his table. He didn't know if Midoriya had gotten into the Hero Course, or even UA. He had started going a bit crazy about nine months ago, and two months ago, at the entrance exam, had gone a bit more crazy than he thought was healthy. A lot more crazy.

He was glad that Midoriya could stand up for himself, sure... but he didn't know what to feel when he sees Midoroya rushing all over the place, mumbling at breakneck speed and generally being tired, sleepy, angry, easily pissed off, cranky, and generally not taking care of himself.

This random guy called Iida Tenya had yelled at him for keeping his feet on the desk. Weirdo. Wasn't he the guy that Midoriya called out before the practical exam?

Then there was this other girl called Uraraka Ochako that entered. And she immediately ended up in a conversation with Iida, a guy with many arms called Shoji Mezo, another semi bulky guy called Sato Rikido, a pikachu blonde called Kaminari Denki, a frog girl called Asui Tsuyu, the tape boy Sero Hanta and a red head called Kirishima Eijiro.

He let out a sharp bark of laughter when he overheard them talking about this supposed Demon of Musutafu.

Deku really made a name for himself, huh?

He was behind by a long shot. He needed to stop relying on his quirk so much. His occasional spars with Midoriya before he went off the rails told him that much.

He eyed the man in the sleeping bag that emerged from the sleeping bag.

Huh. Looks like Midoriya didn't get into the hero course. Pity.

Bakugou snorted when Aizawa declared this person with a wind quirk who's name he didn't bother to remember, and a grape haired boy, with no potential, and immediately expelled them. To be fair, one was a major pervert and the other wasn't even taking the trials seriously, even with Aizawa's threat of expelling students. He got what he deserved.

I mean, fuck you, he fucking threatened us and you still goofed around and "pretended" to drop the softball. You dumb or some shit?

That was until Aizawa dismissed everyone else.

"Bakugou, you went to Aldera, right?"

Bakugou blinked, and nodded.

"Alright. Stay back for a second. And you eight. Uraraka, Iida, Kirishima, Kaminari, Shoji, Sero, Sato, Asui. You're not in trouble, I just want to talk."

The nine students (literally half the class at this point) looked at Aizawa, forming a semi circle around the pro hero.

"Bakugou, what is Midoriya like in middle school? How is he being treated?"

Bakugou tensed up. Why was he asking about Midoriya.

"It's for a case. He's involved in it and I'm afraid he's running on fumes at this point." Aizawa said, almost as if he read his mind.

"Deku? He was really timid. He got bullied a lot when he was younger over quirk problems. But recently, I think around three or four years ago, he started fighting for himself. So people started called him a demon cause he's actually not a timid piece of shit." Bakugou frowned, "Though a few months ago he's been really wound up over something. I've never seen him so angry or pissed off before."

The eight students sucked in a breath. *This was about the Demon of Musutafu?*

Aizawa sighed. "Alright, you eight. What do you know about this... Demon of Musutafu. I heard you talking about him before I started."

Uraraka raised her hand, "He's... has anger problems? He snapped at everyone in the entrance exam, but I think he's a nice person because he saved me from the zero pointer."

"He's manly! He saved her. But he's... a bit ... what's a nice way to say it?"

"Crazy? Temperamental?" Sato suggested.

"Yeah. But he knows what he's doing."

"Is he in class 1-B? I thought he would have made it into the hero course." Kaminari asked.

"But they won't want someone like that, do they?"

"I mean, Bakugou's here and he swears a lot. I don't see why he shouldn't be accepted."

"That's enough." Aizawa sighed, "I know he might not have made the best impression on you, but there's a lot going on for him now. I won't reveal much, but he's... having it rough now. I hope you won't hold it against him."

The nine students blinked. *Aizawa was fond of someone? Their scary homeroom teacher that literally expelled two kids?*

Bakugou had already left the school when the eight students still talking, taking their time as they walked out of their classroom, when they saw something on the ground.

A phone. And a notebook.

Iida hesitantly picked it up. The screen was cracked, the cover looked worse for wear, and he was sure there was tape holding the entire thing together.

He turned the phone on to see who's phone it was.

Staring back at the eight students were emerald and lilac eyes. The green haired boy was smiling with a smile so bright, it rivalled that of the sun. One hand was holding the phone up in the selfie, the other in a victory sign. The other purple haired boy, who looked a lot younger, was staring at the camera in awe, a small smile on his face as he held up a pencil.

They were adorable. Uraraka was screeching internally from the pure cuteness of the selfie that was the owner's wallpaper.

Kirishima hesitantly picked up the notebook. It looked like it had been through hell. The cover was crumpled, and a very messy "Midoriya Izuku" was scrawled on it.

"Where is it?" They heard a voice, and jumped.

A green haired boy, just like the one in the picture, ran into the hallway from a classroom.

"Um... Midoriya Izuku?" Sato hesitantly asked.

"Huh?" The green haired boy replied, before looking at the group, eyes glued on the items in their hands.

"I think you dropped these..." Kaminari mumbled.

Midoriya's face lit up, and he ran over to them.

"No running - " Iida started to saw, before Midoriya grabbed his phone and notebook from them and started thanking them profusely.

"Oh! You guys! Sorry I was so rude in the entrance exam... something happened and I was just really mad and I didn't mean to take it out on you - "

"That's fine. I'm glad you feel better!" Uraraka grinned.

Midoriya shot them a small, tired smile, before he turned his phone screen on.

"Ne, is that your little brother?"

"Yeah. He's the best person ever." Midoriya sighed. "He's the sweetest kid, always kind and polite."

All eight 1-A students could practically feel the love that washed off the green haired boy when he talked about his brother.

"Well. I've stayed long enough. Thanks for helping me find my things!" Midoriya gave a small smile, trying to ignore the painful aching in his heart as he tried to act nice in front of the hero course students, before he ran off, down the hallways.

"See. He's not so bad." Uraraka grinned.

"Maybe he has split personality. I honestly cannot see how this Midoriya and the Midoriya at the entrance exam are the same person." Sero scratched his head.

Midoriya was sure his class hated him.

Snipe was his homeroom teacher, apparently. He had nothing against the pro hero, just that he was very, very annoyed that they still had no concrete leads on anything. They didn't have lessons, just orientation, which Midoriya felt was a damned waste of time.

He had stayed back in UA to finish scribbling some ideas before he went out to patrol.

When he left, he was in such a hurry, he didn't realise that he had dropped some stuff.

His normal phone, and his notebook. He really needed to fix that damned hole in his bag.

So when he saw the eight hero course students he recognised yelling at during the entrance exam, he was confused. Until they returned his stuff.

The next few days were... normal. He didn't talk to anyone, no one wanted to talk to him either. Apparently, his reputation as the "Demon of Musutafu" was enough to ward anyone away. He didn't care. The less people that bothered him, the more time he had to compile information. He spent way too many lunches speaking with Aizawa, Yamada and Nezu in the principal's office, arguing with them, and he was pretty sure his classmates felt he was either psycho, nuts, insane, weird, and probably a lot of more other things.

They didn't matter. Shinsou did.

He didn't want to interact. It was a waste of time. They were too loud.

So he was understandably very, very, very mad and tense when he entered school one day, and saw the press hounding all the students.

"What do you think off All Might teaching here?"

Midoriya was way too nice to flip the reporter off. Instead, he just pushed him away harshly.

He recognised Iida trying to chase a reporter away, and Uraraka trying to get away from some others.

"Excuse me. What the heck do you think you're doing?" Midoriya growled, walked up to the duo and pulling them away from the

reporters. "This is harassment of minors. I don't care if you want to talk with All Might or something, just wait for him to stop some crime and find him or something. You're disturbing students, pro teachers, and in general just being a huge god damned nuisance and I'm not in the mood to deal with you shits now. So get away from here and stop bothering everyone."

The reporters all tensed up, as their attention was stuck on the green haired boy that was literally glaring daggers at them. Some grateful students used that opportunity to slip past the press, before Aizawa and Yamada came along to chase them away.

"Hey. Thanks, Midoriya." Uraraka sighed. "I had no idea how to answer them."

"Yes. You're help is very much appreciated." Iida continued.

"Just say All Might doesn't teach you and they'll leave you alone." Midoriya groaned. Uraraka and Iida noticed the way Midoriya said All Might's name with venom. Maybe he had a bad experience with him. Or he was just really annoyed. The reporters were here because of him, after all.

Midoriya had fallen asleep at his desk during lunch when the alarms blared through the school.

"What now? Which idiot is dumb enough to breach UA's security!" Midoriya groaned to himself out loud. He turned to look at what had happened, and Midoriya felt liked screeching in complete annoyance and anger.

It was the god damned press. Again. Can't those idiotic pieces of shit just leave them alone?

Seeing as no one was around, Midoriya just yanked open the window, jumped down two floors, and made his way to the gate.

He was close enough to hear some of the reporters yelling.

"Just give us an answer or a statement!"

"Yeah. This is real mature." Midoriya's voice rang out. "You're acting like a bunch of babies fighting for a cookie. And you call yourself the press. You're just a disorganised bunch of people who are desperate for new stuff to jibber jabber about. Look, here." He growled, letting his aura flare out a little, "You pieces of shit are causes mass panic in there. You're disturbing students, and disrupting their education. And I'm pretty sure that none of you shits was able to make a hole in the god damned wall or you would have done that when you idiotically decided to trigger the wall this morning. So that means you're probably working with a criminal who has the ability to do so. This is vandalism, harassment, and I'm pretty sure I can list about twenty, wait, no, forty more laws that you guys just broke. Just to get a statement from All Might?"

The reporters flinched as Midoriya slowly walked towards them, his hands in his pockets.

"I'm tired, of people like you, who think that you should get what you want just because you asked and you think you deserve it. Pro heroes have jobs. It's to save people, not to entertain you. Hero society already as is messed up as it is cause some people just want to be famous or well known, and they don't care about the true essence of being a hero. So basically, to make it easier for a bunch of little kids screaming that they should get whatever they want to understand, the press messes up the true meaning of being a hero."

Aizawa was impressed. Midoriya knew what he wanted, knew what he was talking about. He knew Midoriya hated Enji, and there were many heroes like him who didn't care about collateral damage or just did it for the fame.

The reporters were scared stiff of Midoriya, and Aizawa could see *how* he had earned his title as the Demon of Musutafu. But he personally found it hilarious that a bunch of reporters that had no problems hounding him and Yamada, one underground hero and one relatively well known hero, were scared shitless of a teenager that was shorter than them all.

Breakdown

Midoriya's breath hitched as he froze. That warm, fuzzy feeling in his gut had burst into a wildfire.

Something was gonna happen. And soon.

Maybe he could get a doctor's note and call in sick, then use the time to patrol. Aizawa wouldn't be able to check on him since he's have to teach.

He hurriedly entered tapped into UA's sercurity frequency, before he made his way to the clinic. Heck, he was pretty sure he didn't even need a doctor's note to skip school, but then he didn't want Aizawa and Yamada to worry more. The more they worried, the less time he's have to patrol. Better to play it safe now.

Aizawa sighed for the umpteenth time. He originally wanted to convince Midoriya to come on the field trip, on the excuse that he wanted to use Midoriya's analysis abilities (in actuality he wanted to let the boy spar to let off some steam. The kid was like a wound up spring that was gonna snap anytime.) but apparently he called in sick. He even sent a picture of a doctor's note as proof. Who was Aizawa to deny the kid rest when the kid needed it?

"I have a bad feeling about this..." Aizawa sighed. 1-A was being noisy. Very noisy. And Aizawa groaned. The bus ride to the USJ wasn't supposed to be eventful, but damned everyone was being annoying. Kaminari was a nuisance, Bakugou was getting pissed off, and Kirishima and Sero were plain annoying.

Midoriya flinched when he heard what the hand man said.

"So. Just Eraser Head, Thirteen and All Might?"

"Yes." The misty purple man replied.

"Good. Let's get ready to crash the USJ. Are all the rest of the villains ready?"

"Yes."

"Alright. Get everyone to their zones and get the signals jammed. Then we'll strike."

Midoriya crept back up the vents. All Might had exhausted his time already. *All Might you god damned idiot.* And Aizawa couldn't fight a whole horde of villains on his own. Thirteen was a rescue hero, they didn't really know how to fight offensively.

And the kids? They had no real battle experience with real villains.

He needed to find Shinsou. That meant that something like this couldn't get in his way. If this thing blew up, it would be even harder to find that damned kidnapper.

He quickly made his way to UA. His student card was with him, so he was able to pass through the gates quickly. UA was huge, and the USJ was a pretty far distance away. Enough time for him to try to figure out how to unjam the damned signals, and send a note to Yagi and Nezu.

They wanted to crash the USJ?

Welp. He was doing the same too then.

Yup. Aizawa was not expecting a god damned portal to appear out of nowhere. God dammit.

Aizawa moved forwards to protect the students, when he heard a creaking sound. He whirled around, just as the metal doors to the USJ were pried open with a crowbar. A familiar head clad in green and a mask popped in.

"Sup Eraser Head! I'm here to crash the party!"

"How did you get past security, Akatani?"

"Don't ask." Midoriya replied, the students parting to let Midoriya through.

"It's Akatani? In the flesh?" Kirishima gasped.

Thirteen aimed their finger at him.

"Thirteen. Let him pass." Aizawa ordered.

"Senpai, are you sure it's okay for him to be here?" Thirteen asked as he turned towards Aizawa, who nodded. Midoriya made his way to Aizawa's side.

"Since you're here, problem child, got anything on these villains?"

Midoriya nodded. "Shigaraki Tomura. Quirk, Decay. If he touches you with all five fingers, you're dust. He can't turn it on or off. That's Kurogiri, quirk, Warp Gate. Teleports shit around. Not sure about the black thingy, but they came here to take out All Might. The rest are just thugs. They wanna separate you from the kids, teleport them and dump em all over USJ, and then get the black thing to take out All Might, I think. I already tried to inform Nezu but there's a jamming signal with a ten metre radius around the USJ."

Midoriya whipped out his phone and checked it. "I already set a program to hack through it, but my phone's slower than my laptop. It will take some time for the mesaage to get through, and for them to come. And Yagi is an idiot."

Aizawa sighed. He was right. Yagi had stupidly used up his time and now they were stuck with villains that probably thought they had the power to take him down.

"Looks like you got it all sorted out. How did you know all this?"

"Overheard the conversation, and maybe hacked a bit more."

Aizawa sighed again.

"I recommend you not getting into a fight with them. You should get them out of here. Keep an eye on Mist Face and Facepalm.

They're troublesome. The kids trust you so see ya Eraser!" Midoriya hollered as he leapt down the stairs before Aizawa could do anything.

"Akatani! You idiot! You can't take all of em by yourself!" Aizawa growled, leaping after him.

"We... should get out of here." Thirteen blinked, as they made their way to the door.

Thirteen promptly sucked up the remainder of the door for the students to rush out. God damed, how the heck did that green vigilante fit through that god damned hole? It was so small! Even Hagakure would have problems getting out and she had no equipment at all.

Thirteen turned around. The bus that transported them to the USJ was nowhere to be seen. The students were safe, for now.

"Iida, go to school and alert them. Akatani may have sent out an alert but they might not have gotten it yet!"

Midoriya kept the villains near the staircase away. He kept pulling Aizawa back whenever he strayed too far from the stairs.

"What are you up to now?!"

"Trust me. The jammed signals aren't the only thing I'm working through now."

His phone gave a small "ding", and Midoriya grabbed Aizawa and made their way out.

" Ok. Gimmie a sec... " Midoriya fumbled with his phone. "Anyone knows how to play bullet hell games?" He asked tbe students, who were staring at him dumbfounded.

"No one? Okay." Midoriya started tapping on his phone furiously, and cries of anguish rang out from the USJ.

"What are you doing?" Aizawa raised an eyebrow.

"Control room." Midoriya grumbled. He didn't like hacking into UA, but he didn't have the firepower to fight so many people head on, and Nezu did equip the USJ with plently of toys.

He cackled as he slammed a crane arm into an electric villain, before switching to the landslide zone to trigger an earthquake. His phone was upgraded to handle stuff like this, but it was slower when it came to hacking. Or maybe the connection was poor. Whatever.

"Thirteen, can I blow the ship up?'

"O...kay?" Thirteen hesitantly replied.

Kirishima and Kaminari gawked as Midoriya tapped away furiously, watching him as he showed the rest of the still very much dumbfounded and confused students the camera of the ship, before it exploded, sending tens of villaind flying as a wave that rivalled a tsunami crashed into the shore.

"You're a riot, problem child..." Aizawa sighed again, before Toshinori popped out of nowhere in his All Might form.

"Finally! You're late!" Midoriya groaned. "Have fun!"

Before anyone else could react, Midoriya ran off.

"Does... anyone..."

"Just, get in there." Aizawa snorted, pushing Yagi into the USJ, just as a hoarde of teachers came stampeding in behind him around five minutes later.

Thank gods Midoriya wasn't here. Aizawa thought. He and Akatani would have gotten along so well, they would literally start a riot. Probably.

UA was closed for a bit because of the villain attack. None of the students had to go to school on Friday, and Midoriya had spent entire weekend switching between his student and vigilante

personas. Aizawa was checking in with Akatani, while Midoriya was chewing another police officer out. It was problematic, but if he had to put up with it to find Shinsou, so be it. He was glad he managed to get Aizawa out of harms way though. Otherwise there would be one less hero to help with the investigation was was actually nice and helpful. (He actually liked Aizawa and Yamada. But he didn't have the time to actually think about it.)

He wanted to go check on Bakugou and the other eight students he met in the hallway, just to make sure they were okay, since he left way before the entire thing was resolved. But then he ended up crashing from the lack of energy and fell asleep during lunch because he forgot to buy coffee that morning.

It was... awkward when Yamada had to shake him awake for English lessons, though honestly Yamada wanted to let him sleep more. But then there would favouritism. People will complain.

So after lessons, just so he wouldn't look too suspicious to the other kids, he packed up his things, and headed off to the Hero Course classrooms. He was a lot slower than all the other students because of that ridiculously heavy feeling in his chest, and he was very, very sure it wasn't because he had gotten hammered in the chest by a villain the night before.

Gods, why was his heart hurting so much!? Why did it feel so heavy? Why did the guilt feel like it was about to swallow him whole? Why did he just feel like jumping off a cliff just to end that ridiculous pain in his chest that he knew was more emotional than physical? Why did it hurt so much? Why? His chest felt tight, like he couldn't breathe. His lungs couldn't work.

Why did it hurt so god damned much today!?

"Get out of my way, extras!"

"Hey, he's coming?"

"Who?"

"The Midoriya kid. Ya know, the crazy one."

A few gasps rang out.

"Don't say his name, idiot. You'll summon the demon."

"The demon is here? Let's get out of here."

The horde of students thinned out immediately, and Bakugou let out a very angry "Huh!?"

Jirou, Yaoyorozu, Aoyama, Ashido, Ojiro, Koda, Tokoyami, Todoroki and Hagakure blinked, confused.

"He's here?" Uraraka grinned.

Monoma, Tetsutetsu, Tokage and Kendo just looked at the green haired boy as he slowly made his way to the classroom. Gods, the kid was so small. And he looked like he was exhausted. And everyone was pushing and shoving to the sides of the hallway even though there was plenty of space, before running off as Midoriya passed them.

The boy straightened up when he got to the door.

"That nickname is so old already, Deku." Bakugou snorted.

Midoriya just rolled his eyes. "Tell that to them. Glad to see you're not dead yet, Kacchan."

Breaths hitched. Everyone knew how explosive Bakugou was to nicknames. Heck, he almost exploded Kirishima for calling him Explodey and Kaminari for calling him Bakubro.

"Fuck you, Deku." Bakugou retorted, grinning.

"So. Sports Festival, huh? You better fix that right hook of your's, Kacchan. You don't want me to to throw you out of the ring just cause you're predictable, do you?"

Bakugou just growled, "Like hell. We always sparred quirkless cause of your useless ass. This time, I can use my quirk, so it ain't gonna

be that easy to just "toss me out of the ring", fuck face."

Midoriya raised an eyebrow at the swears.

"Speaking of which, why the hell aren't you in the fucking hero course, Deku?"

"I don't know. You tell me." Midoriya shrugged. "What the heck do you expect me to do against a hoard of robots that are at least three times my size."

"Nothing."

"Exactly, Kacchan. Smart boy." Midoriya drawled, trying to ignore that *oh so painful burning in his chest*.

"Don't you know how to hack?"

"Yeah, and break school security? It's shit, you know."

"And you know that... how?"

"Hey, didn't that vigilante at the USJ hack into the control room?" Midoriya growled.

Bakugou sucked in a breath, "How the heck did you know that?!"

Midoriya bit his lip. Damn. He shouldn't have said that.

"I know stuff, Kacchan. A lot of stuff. A lot more than you ever will."

"Tch. Stop acting like you're better than me."

Midoriya let out a snort. He turned to leave, "Well. I guess I better get going. You better not disappoint, Kacchan."

He turned, and accidentally slammed into the door frame by accident, rubbing his eyes.

"What the actual fuck, Deku?"

"I'm just tired. Jeez. Stop yelling like a maniac."

Bakugou grabbed his arm, whirling Midoriya around. He noticed Midoriya's eye bags, and how terribly exhausted and tired he looked.

"When's the last time you fucking god damned slept, asshole!?"

"Lunch time."

"Before that, fuck face!"

"Fifteenth."

"What the fuck is wrong with you, Deku. It's the fourteenth." Bakugou snarled.

"Exactly!"

"You haven't slept in a god damned month!?"

"I was busy, Kacchan!" Midoriya snapped.

"Busy with what?! What the fuck is so god damned fucking important that you haven't slept for a fucking month!? Why the fuck aren't you taking care of yourself!? You better say something, Deku, before I beat it out of you myself!"

"You're not my mom, Kacchan! I don't have to tell you shit!"

The hero course students just watched them banter, gulping as the air between them grew thick with tension.

"Then where the fuck is your mom?!"

"Lying in a grave, probably!" Midoriya growled, "My dad burnt her alive."

"Gods..." Bakugou gapped, "Who the fuck is taking care of you now?!"

"I can take care of myself, Kacchan, thank you very much. I don't need a stupid caretaker! I ain't that useless."

Bakugou grabbed his arm even tighter, "Look, fucking Deku. If you

haven't slept for a month then you aren't taking care of yourself!"

"Well I'm still alive! I have all my limbs intact! It's not like I'm suicidal or wanna jump off a roof or something!"

"Yeah. One day, you're gonna fall off the fucking roof by accident cause you're so tired!"

"Been there, done that already, Kacchan."

"What the actual fuck, Deku!? Why!? What the heck happened to you, Deku?"

"I grew up, Kacchan. Wanting to be a hero is a pipe dream if I can't even save the only person I care about."

Midoriya felt that ache in his heart again, growing stronger, heavier. He wanted to puke, to just hunch over and drop dead. The pain was unbearable.

Bakugou stepped back, seeing the absolutely chaotic aura Midoriya was giving off, filled with grief, guilt, anger, and so many negative emotions that he felt like was being swallowed whole by this whirlwind of negativity.

"Deku - "

"Shut it Kacchan. Stop treating me like something that needs to be protected. I'm not made of glass. I can take care of my god damned self!"

"Fuck it, Deku - "

Midoriya lost it. He grabbed Bakugou's collar and dragged him down to eye level.

"You'll never understand! All of you! All of you were born with the perfect hero quirks that are just flashy or destructive. It's shit. Society is shit. You either have a perfect quirk or you're practically trash. I only have one thing to live for, and that's to protect the only person who cares about me for who I am instead of what kind of stupid, useless quirk I have! The only person I care about, who's

getting bullied by this god damned world because of his quirk. But no, I can't even do that right! I'm weak. I'm so god damned weak and I can't even that that right!" He shouted.

Midoriya was trembling. He released Bakuguo and reached up to his face, covering his eye.

"You haven't lost anything before, Kacchan. You had everything. A loving family, a perfect quirk, friends. I never had anything like that. The one person I care about, gone! It's the only thing I can do now, trying to find him! So don't try to act like you'll understand me, Kacchan! Cause you, none of you will ever get it!"

He pushed past Kendo and Shiozaki, before running away from the classroom.

"What the heck?" Bakugou blinked, completely dumbfounded.

"Must be his little brother." Kirishima pipped up.

Bakugou whirled around, staring at Kirishima like he grew a second head.

"What the fuck? Deku's a single child, Shark Teeth! He doesn't have a brother!"

Yamada was walking towards Aizawa's classroom. Apparently, all the kids had decided to check 1-A out, and he wanted to talk to Midoriya. His bag was still in the room so he was probably still in school.

A blur raced past him, and when Yamada turned around to tell the person to stop running, he blinked as he recognised the fluffy green hair.

Midoriya?

A choking sound echoed down the hallway, and Yamada promptly chased him down.

"Oi. Mic. What are you doing? Where's Midoriya?" Aizawa popped out from the staff room.

"About that... he ran past me and I'm seventy percent sure he's not okay."

Aizawa blinked. He had never seen Midoriya break down before. Sure, he got angry and sad and he felt all over the place, but damn. The nine months of stress was finally smacking him dead on the head.

"Where is he now?"

"Not sure. He ran past here."

Aizawa groaned, "Let's go."

They searched the classrooms. They searched everywhere. They couldn't find Midoriya. Until they heard a choking sound coming from the supply cupboard.

Aizawa leapt at it, wrenching the door open, only to find Midoriya curled up in a ball, clutched his chest as choking sounds enamated from him. His eyes looked dead. He was shaking all over, and Aizawa just carefully and slowly walked over to him.

"Midoriya?"

"Go away. Leave me alone." Midoriya rasped.

His eyes were red, like he had been crying, but there were no tear tracks. Maybe he just rubbed his eyes a lot.

Aizawa carefully scooted closer to him, as Yamada watched from the door.

"You wanna talk about it, problem child?"

"I wanna rip my heart out of my chest. It hurts so much. It just hurts."

He choked, and Aizawa rubbed his back comfortingly as Midoriya

curled in on himself.

"I'm useless. So utterly useless. My little brother's missing and all I can do is just sit here and cry like an idiot. I really am pathetic."

Aizawa had so many words to say to that, but respectfully kept quiet to let Midoriya rant.

"Everything hurts. I don't wanna feel anything anymore."

"Hey, listener..." Yamada bent down to get with eye level with Midoriya, "You're just a kid. If even we have trouble finding him, there's no way you'll be able to find him either -"

"I promised him! I promised him that if anything happened to him, I'll come save him! And I can't even keep that promise... I - " Midoriya coughed harshly, burying his face in his knees. "I'm a disappointment! I'm a failure! I promised to do one thing and I can't even do that right!"

"Hey. Calm down. You getting all riled up isn't going to help save him." Aizawa mumbled. He had no idea how to deal with this. Emotions were irrational.

"I know... " He choked, "I don't want to feel anything now. I just want Toshi back. Sorry... I'm just wasting time now that we could have used to find Toshi..."

"Nonsense. Midoriya. Shinsou wouldn't want you to wear yourself out, would he?"

"That's the problem, Eraser Head. He can't want anything if he's dead."

His voice betrayed the absolute desperation he felt, and Midoriya just sounded so absolutely miserable. Aizawa reached over and pulled him in for a hug, wrapping the smaller boy in his arms. Yamada carefully padded over, and squeezed himself into the small space created when Aizawa pulled Midoriya away from the wall he was leaning on.

Midoriya unconsciously leaned into the source of warmth, and

Aizawa cringed when he realised that Midoriya was freaking skinny. *What was he eating?!*

"I'm pathetic..."

"Shh. You're not. We'll find him, alright. Just calm down, Midoriya."

"... Izuku..."

Yamada and Aizawa blinked.

"I... I trust you guys. I told Toshi to trust you too..."

Yamada wanted to screech internally.

HE TRUSTED US TO USE HIS REAL NAME!

They were one step closer to actually just adopting them.

Find Shinsou, and they would be all good, and they could force Midoriya to take more care of himself. Except that was the hard part.

They were still clueless about Shinsou's whereabouts, and no doubt once Midoriya recovered from this breakdown, he would go back to chasing every single lead he could find until he collapsed again. He had seen the kid pass out in lessons and the police stations way too many times for it to be healthy.

Midoriya slowly evened out his breathing.

"Feel better, kid?" Aizawa softly asked.

Midoriya slowly nodded.

"If you feel like you're gonna break down again, just find either of us, okay? Or just asked the teachers to find us."

He nodded again.

Got a problem?

"Just eat something, fuck face!" Bakugou growled as he literally dragged Midoroya by the collar into the cafeteria and dumped him on a chair. He threw a packet of bread in his face, and Kaminari slid over a cup of tea.

Midoriya was still scribbling away in his notebook, trying to draw as many connections between the villains as possible. He tore the bread wrapper open with his teeth and ate it, before literally pouring the tea down his throat without even batting an eye, his pen still making markings on the paper.

"Kaminari, pass the salt." Jiro called.

"Eh? I took the sugar!" Kaminari replied, confused.

"Look again..." Uraraka blinked, and Kaminari's eyes trailed to the shaker in his grasp.

The pepper shaker, to be precise.

"Deku?! Why the heck did you not say anything?!" Bakugou screeched. He was very, very pissed off. He had questioned his own mom about Inko, and Mitsuki had very honestly stated that Inko broke off all contact with her since Midoriya turned six. She hadn't talked to her, or anyone for that matter. The fact that Midoriya had to take caee of himself did not sit well with Bakugou at all.

"Tch. I'm wondering how someone like you got into UA." A voice rang out from behind Midoriya. He didn't react to it, until his notebook was literally snatched out from under his hand.

Midoriya turned around, coming face to face with a bulky third year.

"Oh. You. Satsuki Akiho, older brother of the twins Satsuki Amira and Satsuki Akara. You went to Higasaki Junior High, now you're in

Class 3-D, took piano lessons every Wednesday and Sunday. Blood type AB, you're a 190 cm tall, and 65.6 kilograms."

Satsuki, or so Midoroya called him, was just staring at the boy. In shock or in fear, no one knew.

"You enjoy playing computer games, and you dated a girl called Misato Alena for a month, then broke up with her, and now you're dating Nari Hitume, who's in Class 3-C."

"Are you some kind of stalker?" Satsuki just looked sick.

"No. There's just a lot of stuff that I know." Midoriya shrugged, taking his notebook back from the grasp of the taller boy who's grip had slackened.

"Look, here." Satsuki grabbed Midoriya's collar. "My siblings have been saying that the little purple freak of yours has been making fun of them -"

"Let me go. *This. Instant.*" Midoriya growled.

Everyone flinched as that wave of pressure rolled over them, smashing into them with the force of a hurricane.

Midoriya unlatched the fingers from around his collar, and Satsuki fell to the ground.

"Just so you know, the person you're talking about hasn't been to school in nine months. Unless you want me to go there and terrorise all the kids there for telling lies and generally being disappointments to human society, I suggest you refrain from calling anyone a freak."

Midoriya grinned and barred his teeth.

"I can do so much worse to you."

Bakugou couldn't help but stare at Midoroya's sharp canines, that seemed to be glinting with bloodlust.

"Got it? Good." Midoriya reeled his aura back in and collected his

things. "Have a nice day, sir."

"You... really are a demon."

Midoriya paused.

"Call me whatever you like. I didn't care three years ago when that nickname popped up, I still don't care. I stopped caring a long time ago."

Midoriya really didn't care anymore, by the time the Sports Festival came.

His heart was completely breaking at his point.

Ten months.

Shinsou's been missing for ten months.

Midoriya didn't care as he walked out into the stadium for the sports festival. Who cared about that.

Bakugou did, apparently.

"All of you are just stepping stones for me to become number one."

"Shut it, Kacchan. We both know I could beat you in my sleep." Midoriya snorted.

"Fight me, Deku!"

"Yeah, get to the final round first. Then we talk."

Aizawa sighed. Both Midoriya and Akatani were worrying him. He was hearing less and less from Akatani, but the damn vigilante was as hardworking as usual and was just dumping files and files of information directly in Nezu's office! How the heck the damn child was getting past UA security all the time was driving him and Nezu up the wall. Nezu was taking it like a challenge to up the secretly in school, and Aizawa was pretty sure he was constantly glancing out

the window all the time, expecting to see Akatani strut into school in all his glory.

Then there was Midoriya. He seemed to have cooled his head after his break down, and not only was he still running around like a headless chicken finding leads and scribbling all over the place in the tenth notebook he had shoved at Aizawa, the students were also terrified of him. First, second, and third years. 1-A seemed to be okay with him, but even then half of them were still hesitant to go anywhere near him. Only Uraraka, Bakugou, Kirishima and Kaminari actually had the guts to wrap an arm around the boy, or sit next to him, or just throw bread in his face (Bakugou) in his classroom.

And now, he seems to be so frustrated again that he's unintentionally riling himself and Bakugou up. Yay.

The first event was an obstacle course. Todoroki and Bakugou had ended up taking the lead, but Midoriya somehow hacked the zero pointers to grab Bakugou and Todoroki and literally throw them back into the hoard of students who were pushing and shoving their way out of the tunnel, he had taken the lead.

He had gotten past all the robots easily, smashing one in the face before fiddling with its circuits, much to Yamada's confusion. It was only minutes later, way after Bakugou shot past, and most of the hero course students had passed it, before they realised what Midoriya had done.

He had set the robot to explode, apparently. Not only the robot he had destroyed, but also all the other robots that were left behind at the entrance. Nezu was watching the third year events, but he was keeping an eye on the first and second year events on his phone. Aizawa was pretty sure that he would be cackling at the exploding robot.

Midoriya was neck and neck with Bakugou and Todoroki. Bakugou was flying over the canyon, Todoroki was skating across the tightropes, and Midoriya? He was jumping off the tightropes, using

them to propel himself forwards as he ran along the ropes. Bakugou tried to blast Midoriya off a rope, but Midoriya just grabbed the rope he had fallen off from, using his momentum to swing himself upwards, kicking Bakugou away, before regaining his footing on the tightrope and running off again.

"Damn. And he's in the general education course?" Kendo sighed as she wiped the sweat from her brow.

"Apparently." Monoma groaned.

Midoriya had finished the second part of the course a few seconds after Todoroki did. Todoroki was just staring at the dark patches on the ground in confusion, before carefully making his way across.

"Alright! Todoroki's starting the third and final segment of the obstacle race! And, oh! Midoriya's catching up! How will he plan to get past the minefield ... MIDORIYA!?"

Todoroki carefully turned around to see what had shocked Yamada so much.

Midoriya was running. Racing across the minefield. Leaping about as he powered forwards, not even placing foot on a single minefield.

Shit. Todoroki gulped. Midoriya was catching up, fast, and Bakugou was also behind him, powering forward.

Todoroki hurriedly created a path of ice to run on, just as Midoriya appeared next to him. He started running, and he was neck to neck with Midoriya. He could win this. All he had to do was freeze Midoriya -

Nope. Midoriya was apparently faster. Way faster. He bounded forwards while Todoroki was thinking, gaining a huge head start even as he avoided the mines. Todoroki pushed himself forwards. He had the advantage on the minefield. But yet, Midoriya was faster. Once the minefield ended, Midoriya would no doubt get even faster. Todoroki wasn't weak, but he had trained intensively with his quirk, not his physical body.

Bakugou had started speeding up, and Todoroki decided to focus on getting second instead.

Midoriya had gotten first, Todoroki second, Bakugou third. The remainder of 1-A, 1-B and one Hatsume Mei had trickled into the stadium, filling the first forty spots required to move on to the next event.

"Hey, what quirk does he have?" Tokage asked.

"No idea. Maybe a speed quirk?" Kendo shrugged, "Or a minor strength enhancer."

Apparently, the second event was a two man cavalry battle. One person would sit on the other's shoulders with a headband with the total amount of points the duo obtained based on their position in the obstacle race. When the person sitting atop the other's shoulders falls off the other's shoulder's, that pair is eliminated. If their headband was stolen, they could still pursue the others as long as they don't touch the ground.

Midoriya snorted. He had the most points, and he was pretty sure that no one wanted to team up with him because of the rumours flying around him and the fact that he would be a target.

Until one Hatsume Mei approached him.

"You got first place. Team up with me."

Midoriya shrugged. "Okay. Who's the rider?"

"You, of course. My babies are strong enough for the both of us, and me carrying you would make them look a lot better."

Midoriya could go with that. "Okay. I'm pretty light, so you should have no trouble carrying me even without your tech. I guess it will make them look even better."

Hatsume flashed him a smile. "Cool! Let's rock!"

"Okay, what tech do you have?"

Apparently, Hatsume had a lot of stuff. Minor strength enhancers under her uniform, rocket shoes, a grappling hook, a net launcher, and a lot of other stuff.

Not to Midoriya's surprise, the 1-B students had paired up amongst themselves. Uraraka and Tokoyami had paired up, as did Bakugou and Kirishima, Ashido and Sero, Asui and Shoji, Hagakure and Ojiro, Yaoyorozu and Jiro, Kaminari and Koda, Aoyoma and Sato, and Todoroki and Iida.

This will be fun. Not.

This was dumb. Having at least three people would make it more of a cavalry battle. This is just a much more annoying and frustrating game, with only two people to a team.

The event started not to long after. Some people from 1-B had tried to go after Midoriya and Hatsume, but Midoriya just got really, really bored. He leapt off Hatsume's shoulders, nailing Tokage in the chest and kicking her off Shishida's shoulders, before jumping off again and did the same to Shoda and Fukidashi, grabbing both headbands in the process.

"Hey, that even allowed?" Tokage yelled.

Apparently, Yamada also had the same question.

"Yup! It's perfectly valid. As long as he doesn't touch the ground, he can continue.

Tsunotori and Bonda fired off horns and glue at Midoriya when he came after them, but Midoriya expertly twisted mid-air, dodging the attacks. He kicked Bondo on the head, yanking Tsunotori's headband off and pushed her off Bondo. Lucky for them, Bondo caught her in time to avoid being eliminated.

"Fuck off, Deku!" Bakugou snarled. He had launched himself off Kirishima, and he threw Midoriya back at Uraraka, before blasting Bondo and Tsutonori to the ground. She touched Midoriya, and gently lowered her down back on Hatsume's shoulders.

"Why are we working together now?"

"Consider this as thanks for the entrance exam!" Uraraka grinned.

Midoriya merely grunted.

One of Tsutonori's horns had went off course when she fell, knocking Hagakure off Ojiro's shoulders. Monoma had pulled a card from Bakugou, swiping his quirk as Kirishima picked him up and blasting Kaminari off Koda's shoulders. Midoriya leapt off again, tackling Kaibara. Kaibara attempted to shove him off with his drill, but Midoriya just kicked him off Awase's shoulders.

Kamakiri had swiped a metal from Yaoyorozu, and she yelped. Kodai used the pole and attempted to attack her, but she missed and ended up whacking Aoyoma away. Yaoyorozu got payback by making a speaker and letting Jiro blast Kamakiri and Kodai. Asui grabbed Yanagi and yanked her away from Honenuki, but Yanagi retaliated in time and pulled Asui down with her.

"This looks more like football than a cavalry match..." Yamada muttered over the loudspeaker. Heck, they were just tackling each other. Only Midoriya was bothering about the headbands and points.

Bakugou had decided to go after Tsuburaba, who put up an air wall. Kirishima caught him, and Iida charged at Tsuburaba, and Komori who was on his shoulders. Todoroki made the finishing blow, knocking her off.

Rin, on Kuroiro, tried to go after Midoriya. Midoriya just leapt into the air and Hatsume charged at them with the help of her rocket shoes, knocking them down.

In the end of the second round, which had lasted five minutes, the remaining sixteen students were Midoriya, Hatsume, Uraraka, Tokoyami, Bakugou, Kirishima, Ashido, Sero, Yaoyorozu, Jiro, Todoroki, Iida, Kendo, Monoma, Shiozaki and Tetsutetsu.

Midoriya tapped his foot impatiently as he waited for the final

event to start. He didn't want to be dragged over to the 1-A table for lunch and have Bakugou smack another loaf of bread in his face.

"But he was very impressive, weren't you, Midoriya?" Kirishima said as he chewed, "You literally just tackled and threw everyone you took to the ground. Wasn't the time limit like... ten minutes? We finished it in half the time."

"I don't care. I just wanted the event to end faster." Midoriya groaned, resting his chin on the table. "The Sports Festival is a waste of time but it's compulsory. I can't just skip it."

"You wanted to what!?" Kaminari yelped, "You wanted to skip the Sports Festival!? But you could end up transferring to the Hero Course!"

Midoriya stood up. He didn't want to be here anymore.

"Once you find out about my quirk, you wouldn't say that anymore."

"What's with him?" Kendo asked as she watched Midoriya stalk out of the cafeteria tensely.

"No idea." Tokage shrugged. "I do have to wonder what his quirk is."

Monoma hummed. *Maybe... he had a quirk like him? That he was teased and bullied over?*

The first round of the final event started way too soon. Kaminari had, once again, dragged Midoriya over to 1-A's viewing platform, claiming that he should make more friends.

Midoriya, since they weren't allowed to bring their stuff, just decided to analyse everyone's quirk mentally just to keep himself occupied. If he thought about Shinsou for one more second and wasn't able to act on his urges to punch villains, make notes, or just run around trying to find more leads, he was pretty god damned sure he would explode right there and then.

Kirshima and Tetsutetsu ended up tied, Bakugou beat Uraraka,

Todoroki blasted Ashido with ice, Monoma beat Sero with Bondo's glue quirk, Hatsume used Iida to promote her stuff before stepping past the line, Tokoyami stiffled Shiozaki with darkness and Yaoyorozu beat Jiro.

Midoriya's fight with Kendo was last, and compared to all the other fights where there was a sheer display of power, fighting spirit and strength, his fight was.. boring.

The second it started, Kendo enlarged her hand, but Midoriya just dashed over to her, grabbed her arm, swung her around a few times before letting go. Kendo literally flew out of the boundary.

The second round match ups were out, and Midoriya groaned internally when he realised he had to fight Monoma. He didn't hate Monoma, per say, but he was one of the people with a quirk that could actually reveal that he was quirkless.

Bakugou beat Kirishima easily, and Todoroki just simply froze Yaoyorozu. Iida had beated Tokoyami with pure speed.

Monoma growled.

Midoriya was a pain.

He had borrowed Tsuburaba's Solid Air quirk and Tetsutetsu's Steel quirk. He wanted to see what kind of quirk Midoriya hid up his sleeve, but he was making it harder than it would have been. Midoriya was fast, avoiding his attempts to grab him, and Monoma could only copy a quirk when he comes into contact with him. He hasn't even touched Midoriya in the two minutes he had been dancing around him.

Midoriya wasn't even trying to hit back. He was just on the defensive.

"Hey, isn't that the Demon of Musutafu?"

Just then, Midoriya growled under his breath, turning to face where the voice came from, and Monoma took that moment to strike,

smacking him right in the shoulder.

Midoriya slid back, growling.

Monoma realised two things.

He had dislocated Midoriya's shoulder. Midoriya just hissed, and smacked his shoulder back into place. That wasn't the scary thing.

Monoma didn't sense a quirk to copy. He could tell whether a quirk could be copied or not, but he couldn't sense a hint of a quirk when he came into contact with Midoriya.

"That's it."

Monoma blinked up from his daze of realisation, just as Midoriya charged at him. He quickly put up an air barrier, but Midoriya easily smashed through it. Monoma prompty activated the Steel quirk, turning himself into metal, but he failed to realise what Midoriya was doing.

Midoriya leapt up, grabbing Monoma around the neck with his legs. Even all covered in steel, Monoma couldn't stop himself from being flung back as Midoriya landed, flinging the boy back as he landed in a handstand and twisted his hips.

Monoma landed outside the boundary.

Monoma had a haunted expression on his face as he made his way back to the 1-B viewing platform.

"You okay, Monoma? You look like you've seen a ghost." Kendo asked.

"Ne, Monoma! Did you manage to figure out what quirk he has?" Tokage bounded over.

Monoma mutely shook his head. He was very, very confused.

Bakugou blasted Iida over the line.

"Shut up! Use you're god damned fire!" Midoriya screeched, "You're being so god damned disrespectful to everyone here by not using your full potential!"

"Aren't you being hypocritical! You haven't used your quirk yet!"

"Says who? I could have an analysis quirk for all you know!" Midoriya growled, as he leapt forwards, nailing Todoroki in the chest. Todoroki slid back, smashing into the ice wall he made behind him.

"Plus..." Midoriya stood up, glaring at Todoroki as he grinned, showing his canines, "You couldn't beat me even at full power."

Todoroki flinched as a terrifyingly oppressive aura washed over.

Was this his quirk?

Midoriya just looked at Todoroki, tilting his head slightly. His pose looked relaxed, but he just felt so intense that Todoroki was frozen stiff.

Could I even use my fire if I wanted to?

"You know, a long time ago, I wished I could have a quirk that was even a fraction as amazing as yours. You may hate your father, but you can't let your genetics and you parents tie you down."

Midoriya reeled in his aura, "You have potential. Your quirk is amazing, and it will take a long time until you stagnate. Unlike me. I could stagnate any time and become insignificant. At the very least, if you respect me as an opponent, use your fire."

Todoroki couldn't help it. That intense feeling, from those simple words, full of self loathing, self hatred, guilt.

He couldn't take it.

He couldn't control it.

His fire rolled off his arm, flickering to life in the palm of his hand.

A small smile appeared on Midoriya's face, and his expression softened.

"Come at me, Todoroki Shouto."

Uraraka gasped as Midoriya leapt to the side, rolling to dodge Todoroki's fire. He landed and bounded towards Todoroki, who hurriedly put up a large ice wall to keep him out. Midoriya skid past the ice, as Todoroki launched another wave of fire at him.

He jumped over the blast, nailing Todoroki in the face, before sweeping his legs out from under him.

Todoroki yelled, and tried to blast Midoriya with ice and fire, but Midoriya just grabbed him by the legs and threw him out of bounds.

"Was... Midoriya ever so strong?"

"Fucking Deku! He was holding back against me this entire time!" Bakugou roared. "That piece of shit! I'll beat him up later!"

Bakugou was mad when he walked onto the stage.

Midoriya didn't even look remotely tired, unless he counted the eye bags under his eyes.

Deku thinks I'll be predictable? Oh I'll start with a right hook alright, then nail him somewhere else.

Bakugou did just that.

Except that when he suddenly twisted midair with a blast, trying to kick Midoriya in the chest as he smoothly transitioned from a punch to a kick, Midoriya caught his foot.

"You're still predictable, Kacchan."

He growled as Midoriya swung him around, smashing him into the ground. Bakugou stood up and charged again, but Midoriya swiftly dodged the flurry of blasts he was aiming at the green haired boy.

"Stop holding back against me, Deku!"

"One, no. I'll kill you by accident, Kacchan. Two, you might want to control your temper. Emotions are irrational."

Bakugou was about to reply when Midoriya suddenly sidestepped, and shoved his face towards the ground, right past the line.

Oh hell no!

With a well timed blast, Bakugou barely blasted himself in time to avoid smashing into the ground past the boundary. He hissed as he stood up and faced Midoriya. He raced forward, trying once again to blast and kick the other.

"Kacchan. I can read you like an open book. Control your temper."

"Shut the fuck up, Deku! Fight me properly! Stop acting like a coward!"

"He's... just playing around with him..." Kirishima mumbled.

The fight kept on going. Bakugou pushing Midoriya back, until Midoriya uses Bakugou's own power against him and almost sends Bakugou out of the boundary if he didn't catch himself in time.

Finally, Bakugou coughed as he tried to push himself off the ground, panting.

Midoriya just stood there, looking at Bakugou emotionlessly.

"Why aren't you just attacking!?" Bakugou roared.

Why? This entire time, he hasn't been exerting himself. He used everyone's own power against them, almost like he's trying to conserve his energy! That's all he's been doing!

Midoriya shot forward, nailing Bakugou in the chest, pushing the ash blonde haired teen out of bounds.

"Hey... isn't he quirkless?"

"Apparently so. He's the only quirkless one in Musutafu."

"Maybe he just developped a quirk late."

"You'd think he's announce it though."

Monoma swallowed as the rumours and chattering amongst the crowd grew stronger and stronger.

Quirkless? Midoriya? Quirkless?

Was that why he didn't sense a quirk in him?

He eyed Midoriya, as he stood on the podium, as Yagi hung the first place medal around his neck. The kid looked like he wanted to explode.

1-A and 1-B eyed the rest of the spectators warily. Even some of the pro heroes looked uneasy as everyone murmured about Midoriya and his supposed quirklessess.

"Well... would you like to say something, as the first place winner?" Kayama asked. Yamada was screeching in her ear through the ear piece, telling her not to, even though they did that every year.

Midoriya took the microphone from her, and the stadium fell deathly silent.

"If you have such a big problem with a quirkless teenager winning, then come down here and fight me yourself. Either way, I don't lose anything. I win, it just shows that my training since I was a kid to make up for my non-existent quirk paid off. You win, then you have no right to call me a monster or a demon."

Monoma's breath hitched.

He had practically admitted that he was quirkless.

The spectators were silent for the remainder of the prize giving ceremony.

In awe, in fear, or for what, no one knew.

Aizawa sighed as he slumped into the chair.

Damn. He was glad that was all Midoriya did. He honestly expected him to start ranting at the spectators like he had to the media and reporters before the USJ attack.

Though, honestly, Midoriya just looked tired, sick of everyone, and Aizawa really wanted him to just go home, sleep, and not think about anything else.

Midoriya unlocked his front door, dumping his bag on the ground. He was prepared to put his hoodie on and go out on a patrol, and had been trying to use as minimal energy and effort throughout the entire day.

Then he caught a letter, sitting on the ground.

"Hand this to Akatani. And no looking, or your little brother may suffer the consequences."

He was stuck with a dilemma.

Ouch

Midoriya was very, very conflicted.

The message literally confused him. The letter was addressed to Akatani. But he, as Midoriya, wasn't allowed to look, or Shinsou may get hurt.

But he was Midoriya, and he was Akatani.

The letter was basically telling him to look but he couldn't look.

Midoriya had no idea what to do.

But just in case, he changed into his vigilante outfit. There *probably* weren't any cameras or anyone spying on him, or they would have realised a lot sooner about his vigilante identity, but just in case, he shut all the windows, drew all the curtains, switched off the lights, hid in the cupboard, and changed into his hoodie and donned his mask, before he flipped the light switch on, looked around once more, locked all the doors, grabbed his flashlight, and hid under the covers, before ripping open the letter.

He was paranoid, dammit.

A set of co-ordinates, and a message.

"We want to talk. You don't want the missing purple brat, or the other green brat to be hurt, you follow our instructions. We know your working with the heroes on this case. You cannot talk to them about this letter. You talk to no one. You meet us here at midnight."

Midoriya scowled, as he searched up the co-ordinates. It would take him an hour or so to get there, and it was dinner time.

He stretched out on the bed. He was slightly tired from the Sports Festival, and he was going to need all the strength he could get on this lead.

He set his alarm, before trying to sleep.

He didn't end up getting any. His mind was plagued with horrible scenarios, ones that left Shinsou dead.

What did they want? Why did they want him? What did they do with Shinsou?

Midoriya was scared. He was scared he'll find Shinsou beaten beyond recognition. He was scared they would have forced his little brother to do horrible things against his will that would end up breaking him. He was scared he, as Akatani, woulf be used against his only remaining family.

He just tried to sooth himself while nursing a steaming hot cup of coffee.

He couldn't let his emotions cloud his judgement.

He needed to get his baby brother back.

Midoriya crouched on the rooftop, eyeing the alleyway where he was supposed to meet up with the villains.

There was no one to be found.

He checked his phone.

Five minutes to midnight. Maybe he was just early.

He jumped down, and watched from behind a corner.

He waited.

A man with purple hair walked out of nowhere.

"You must be Akatani, no?"

"Yeah. And you are?"

"My name is of no concern. You want Shinsou Hitoshi, don't you?"

"Of course." Midoriya growled, "What have you done with him?"

"Nothing too bad," He reassured, "We just want your co-operation."

"That depends if I can get Shinsou or not."

"Too bad." The man snapped his fingers, the harsh sound echoing in the empty deserted alleyway.

Like a curtain was pulled back, a multitude of figures appeared, and Midoriya scowled. An ambush. Of course.

"We always get what we want, regardless." The purple haired man chuckled. "Get him."

Midoriya desperately tried to defend himself against the horde of villains. Dammit. He really was that similar to Aizawa, huh? He was pretty sure if he wasn't so god damned outnumbered at least a hundred to one (Where the heck did these villains keep popping out from?!) he would be able to defend himself. But no, they just had to have a large number of quirk users that he wouldn't be able to defend himself against. He jumped, leapt off a wall, but got nailed by water and electricity.

Dammit. There wasn't enough space for him to do anything. They could just blast the entire area with attacks and he wouldn't be able to dodge *anything*.

He could use his knife, yeah, but he couldn't do much against water or fire or electricity or anything.

Midoriya slid under the fire that blasted overhead, the water on the ground allowing him to skid past the fire user and trip him up. He quickly stood up, kicked another small batch of villains away, before he was picked up and thrown into a wall. He shook his head, shaking the dizziness out of his head, as he jumped over a punch aimed at his face. He punched that villain in the face, before tanking another few hits with the thin metal bands on his arms.

He used his retractable staff to knock out a few more, before he was blasted with water again and the metal staff was ripped out of his grip.

He was so lucky he had decided to bring one of his other weapon prototypes with him, in a way. Many sleepless nights of fidgeting and panicking had resulted in him trying to calm down one day, scribbling stuff on paper, before actually building the weapon. It could be used in both offence and defence, and with a subtle twitch in the right way, he was able to activate the blades that sprung out of the bands. They weren't that light, but Midoriya was strong enough to use them, at least basically.

If Snipe could literally use guns, then knives were probably okay, right?

The surprise of the new support item had allowed him to take out a lot more villains, earning quite a few new injuries in the process as he was still unused to the new weight, right until he got a knife to the shoulder. He felt his body freeze up, not listening to him, as he crumpled to the ground. He tried to push himself up, but his body no longer responded to him.

A man with long brown hair and red piecing eyes walked up to him.

The guy with the paralysis quirk. The one that kidnapped Toshi.

The man hauled him into a sitting position, and his mask, which altered his voice and also acted like an air filter, was pulled off his face and hung limply around his neck. Luckily it was so dark in the alleyway. No doubt they would recognise him as Midoriya Izuku otherwise.

A needle found its way into his neck.

Midoriya felt the cool liquid being pushed into his veins.

Probably trying to drug me or something...

His eyes felt like closing, but he tried his best to fight against it. He was so close. He couldn't give in now.

"Ya sure it was the chloroform?"

"Pretty sure, boss."

"Well, maybe he just needs some convincing - "

Midoriya didn't hear anything else when he felt a sharp pain against his head, and everything turned black.

Shinsou woke up, and for the first time in a very long time, he could actually see his surroundings.

He looked around, before his memories rushed back.

One of his captors were drunk, and had dropped his cuff keys. Shinsou knew it was probably not a good idea, but he had grabbed the key and proceeded to work his cuffs off. He was barely able to undo the cuffs (he couldn't see where to insert the key) when the door to his prison opened. Without thinking, Shinsou had run out, knocking the guy that had opened his door to the ground.

It was obvious that he had been recaptured. He had neither the strength, the energy, or the knowledge to be able to do anything substantial. Shinsou carefully grasped the paper clip in his hand. He had stumbled upon it when he had tried to escape, decided it was shiny and kept it.

There were metal bars in front of him. He was sitting in a corner, chained to the wall. That wasn't new. He carefully looked to the other side of the small cell, before realising there was a figure chained up to the other corner. He jumped.

Who was he?!

Shinsou took in the shoes, the green, torn up and bloodied hoodie. He noticed the metallic mask hanging of the guy's neck, and he blanched when he managed to make out some green strands of hair under the hoodie.

Izu?!

Was he dead? He looked dead. Those wounds were nasty.

No he wasn't dead. He could see the faint rising and falling of his chest.

The doors swung open, and a man crouched down in front of Midoriya, grabbing him by the collar.

"Let's have some fun, shall we. We're planning to take down several heroes. I'm pretty sure you know them, or at least some strengths and weaknesses, Akatani. The ones that hang around that Midoriya kid. Eraser Head and Present Mic, no?"

Shinsou swallowed.

They still didn't know that Midoriya *was* Akatani.

They were after his brother.

"I only... work with them to..." Midoriya coughed, "To find Shinsou. I don't... know anything else about them, dumbass."

"Well then." The man stood up, and neither Shinsou nor Midoriya liked that glint in his eyes. "You'll need some convincing. I heard you're fond of him." He pointed the smaller purple headed boy out to Midoriya, and Shinsou noticed how Midoriya's eyes just widened when he realised that *he was so close. So damned close.*

"Make a sound and we'll move on to him, alright? Either that or you cough up some information."

A foot was planted in Midoriya's stomach, and he bit his lip to avoid hissing in pain.

He wasn't going to let them lay a single god damned finger on Shinsou.

Aizawa sighed as he talked to his homeroom class about the basics of their internships. He was hoping to talk things through with Midoriya, seeing as Akatani had texted him and told him not to meet up the previous day. Then Snipe had informed him that Midoriya was absent.

Hopefully he had just overslept, and wasn't in any real danger at the moment, even though there was an uneasy feeling churning in

his gut.

He was just in the middle of telling the kids to choose their hero names wisely, before the television in the classroom flickered to life. He hadn't even noticed it until a strange static sound made its way into his ears, and everyone (including Kayama) was staring at the electronic device that was installed above his head on the wall.

"Hey, shut it. I'm not even a proper technopath. I can only broadcast signals along other signals. I can't control it!"

"Tch, just get it right."

He was about to complain and ask who switched it on, before he realised what was on the television screen.

The child with the wild purple hair. Shinsou Hitoshi.

Aizawa gulped when he realised just how small, how young the child was.

Then he noticed the other figure in the corner. Akatani.

He swallowed down his words. The other problem child.

Shinsou didn't look too injured, but on a television screen, he couldn't see much. Akatani, on the other hand, was bleeding from several wounds his shoulder and arms, but it seemed that he was more drugged than injured, if Aizawa could see anything through a television.

He unconsciously reached for his capture weapon as he heard the captors threatening Shinsou, before kicking the vigilante in the stomach viciously. He was pretty sure he saw a knife or two.

"Stop it! Leave him alone!"

He could hear Shinsou, or who he thought was Shinsou, screeching as he struggled against his own chains.

God damn it. Aizawa thought. *He didn't want to see this. He already knew that Shinsou having it rough. He didn't need to see this. He was*

just a god damned child. He didn't need, didn't have to see a boy that was probably of a similar age to his older brother getting beaten up and tortured right in front of him.

Akatani looked horrible now. His hoodie was in tatters, and there was a pool of blood forming under him. Blood stained his hoodie from green to dark red, and all he wanted to do to was to find them, pick them up, and rush them to a hospital.

He didn't realise that he, and everyone else in the room had been staring at the screen for the past thirty minutes until the television turned black, and Nezu announced over the loud speakers that it was nothing to worry about, and that the heroes would deal with whatever was going on.

Bakugou was just glaring at the screen like he wanted to kill someone. Iida and Uraraka looked nauseous. Yaoyorozu looked like she wanted to cry. Todoroko stared at the screen impassively, but Aizawa could make out frost forming on his right side. Ojiro's tail was tense.

All of them liked Akatani, for sure. Akatani had saved them in the USJ attack. No doubt all they wanted to do was to repay the favour and save him as well.

Once again, he was glad that Midoriya wasn't in school. He would be screaming bloody murder right now and would probably screech at everyone to let him go and get his brother.

Speaking of which, maybe he should pop by Midoriya's house to check on him. But he had to focus on Akatani and Shinsou first. Who knew what those vile villains wanted to do with them.

Midoriya gasped as the villains finally decided that they had enough fun with him. He spat out a mouthful of blood, and coughed. His chest was bleeding, and he wasn't really sure if all his ribs were intact.

Shinsou had tucked himself in a corner, looking at him like he

wanted to throw up.

He was scared.

The second the villains were out of sight, Shinsou tried to rush to his side. Except that the chains and the collars held him back from going too far, and Shinsou coughed as the collar was pressed against his throat.

"Toshi. Calm down." He whispered, coughing out more blood. Ow. Did they break a rib or something?

He slowly inched closer to Shinsou, who was struggling with the collar, and carefully wrapped his arms around the smaller child.

"Shh. I'm here now, Toshi. I'm here now. I said I'll come for you, didn't I."

Shinsou just buried his face into Midoriya's side, well aware he was bleeding horribly in the chest from those villains.

His brother was here. Izuku was here. He didn't like that his brother was so badly injured to protect him, but he was here.

Shinsou pressed the paperclip into Midoriya's hand carefully, and Midoriya just nuzzled his head as he took the metal pin from him.

"Thanks, Toshi. Don't worry. We'll get out of here soon."

Shinsou just drowned himself in the familiar warmth that he had been craving for so, so long.

Everything would be fine.

Aizawa felt absolutely sick as his eyes were glued to the television. Yamada was hosting his radio show and probably wouldn't be back until midnight, and Aizawa couldn't help but *just stare* at the device. He couldn't help it. That was the only thing he could watch anyway. Whatever the villain technopath's powers were, that was the only thing that anyone could see. All the channels just displayed the

vigilante getting tortured and the small child being forced to watch.

He could plug out the television, sure, but then his phone was also playing the same thing.

Nezu had informed them that all the televisions in the classrooms would be unplugged for the time being. The principal was pretty sure that the technopath hadn't been targeting UA, and was just messing with all the signals in general. Aizawa could tell when he passed television stores that used to display sports, or news, being filled with images of the bloodied cell. Everyone's phones were lit up with those scenes, and it took all of Aizawa's self control on his way back home to not smash all the screens and television in a fit of rage.

They were just kids. They didn't have to go through all this.

Aizawa was seriously gonna take Shinsou and Midoriya in once they found out where they were being kept, and then maybe have a nice long chat with Akatani and wrangle him into the house as well.

Escape

Midoriya had no idea how long he and Shinsou had been kept trapped in... wherever they were. His captors, for some reason, decided to cuff his hands behind his back, so he couldn't hug Shinsou or comfort him as easily anymore. He also had... a few more cuffs added to his original one. It was *insanely* hard to pick a bunch of locks behind his back while his arms were being restrained in a horrible position and he was bleeding.

Yeah... Midoriya was pretty sure he had quite a few busted ribs. And maybe a dislocated shoulder. And most of his blood was on the ground.

But his most primary concern at that point in time was Shinsou. He supposed it was his own fault, really. Getting stabbed a few times and kicked a lot was... very, very painful. Midoriya didn't want to risk even letting a single sound out, lest they do what they said and turned their attention and attacks on his little brother who was way too young to witness such a cruel act.

Midoriya dissociated. He had done it by accident once when he was bullied when he was younger, and had learnt how to tune out every single bit of pain he felt. He avoided feeling *anything*. He was fairly confident that unless the villains decided that somehow, he was bloody enough, Shinsou should be safe from harm.

He realised too late that Shinsou had ended up dissociating as well.

The first time seeing Midoriya get beaten up had shook Shinsou right to the core, but seeing that familiar spark, that fire burning in his brother's eyes, filled Shinsou with a soothing feeling that *everything would be alright*.

Seeing those familiar emerald eyes lose their light and will was too much for the small child.

Izu wouldn't give up, right?

But seeing those eyes go dark for so, the spark that burnt bright long gone (even if it was temporary) .. it was too long for Shinsou. He couldn't take it.

Shibsou felt something snap in him. He curled up in a ball, pressed his face against his knees, and never made a sound.

When Midoriya finally shook himself out of his dissociated daze, he coughed out more blood, before calling out for the curled up child softly.

Shinsou didn't respond.

Calling out again, louder this time, Midoriya didn't expect Shinsou to just... stay completely silent and still.

After carefully scooting over to get closer to the smaller child, the first few days, he was able to snap his little brother out of it. But it kept taking longer, and longer, to do so, until Shinsou no longer responded anymore.

Midoriya was panicking internally, not knowing why this had even panicked in the first place, before it all clicked into place.

He had unintentionally done this to him. His selfish method of dissociating to escape the pain had broken something in Shinsou, and he had done the same to escape his own pain.

I should have just taken the pain head on instead of running away. Midoriya thought, as he carefully picked at his cuffs while carefully sitting beside the smaller child who was completely silent and unresponsive.

This is all my fault.

It had taken him a long time to pick those damned locks.

But he had finally done it.

Midoriya rubbed his arms as the cuffs fell off, onto the ground.

The door was still locked, and he still needed to work Shinsou's cuffs off, but he could make it. They could make it out. Then he would have to make this entire ten months up to his little brother, for not getting him back sooner.

Midoriya popped his shoulder back into place, wincing as pain shot up his body. Damn. He quickly went over to Shinsou, carefully cradling the child's arm in his hand as he set about picking Shinsou's cuffs.

Shinsou blinked as the first cuff fell to the ground with a clatter. He felt his arm being held by something... warm. He looked up, breath in his throat as Midoriya picked the other cuff off. He blanched as his eyes trailed down to the sheer amount of blood that drenched the boy's hoodie, before he snapped his head in the direction where his older brother once laid. He didn't know what to think before the sound of metal hitting the ground caught his attention and he felt something scoop him up.

"Come on, Toshi. Let's get out of here."

Midoriya hastily picked the lock with one hand, and the cell swung open. He raced past several rooms, the smaller child clutched tightly in his grasp.

He wasn't letting go of Shinsou any time soon, not when he finally got him back. He scowled internally as he felt Shinsou's ribs press against his hands.

Dammit. When was the last time he was fed?!

Shinsou tried to push the sick feeling back inside him, pressing his face to Midoriya's chest as he ran. He tried to ignore the feeling that they were leaving a very, very, bloody trail behind them, and resisted the urge to throw up from seeing so much blood.

They had to get out first. Shinsou wasn't going to do anything that may hinder that.

Midoriya was pissed off.

At this stupid villain base, at the men who took his brother, at the

villains that injured and starved his brother, and even more at himself for even letting this happen in the first place and making this horrifying experience even worse for Shinsou.

"This place is a maze." Midoriya hissed under his breath, kicking a villain in the chin when he had been unfortunate enough to cross paths with the angry vigilante. Apparently, everyone was on break or something, but there were still people patrolling. Not in large groups, luckily, so Midoriya was able to easily knock them out before they could call out for help, though Midoriya was very aware of the trail of red he was leaving behind him.

I'm probably gonna suffer from anemia later.

Midoriya raced past a door, before something caught his eye and he backtracked.

The security room.

Based on his internal clock (Which in his opinion was highly inaccurate) they probably had an hour max until someone checked on them. He needed to figure out how to get out, and find a way to get rid of the highly probably hoarde of villains that might try to stop them.

He quickly pushed the door open, punching the guard in the face as he entered the room. He started tapping away on the monitors, cringing internally when the alarms started blaring loudly. Midoriya didn't make any movement, but he distinctly felt Shinsou jump slightly as he clutched the smaller child to his chest, trying to comfort him as best as he could as he worked.

Shit.

Shinsou was clutched Midoriya's shirt, trembling, and Midoriya growled as he brought up the map of the entire seven story building and committed it to memory while searching for the jamming signal at the same time.

I mean, they are villains that evaded pro heroes for long. They probably have a jamming signal.

Aizawa was in the middle talking to his homeroom class about proper hero conduct when Yamada popped his head into the classroom.

"Hey, Eraser, you mind stepping out for a second?"

Aizawa sighed, and put his pen down, and with strict instructions for the rest of the class to behave, he followed Yamada.

"So, Nezu was keeping an eye on the villain broadcasts..."

"So?"

"Akatani and Shinsou are out."

Yamada passed over his phone, and pressed the video to play. Aizawa stared at the screen as he heard what looked like to be the skipping around between different security cameras.

"Where the heck are they?"

"I don't know!"

He saw Midoriya race down a hallway while carrying the purple haired child, gulping when he saw the red trail left behind by the green hooded vigilante that he was certain was not ketchup. He growled. Midoriya was already beaten up enough. He admitted that he watched the broadcasts while he was marking papers, keeping tabs on how they treated the vigilante as he went on his patrols. He brushed it off as being able to know where he was injured and how to treat him, but that wasn't entirely true.

He was worried, dammit, and he knew that the damned, stubborn, hard-headed child was just making his own injuries worse.

You hypocrite. You would do that too.

Aizawa pushed that voice at the back of his head away. He sighed internally as he watched Midoriya kick a villain in the face, before jumping off the wall and smashing another away.

"Oh, for gods sake. Wait why are you still broadcasting!? Cut the feed!"

Yamada spoke up, "Nezu recorded it. He had a few speculations of where this location is, and he tried to trace the signal. A few minutes later, we managed to figure out where the signal came from, and we received a distress signal from the same location. He believes that Akatani disabled the security or something."

"Are we sending anyone there?"

"We still have an hour left of school, so no. But Hawks, Best Jeanist, Kamui Woods, Mountain Lady and Endeavor are reported to be heading there."

Aizawa heaved a sigh of relief, before he heard the last name.

"Wait, Endeavor?!"

Midoriya quickly hopped off the chair and raced out, grabbing the very conveniently placed knife that was left on the table. He already memorised the map of the area, and gods, it was gonna take some time to get out, even without interruptions. He couldn't exactly jump down seven stories. He could on his own, but not when Shinsou's safety and wellbeing was his utmost priority.

He was somewhere in the middle of the building, and Midoriya raced off to find the staircase. He was lucky enough to manage to avoid a few villains while he made his attempt to escape, but it was incredibly annoying and Midoriya could feel his strength oozing away like the blood that stained his hoodie and ran down his chest.

He bit his lip and pushed on, ignoring his protesting muscles that felt like they were being torn apart.

They probably are. They did cut me up a lot.

But dammit. How could anyone, *anyone*, be so cruel as to let a child see all this. Even Midoriya wouldn't wish any of those idiotic kids in Shinsou's preschool to see any of this.

And of all the people that had to experience it, it was his dear little brother. The sweetest, kindest, best child in his opinion.

He cradled Shinsou with both hands as he kicked the door to the staircase open, leaping down the stairs three at a time.

They'll be out soon.

Midoriya would make sure of it

Enji growled.

There was a missing kid.

He was sure if his Shouto was the one missing, he would be able to bust himself out. Damn kids.

Many different hero agencies had been trying to trace the broadcast that plagued all the digital devices that everyone owned. Phones, televisions, laptops, people had no choice but to avoid them at all costs unless they wanted to watch a guy in a hoodie get slashed apart and kicked all over the place with a small child watching and struggling in his own chains.

They finally traced it. Several hero agencies that specialised in hacking and tracing had finally detected the signal, as well as a distress call. Even Nezu had confirmed it.

And now, he, and several other pro heroes were investigating.

What was pissing him off the most was how jittery Nishiya was. He was literally hiding behind Hawks, trying to keep as far away from him as possible.

"Endeavor, you might want to put that flame out." Hawks grinned, pointing to the flame hero's fist that was on fire.

Enji brushed the winged man off.

They had stuff to do.

"This is the place, huh?" Hakamata muttered, as they walked up to the ten story industrial looking building that looked like it may fall apart in an hour or so.

"Yep." Takeyama replied.

Loud screaming, things breaking, and utter chaos could be heard from the the outside. Fire was blasting from one of the upper floors, there were some people lying on the ground, with broken windows clearly showing they had jumped out or had been kicked or pushed out. Villains were streaming out of the building slowly.

"Wasn't he stabbed!?"

"He's the one we caught! He was stabbed a lot!"

"He's a monster!"

They didn't even seem to register the fact that there were heroes.

"We got him pinned!"

"For gods sake! He has a knife!"

"Why is he still standing?!"

The heroes looked on in utter confusion as the villains screeched.

Hakamata quickly grabbed the fibres of the villains that he could easily reach, binding their clothes together. Together. Nishiya and Takeyama took down more villains and restrained the remaining villains as Enji and Hawks stormed the building. Enji burnt up quite a few villains and Hawks was doing everything he could prevent as many villain deaths by burning, somehow preventing the entire building from breaking on itself and trying to figure out just what in the blazes, very literally, was going on.

"Dammit. Earthshaker is down! Flare was taken out on the upper levels! Phantom is knocked out!"

Hawks immediately grabbed the man who was yelling into a phone.

The villain dropped his phone in a hurry.

"Who were you talking about and what is going on?" Hawks growled, his wings spread out menacingly, though they were much smaller than before.

"We have guards on every floor! Flare is the fire wielding head on the seventh, Earthshaker is the head of the sixth and Phantom is the head of the fifth! We have an escaped prisoner that is wrecking havoc!" The villain gulped as Enji glared at both Hawks and the villain, "I only know there are a few more guards and -"

They were interrupted by a yells of "holy shit!" and "Get out of the way!" over the phone.

The villain froze up, and Hawks knocked him out, seeing as he wasn't going to say anything else.

Villains poured through their corridor, and Enji and Hawks both looked at the staircase that led from the upper floor to their level. They froze up, feeling a ridiculously, pressurising aura flare out, and gulped as a figure emerged.

They weren't expecting it to be a person, covered in blood, carrying a child, walking out, leaning against the wall and panting. The figure spat out a mouthful of blood, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, before glaring at the villains. A knife was in his hand, and even though he was just holding it, not even in a menacing manner, they still got the feeling that *this kid knew how to use it.*

Midoriya growled.

Hawks and Endeavor.

Sure, they were heroes, but no doubt that while Hawks was probably nice enough to let him pass with Shinsou (He did accidentally crash into the winged hero once a few years ago. He was nice enough by Midoriya's standards), Todoroki Enji would probably try to burn him to a crisp. Vigilante, villain, it didn't matter to him. They "broke the law" and thus, they'll burn, either to death, or in hell.

Ouch.

"Akatani?" Hawks hesitatly asked. He was going to be honest, he liked the vigilante. The kid never used a quirk, as far as he could see, tell, or heard, so he was safe from illegal quirk usage laws. His constant claims of "self defence", and give that he taunts the villains into attacking before striking back also kept him safe and not on the illegal side of things.

Seeing the poor kid get kicked around on live television ignited a flare deep in his gut. Something he couldn't really recognise.

Now, seeing the kid once more, after so long, covered in so much blood that Hawks suspected to be the his own, made Hawks much more sick than he had ever felt when he was a hero. He'd seen blood. He'd seen murders. But only just managing to figure out that the vigilante was a child, just a kid, from his initial attitude, his posture and stance, and how *scared* he seemed right now with the only thing driving him being the much smaller child in his grasp, Hawks felt his mood plummet.

Enji was well on his way to plunge his hand forward, his fist burning, before Hawks managed to swat the fist away. Midoriya advance, taking advantage of Hawks actions to leap off the railing and continue down the hallway behind the two heroes.

"You! What are you doing?!" Enji roared. "That was a vigilante!"

"In case you haven't noticed, he has a child with him!" Hawks grumbled, "You can't use your fire unless you want to end up severely injuring or killing them both, and that has consequences!"

He didn't need Enji to find out his interest in the vigilante clad in green. As far as he knew, none of the heroes had any contact with him, save for Eraserhead a few years back, but that was a given seeing as they both were underground fighters. An underground hero with a non-offensive erasure quirk and a vigilante who ran around with support items (which were probably self made) and knives, and who was probably no older than eighteen.

"Look, Endeavor, I know he's a vigilante and he's technically a law

breaker, but right now, our priority is that purple haired who has been missing for ten months. And I don't know about you, but that very vigilante you tried to burn to a crisp had gotten him out of that cell. So I think I'd rather let him get the kid out." Hawks turned to Enji.

At the very least, he didn't focus on Midoriya who had reached the end of the hallway behind them and seemed to have gone downstairs, as far as Hawks could tell.

Though Enji was very, very pissed off that he didn't managed to burn anyone.

Hawks turned around to chase after Midoriya, with Enji right behind him.

When Midoriya was on the second floor, he knew that something was very, very wrong.

His senses felt... off.

All his senses were working perfectly fine but... he felt as if in a second everything he could see and hear would disintegrate into nothing.

He could feel his heart pounding in his chest. He could feel Shinsou's heartbeat. He could feel the tremors of footsteps, both his own and others. He could hear screams and yells. He could feel the fire, the heat, on the upper floors, spreading downwards.

He could smell his own blood. Shinsou's too.

Midoriya could smell Shinsou's fear.

Anyone else's fear, a hero's, a civilian's, a villain's, a child's, Midoriya would have acted on it.

A villain, he would just walk up to them, telling them that they shouldn't harm people before knocking them out.

Civilians, he would ignore, but let his presence, his aura, linger, reminding them that yes, he was quirkless, but he was by no means

weak.

Heroes... he would just use that to motivate them to find his little brother.

Children, he would just ramp it up and make them *fear* him, just to protect Shinsou.

But when the fear came from his dear little brother himself?

Midoriya wanted nothing more than to wish he had a quirk at this point in time. Something strong, something destructive, just only to be able to get out of this hellhole fast than he could with just muscles. He was already tired, but he was pumped with anger and adrenaline and his so very desperate need to *get out of there before either of them could be hurt anymore.*

He wasn't afraid of getting hurt, or dying. Not if he could keep his brother safe.

But he knew that if he fell into his bad habits again, dissociated one more time, left Shinsou all alone one more time, this time with the confirmation that no one will come for him, the thought of being left all alone, once again, like he had been abandoned five years ago, didn't sit right with him. It would break him.

And to Midoriya, the very thought of it felt like his heart was being torn into shreds.

Then the villain in front of him had the galls to fire a gun right at Shinsou, who Midoriya was carrying close to his chest, instead of at him. He managed to shift in time, the bullet grazing his shoulder and adding to his impressive amount of blood spilling injuries.

And Midoriya Izuku saw red.

Nishiya, Takeyama and Hakamata were very, very confused.

Villains kept streaming out of the building, and they seemed even more terrified by whatever was in the building that of the heroes

outside ready to knock them out and bring them in.

Screams of "demon" and "monster" filled the air, and while Nishiya, Takeyama and Hakamata were all pro heroes and knew what they should be expecting when they accepted this job, they were very, very, wary of the so-called monster that had the villains scrambling like a bunch of idiots.

And they would be very, very, disappointed when they saw the vigilante, the one that was reported by police officers and heroes, to have an unknown quirk and was very well known for traumatising villains directly to repent or rehabilitation (honestly, though, it made all their lives easier).

If not for the fact that Akatani, as they knew him, felt absolutely murderous.

All of them were frozen as Midoriya growled at them, holding up his knife threateningly.

"Hey...you okay?" Nishiya asked, trying to calm down the boy who by his size and stature, couldn't be older than twenty but gave off an aura like he had fought off the worst of the world *and won*.

At least he tried.

Midoriya growled.

Hakamata knew that he could restrain the boy easily with his quirk. Except he was hesitant to do so.

Being restrained, he might struggle, hurting both himself and the smaller child in his grasp.

And that wasn't considering the amount of blood that trickled off the vigilante, staining the ground red with every drip.

Being restrained by fibres, of all things, was going to *hurt a lot*.

And Hakamata did not want to hurt the boy any more that he already had been treated for the past four days. Most pro heroes never went through something in their entire lifetime and career,

yet here was a kid, probably a teenager, doing everything in his power to protect a child.

Nishiya extended his quirk to try and restrain him, but the vigilante was *good with that knife.* He slashed through Nishiya's bark, hissing, "Get out of the way! Leave him alone!"

His eyes were wild, unseeing. It was almost as if he didn't see the pro heroes for who they were, but villains. People that he had to fear instead of those that could help.

He cared enough about the child to try to attack what he thought was a threat, and at this point of time, they really wished that they had Kayama and her sleeping gas, to knock him out and bring the child in peacefully.

They didn't expect that Midoriya, as injured and tired as he was, to suddenly appear in their faces, dodging Nishiya as he acted on reflex, evaded Takeyama as she grew to her giganteum size in shock and sliced through the fibres that Hakamata had tried to use to grab his clothes, before racing past them, out onto the road.

They blinked, as more villains spilled out, followed by a fiery roar that belonged to none other than Enji.

"Endeavor! Stop it!" They heard Hawks yell, as Enji raced after Midoriya and Shinsou in a heat filled rage, even though he looked like he had gone grocery shopping in the rain. Hawks tried to follow, but before he managed to get out of the building, he was tackled by a few villains. He wasn't hurt, and easily shook them off, and grumbled as the sprinklers in the building continued splashing water all over the place, taking out the fire slowly and drenching poor Hawks who shot out of the building to shake the water off his wings.

"Well... shit..." Nishiya cursed.

Midoriya raced past people, swerving around passers-by and dodging around others.

His senses were messed up. His eyesight was blurry. Sometimes he could see what was front of him, sometimes he couldn't. He couldn't see the road in front of him, or the traffic light that he had almost ran into. He could see the umbrella of the diner two streets away, or the bird that perched in a tree.

His nose was picking up all sorts of smells ranging from lavander from the perfume shop he just passed, or the burnt tyres on that car that passed by, or the tangy smell of blood that probably covered his entire being at this point.

He was hearing too much, too little. He couldn't hear his heart pouding. He could hear what seemed like to be a cat crouched in an alley. His footsteps were heavy. The bicycle that raced past him sounded more like an annoying muted ringtone.

It had that be some random villain's quirk. He mused, as he let his feet lead the way.

He was panicking, for sure. He could hear footsteps echoing behind him. Footsteps that were heavy, pounding away. They were laced with malice, forgoing all sense of stealth, just with the intention of catching him and putting him down like a rabid animal.

He didn't know, couldn't tell who was chasing him, but Midoriya wasn't about to give up now. Not when he was finally getting Shinsou out of that hellhole he had been forced into. He couldn't fail him again.

He'd rather die.

He let his instincts guide him, guide him to the safest place that was known in his subconscious. He didn't know where he was, and he knew he was following that very irrational burning gut feeling, but it had never been wrong and Midoriya was really hoping that he knew what he was doing. Where he was going, he didn't know. He just hoped that he wasn't presenting himself, or more importantly, Shinsou, to the villains, or running like a headless chicken into some kind of ambush.

He saw himself run under a blue structure that hung over his head.

He sensed people, many people, and a building beyond them.

He heard a sharp sound pierce the air, and the distinct feeling of something rumbling beneath his feet sent Midoriya into an internal panic. He raced past the gate, slowing to a halt as he wrestled control back, turning around to figure out what was going on.

Metal shot up in front of his face, inches away from clamping him and Shinsou in their metallic jaws, slamming into the blue structure and fitting in perfectly as he heard locks snap into place.

And all Midoriya wanted to ask was w*here the heck was he?!*

Problem Children

Midoriya hated it.

He hated that his sense of sight, sense of smell, sense of hearing, those three major senses were working against him. He was lucky his sense of touch was still working right, or he was as good as crippled, but it was completely disorientating when things were clear, then blurry, suddenly loud, then soft, smelling something sweet and it immediately being replaced with something pungent.

He was fairly sure it was the work of a villain and their quirk.

He could sense the people starting to crowd around, and in a panic, he let out a small burst of his aura, just to keep them at bay.

They were just going to crowd him, overwhelm him with numbers. This was no longer a hallway where the enemy could only attack from the front and back. He was in an open space, where they could converge around him.

And take Shinsou away, once more condemning the poor child to his fate again for his quirk and taking him away once again.

Midoriya would not let that happen.

It was too crowded, too many people, too suffocating.

Midoriya backed away cautiously, before his back hit something and he whirled around in a panic.

Kayama was not expecting this.

She didn't have any lessons for the rest of the day, and Nezu had gotten an alert from Nishiya that Akatani had raced off with Endeavor hot on his trail. She was about to leave the school after she finished marking a stack of essays, when someone raced past

the gates of UA and triggered the UA Barrier.

She immediately raced out, carefully pushing past students who had been released early to figure out what was going on.

She was not expecting to see the vigilante who had broken out, carrying Shinsou, standing right at their gates.

"Nezu, you might want to alert Aizawa and Yamada.... Akatani's the one who triggered our alarm."

"Got it. Try to handle it. Endeavor should be outside the school so I'm not deactivating the gates yet."

Endeavor? Kayama thought, *Never mind. Deal with Akatani first.*

She carefully made her way to the front, putting her hands out as if she were talking to an injured animal.

"It's okay. Calm down."

She tried moving closer, and Midoriya growled at her, backing away warily.

Midoriya had no idea who this person with dark purple hair and a white and black outfit. His sense of smell was still off, but he was certain that the smell of sleeping gas was there, no matter how weak or strong it kept alternating between.

"Go.. go away." He croaked, as he clutched Shinsou closer to his chest protectively. He could feel Shinsou's grasp on his shirt tighten.

He hated how weak his voice sounded. But his throat was completely dry, and the fact that he could practically taste blood every time he spoke wasn't good.

"Leave him alone!" Midoriya growled, this time more forcefully.

Midoriya didn't know why, but he knew he wouldn't be able to last long in a fight. He could feel his legs starting to shake, his arms trembling from the strain.

He didn't know where he was. He was completely disorientated.

The blood loss and the exertion was getting to him. His body flared up in pain, and Midoirya wheezed when everything started hurting all at once.

Ecoplasm slowly made his way to Kayama's side, looked at Midoriya in concern as he hacked up more blood.

"Ectoplasm, try to herd the students to the other exits. Endeavor is on the other side of this gate and we have no idea how long this will take."

Ectoplasm nodded, creating a few clones that surrounded the students and tried to convince them to get away from the commotion.

Midoriya hissed as he barely made out a lot of copies of Ectoplasm.

"It's okay. We're not going to hurt you." Kayama tried saying.

Snipe just appeared next to them, "So, Eraserhead and Mic know him?"

"Yeah. They worked with him on the missing child case. And the missing child is with him too." Kayama replied.

Snipe just reloaded his gun. He knew he didn't need it, or more like he couldn't use it at this point of time unless he wanted to accidentally hurt them more than they have been in their time captured.

It wasn't loud.

But that faint click echoed loudly in Midoriya's ears.

Snipe tensed up as Midoriya lowered his stance slightly, before lashing forward. He managed to dodge the vigilante's attempt to kick him, and in retaliation, Ectoplasm acted on instinct and swung his leg in the vigilante's direction.

Midoriya dodged the worse of the attack. But the sharp blast of

wind from Ectoplasm's kick did make contact with Midoriya's hoodie, and he felt the familiar weight on his head disappear.

"Stop it." Shinsou gripped his shirt tighter, whispering, his voice quiet and raspy from dehydration, "You're just gonna... hurt yourself more ... please stop..."

Bakugou had no idea how to react. Or if he should even react in the first place.

Aizawa had let them off, and Bakugou, along with Kirishima, were walking out of the school. Kirishima was babbling about something or other again, and the fact that Bakugou had no idea where Midoriya was and having not seen him for so long was the only reason why he hadn't snapped back at Kirishima and told him to shut up.

Then, the sounds of someone running caught his attention, and he looked up, just in time to see Akatani run into the school and the gates slamming up behind him.

He blinked.

Kirishima also blinked.

They watched blankly as Kayama tried to deal with the injured vigilante and the smaller child clutched in his grasp. They watched Ectoplasm and Snipe joined in the effort to the take down Akatani without harming him, and as Ectoplasm accidentally attempted an attack and knocked his hood off.

They weren't expecting the person under the hood to have a familiar mop of green hair that was also covered in blood.

"Midoriya!?" Kirishima gawked under his breath, his jaw dropping as Midoriya growled.

Bakugou sucked in a breath.

Akatani was Midoriya.

They all heard a quiet whisper, too quiet to hear. Bakugou watched as Midoriya's eyes flicked to the small child in his arms.

But there was something about him off to Bakugou.

Midoriya's eyes were dark green. So it was either a trick of the light, or another reason that would explain why his eyes were currently light green.

"Deku!? YOU FUCK!" Bakugou screeched as the Ectoplasm clones prevented him from rushing forward.

Why was Deku so mad!? Why was he so wary of the pro heroes?! They're his teachers right?! Or at the very least, he knows they won't hurt him ! So why!?

He watched at Midoriya's expression changed, from that of wariness, caution, anger and fear to that of a subtle relief.

"Ka.... Kacchan!?"

He started looked around as he slowly backed away to the gate.

"Deku! I'm here, you idiot! Look at me!" Bakugou screeched, letting off an explosion from his palm to get rid of the excessive amounts of nitroglycerin that had accumulated on his palms.

"Kacchan?" Bakugou could see him tremble as he tried to find the blonde. He wasn't that hard to find, was he?! He saw Midoriya's eyes land in his general direction, before shaking his head slightly and blinking, squinting at the same time.

He couldn't see properly.

Kayama heaved a sigh of relief internally.

Because from what she could see, Midoriya (she was very surprised to see who it was under the hood. Ectoplasm and Snipe as well) wasn't attacking out of hostility. He was aware of his surroundings, but he had no idea where he was, or who was around him. He was

protective of Shinsou, the child who went missing ages ago, and didn't want any harm to come to him.

He was just a scared kid who wanted to protect Shinsou.

She could see how his legs shook, how he panted, how his eyes were clouded over by exhaustion. But she knew he wouldn't give up until he knew that Shinsou was completely safe.

That meant that they had to find someone that Midoriya was close too.

They couldn't risk Bakugou getting close. He was just a student. He wasn't allowed to participate.

"Midoriya! Stand down." She called out, but that just seemed to make it worse for Midoriya as he hissed and backed away.

She didn't know how close Aizawa and Yamada were with Midoriya, but she hoped that it was enough for Midoriya to trust them.

Speak of the devils.

Aizawa and Yamada rushed out of the school, their equipment at hand. "Where is he?" Yamada asked.

They heard a cough. Aizawa's eyes trailed over to the panting vigilante who was dripping blood steadily as he hacked and coughed and more blood dripped onto the ground.

"Midoriya?" Aizawa gasped.

"Holy shit..." Yamada's jaw dropped.

Midoriya hissed and backed away more at the sight of the two new heroes, before he stopped and tensed up.

"OPEN THE GATES!"

Endeavor.

"Gods, why is he here?" Aizawa groaned.

"He was chasing after him, according to Kamui Woods." Kayama replied.

Aizawa cursed under his breath. The UA barrier was made of metal. And though they were pretty sure that Enji wouldn't want to burn down the gate or climb over it, his mere presence was clearly making Midoriya even more jumpy and wary.

"Midoriya!" Yamada called out, but Midoriya just growled more.

"He doesn't react well when I called him that. But he did react positively to Bakugou." Kayama softly said.

Aizawa just sighed, before walking forward slowly before either of his friends could stop him.

"Wait! Stop!"

"Izuku."

Midoriya did not like that voice.

He did not like now there were now more people.

He did not like how he felt even weaker and tired than before.

He absolutely hated it.

He wasn't weak by any means, but his ribs hurt. Everything hurt. His legs protested as he stumbled forward. His vision was darkening. His heart pounded in his chest, and he tightened his grip on Shinsou, scared that he would lose him yet again.

"Midoriya."

They knew who he was under the hood. Whoever they were, it wasn't good. The villains knew who he was. They knew he was a vigilante now, this was even worse that he had thought -

"Izuku."

Midoriya blinked. He only trust two people to call him that....

"Ai... zawa... sensei..?" He croaked out, squinting at the figure in front of him who wore mostly black. He only trusted Yamada and Aizawa, but he knew that Yamada had yellow hair and Aizawa had black. This figure did not have a single speck of yellow on him, or at least that he could see with his vision buzzing in and out.

"Yeah. Calm down. You're safe here."

Kayama watched, fascinated. Midoriya's growling had disappeared, and while he was still looking at Aizawa weirdly, he wasn't backing away anymore. Aizawa moved forward slowly, like he was dealing with an injured, scared animal, and that described Midoriya perfectly.

Yamada made a small movement, and Midoriya hissed as he caught the movement in the corner of his eye.

Ashido, Iida, Uraraka, Kaminari and Yaoyorozu had joined Bakugou and Kirishima some time ago, alongside Tokage, Tetsutetsu, Monoma and Kendo, watching shocked at the revelation of who the hooded figure was. Neither of them said a word, but inside they were all screeching at how protective Midoriya was. Never mind that he was covered in blood at this point, Tetsutetsu and Kirishima were both internally yelling and gushing at how manly Midoriya was being.

Yaoyorozu was... very uncomfortable at this sight. Her arms were twitching, and Kayama was very sure she was resisting the urge to make a roll of bandages or something. Bakugou, Kendo and Tokage were just staring at the sight, and Iida and Uraraka were so shocked they hadn't said a single thing.

Monoma blinked.

This was Midoriya!?

What the heck happened to him!? He's in such a horrible state?!

He had seen the reports, the broadcasts. Even he wouldn't wish such a fate upon Bakugou, who was a literally an arrogant pain in the ass towards his class (from his point of view), and this one person that he could tolerate outside his class, that he was actually curious about, was *practically dyeing the ground red with his own blood.*

He didn't like it.

Midoriya coughed out more blood.

He could feel his legs shaking. He was trying to stay strong, to protect Shinsou, but he knew he couldn't hold out any longer. His muscles were screaming at him, his lungs felt like they were being ripped apart. His heart was pounding in his chest and he could feel his head turning hazy. All the sounds around him melted into a faint buzz, and the figure that he deduced was Aizawa turned into a hazy blurry blob.

They all heard another enraged yell from beyond the gate, and Midoriya growled, wincing internally as pain shot through his chest from the action, and took a step forward, away from the sound, on instinct.

His legs gave way.

Aizawa rushed forward, catching the teenager as he collapsed. He carefully lowered Midoriya and Shinsou to the ground, wincing as Midoriya coughed up more blood.

"Hey... Sensei... take care of Toshi... okay?"

Aizawa could only stare at the teenager in his arms, cradling another child. His grip had loosened, and Shinsou had wriggled out of his grasp slightly to the side, to avoid putting more pressure on Midoriya's chest.

"Tch. Don't speak like you're dying, problem child."

Midoriya gave a dry laugh, that sounded so hollow and fake that even the most oblivious person in the entire world could tell it was fake.

Aizawa didn't miss how Shinsou wrapped his smaller arms around

Midoriya's, clutching it like it was a lifeline. He was also eyeing Aizawa oddly, but didn't make a sound.

"Hey, hold your breath."

Aizawa barely had time to register the order before he was engulfed in a pink cloud. He bit his lip, and cradled Midoriya's head to avoid him getting even more injured as Kayama's quirk did its job. Yamada quickly caught Shinsou as he fell, passed out alongside Midoriya.

Aizawa growled, and tried to stem the bleeding with his capture weapon as he carefully tried to measure Midoriya's heart rate, and was extremely alarmed when he couldn't find it, only to realise *how faint it was. He was still alive, but for how long, Aizawa's didn't know.*

"Get Recovery Girl!" Aizawa ordered, "Mic, follow me." He quickly scooped up the teenager, and dashed into the school, Ectoplasm's clones keeping the rest of the students at bay.

Don't you dare die yet, you two problem children.

Injuries

"So you either work with me, and we help each other, or I'll just investigate and rescue the kid myself."

That was what Midoriya had said when they met on that rooftop, ten months ago.

He was a qualified pro hero. He had trained for three years in UA, passed the provisional licence exam. He had the equipment.

Most of all, he was the adult. He should be the one risking his life and fighting villains.

Not Izuku.

Izuku should be focussing on his studies, hanging out, making friends. He shouldn't be out, fighting villains, running from heroes, pushing himself to the brink of collapse and death.

Aizawa felt like he had failed both Midoriya and Shinsou so badly. He paced outside the infirmary, and Yamanda tossed him a packet of coffee that Kayama had given them before she had left the school. He swiftly caught the packet drink, and jabbed the straw in, taking a sip without even missing a beat.

"Calm down, Shou. He'll be fine. He's a tough kid. He won't go down so easily." Yamada tried to reassure the Erasure Hero, to no avail.

"Exactly. He pushes himself way too much. We don't even know how far past his limit he pushed himself before Kayama had to make him pass out." Aizawa hissed, running his hand through his unkempt black hair absentmindedly.

It was then a loud click resonated throughout the deserted hallway, echoing in the silence.

Yamada and Aizawa both turned to face Shuzenji.

"How are they?" Aizawa immediately rushed up and asked, and Yamada was seriouslu considering restraining him in case he decided to try and barge into the infirmary the five times before and was caught by Kayama, Yagi, and Snipe.

"Shinsou's fine for now, physically. A few cracked ribs, some broken bones, quite a few deep cuts. He didn't have much energy left, but he did wake up after Midnight's quirk wore off and it was enough for me to heal up to worse of the damage. He's suffering from dehydration and malnutrition mostly, and he needs a lot of rest. Depending on his mental state when he wakes up, he's probably going to need therapy."

Yamada nodded. *No child should have to go through something like that.*

"What about Izuku?"

"He's... alive. We're all lucky for that. Broken ribs and bones, a pierced lung, horrible lacerations, disorientation, muscles tears, and severe anemia, not to mention dehydration, malnutrition, extreme exhaustion and infections. I managed to patch him up with surgery, so he's in no danger now, but I can't heal anything else until he gets some decent rest. I'm already gave him antibiotics to flush out the infection, but once he regains his strength he'll be fine."

Shuzenji paused, and sighed, "That boy needs to take more care of himself. He has a lot of injuries, a lot of them sewn together pretty poorly, in my opinion. He already lost a lot if blood. Severe anemia can lead to heart attacks or even strokes. If Midnight hadn't practically knocked him out, I fear he might actually end up killing himself. And I have no idea how he was still stumbling around just now. He's practically running on fumes at that point, and even that doesn't fully explain the entire situation."

Aizawa and Yamada both gulped.

"Can.. we see them?" Aizawa hesitantly asked.

"Sure. Just be quiet. Shinsou apparently has insomnia. He probably won't wake up yet but just as a precaution. I'll be back in a few

minutes to check on him and replace Midoriya's bandages. Feel free to stay overnight if you want. It will be good to have an extra helping hand and another pair of eyes to keep an eye on them."

Aizawa and Yamada made their way into the infirmary, careful not to bump into anything as they walked to the end of the room by the window.

Shinsou was curled up on one bed, tucking his head under the blanket. Even when asleep, Aizawa could clearly see the slight tensing of his muscles, twitching under the covers, and the furrowed brows on the small child's face.

Aizawa carefully sat down on Shinsou's bed, gently caressing the smaller boy's back. Shinsou relaxed slightly, and uncurled by the tiniest bit, and let out a small squeak which Aizawa hated to admit, sounded absolutely adorable.

Aizawa turned his attention to the green haired boy lying on to bed next to them. He was all covered in bandages, had an IV drip, and all sorts of other machines connected to him. The steady beeping of the heart rate monitor and the faint rising and falling of his bandaged chest reminded Aizawa of the fact that his problem child had *almost died. Almost died trying to save and protect Shinsou.*

Just what had they gone through that made Midoriya like this?

He had already seen how Shinsou was treated in his school through the cameras. Bullied, ignored, the teachers didn't like him. But even from those, he wouldn't be able to see the full extent of the mental state of the poor child. Heck, up until now, Aizawa was pretty certain that Midoriya was the only positive influence in his life up until now, and him alone.

Aizawa did do a brief check of Midoriya's records after the Sports Festival, since as the winner, and from his previous placing in the entrance exam, he was to be transfered into the Hero course.

His address was that of a post office. He had no contacts under guardians or parents. His school fees in UA were paid pure in cash. Aizawa checked Shinsou's preschool and Aldera Junior High's

records as well. Both were also paid in cash. He had also questioned Bakugou for Midoriya's address, and had asked a couple of his neighbours about the green haired child. According to them, he ran errands all the time to pay off any fees he had, and that he had been taking care of the smaller child the entire time, while keeping up his grades and working.

Aizawa had to admire the determination and drive the green haired boy had, but one question was still lingering in his head.

Who took care of him? Why was he acting like the adult of the house, paying for school and running errands and taking care of kids when he should be hanging out with other people his own age?

Aizawa understood that being quirkless, it was a lot harder for him to hang out. Quirkless people made up twenty percent of the population, but most of them were of the older generations. Now, it was practically unheard of for people to be born quirkless. The fact that he had been bullied before, according to the rumours (after all, rumours did have to have some sort of a basis), showed just how badly he had been discriminated.

Maybe that was why Shinsou and Midoriya cared about each other so much. They both suffered discrimination. They were both hurt so much by the world around them.

And how the heck did he not make the connection sooner? How did he not realise that Midoriya was Akatani? Midoriya was absent during the USJ attack. He seemed to know a lot about the case even though he shouldn't be able to get that kind of information. The day right after the Sports Festival, a Friday, and Midoriya was absent again, on the very day the broadcasts started.

Aizawa had honestly thought that the boy was just tired and slept in or something.

Then it hit him. Midoriya spent all day for ten months gathering information, and all night patrolling as Akatani.

When the heck did he ever rest?!

Aizawa bit his lip as he gazed at Yamada, who had taken a seat in a chair beside Midoriya's bed.

"He pushed himself too far. He's gonna burn himself out." Aizawa gulped. The thought of Midoriya dying left a horrible taste in his mouth, and he felt the faint urge to throw up.

He didn't want to admit it, but he had come to enjoy the boy's presence. Midoriya's brashness, his determination, his drive and will, his alter persona's sass and cheekiness. Midoriya was unqiue, truly one of a kind. He had the drive stronger than that of most other heroes.

"I can see how you're so attached already." Yamada's voice rang out, and Aizawa blinked, realising that he had been lost in his thoughts for some time. "You practically treat them like they're your own kids."

Aizawa made no comment. He had unconsciously moved his hand to ruffle Shinsou's hair, and the smaller child seemed to like it as he relaxed further.

Neither hero said a thing, until Yamada broke the silence again.

"He's like a cat. He'll get along well with Kuro."

Aizawa shot Yamada a weird look as he compared the six year old to his cat.

"He's starved for attention, even subconsciously." Aizawa slouched over, still keeping contact with Shinsou, "You didn't see the security cameras at his preschool. He has no friends, his teachers don't like him... he got locked in a closet once for the entire day."

Yamada made a small, strangled noise.

"Izuku's doing his best, but there's only so much he can do. It's not healthy for either of them." Aizawa sighed. "Like things weren't worse enough from that. With the kidnapping, and what we saw on the broadcasts... both of them are going to need a lot of help. They're both lucky they're both safe and alive now. If either one of them didn't make it out of this... they would break. I'm not sure

about Hitoshi but... Izuku will definitely break down. He's strong, but this entire time he's been wearing himself out and working himself down to the bone with his goal of saving Hitoshi in any way. If... if he never found Hitoshi..."

"Hey. Calm down. They're both here now, alive and... mostly well. They'll get better once they wake up." Yamada spoke up, "Sure, Recovery Girl said Izuku will take some time to recover, but they have the time now. They're safe here at UA. Izuku's tough, and he's gonna transfer to your class, right? So you can keep an eye on him as well. And now that Hitoshi's saved, he'll have no reason to be vigilante-ing around. I have a feeling that lull in Akatani activities that time was because of Hitoshi."

"What if they's another USJ incident? Izuku practically saved us that time. If he wasn't there that time... who knows what could have happened? We all could have died! And his vigilante persona is practically exposed to a quarter of the hero course students..."

"You always were a worrier, Shouta. You were never really that vocal about it, but Nemuri, Tensei and I could always tell, you know." Yamada sighed, carefully manoeuvring around Midoriya's bed so as to not hit any of the equipment, and moved to sit beside Aizawa, "Nezu's upped security, didn't he? Plus, if they do attack again, we can just get Izuku to hack everything again and smash the villains with cranes and earthquakes like some kind of deity god on a high. We all got a good laugh watching the security cameras of that day, you know."

Yamada was trying to joke to cheer his friend up, but it clearly wasn't working ad Aizawa slouched even further.

"He's gonna get questioned. Hitoshi as well. People are going to want to know what happened to them. Endeavor ain't gonna be happy about all this, and I'm sure the other four heroes, especially Hawks, are gonna be curious about Izuku's identity."

"So?"

"You don't get it, Zashi." Aizawa hissed in frustration, "They both suffered from discrimination for quirks. Hitoshi's being targetted by

bullies. Both of them in particular were being targetted by whoever kidnapped them. Now, the whole world knows about them and they're gonna ask questions. Once they find out they're quirks?! They'll be victims of discrimination all over again. People don't like anomalies. They don't like what's different. Both of them are gonna suffer out there whether we all like it or not."

Aizawa sighed again, and closed his eyes, "They've already been through so much. Too much. They don't deserve any of this."

"But that's why you wanna take em in, don't ya. Cause you know how it feels to be pushed down by everyone else and you want to give them the support that wad denied to them for years."

Aizawa remained silent. Yamada had hit the mark. Aizawa's Erasure quirk was never the flashiest, and his floating hair and glowing red eyes had always put others off. He had a hard time making friends as a kid, and had poured all his efforts into training. If it weren't for Yamada, Kayama and Tensei, the first friends he had ever made, he was pretty sure things would have gone a lot more differently.

"I want to help them. But..."

"You think you're not qualified. Izuku took charge and saved you guys at the USJ. He was the one that got Hitoshi out of that hellhole, and you think you won't be able to do what he did. He's been taking care of Hitoshi for so long and you think that by trying to help, you'll end up pushing them away."

Aizawa cursed internally. *Why the heck did Yamada know him so well!?*

"Look. Izuku trusts us. He told Hitoshi to trust us. He let you get close, and no one else while he was disorientated. I'm pretty sure he won't push you away." Yamada pat Aizawa's back, before standing up.

"I'm going home first. You wanna stay, don't you?"

Aizawa nodded.

"Yeah. I'll pick some stuff up for you for breakfast. If you need

anything, just send a message."

Yamada left the room, and Aizawa carefully untangled his fingers from Shinsou's hair. He watched with a hint of fondness as Shinsou gave a small whine, and stretched out under the blankets before turning around and curling up again. Aizawa stood up, standing next to Midoriya's bed, watching his chest rise and fall as he lay limply on the infirmary bed. His green hair was dirty with blood, but there was no way to clean it until he wakes up and is able to actually shower. Aizawa noticed *just how bad* the teenager's eye bags were. He remembered how light the kid was in his arms as he carried him to a hurry to the infirmary.

He didn't like how pale the teenager was, how much blood he had been covered in, how torn and tattered his jacket was, how dented that metal mask around his neck was and the bruises around the poor kid's neck that was probably the result of the metal being pressed or bashed against his neck for such a long time. He didn't like the blood that was starting to seep through the bandages, showing just a few of who knew how many injuries and how much he had tried to protect his little brother.

As far as he knew, Shinsou had not taken a single hit since Midoriya had been chained up next to him.

He almost jumped when the door to the infirmary opened, and Shuzenji walked in, a roll of bandages in one hand and antiseptic in the other.

"Go wash your hands, and put these on." She instructed, tossing a box of surgical gloves in his direction.

Aizawa followed her orders without any protest, and soon, he was standing next to Shuzenji with his sleeves rolled up, his capture weapon deposited on a chair in her office and his hair tied up in a bun. He could only watch, with the bandages and antiseptic, as Shuzenji carefully peeled away the bandages on Midoriya's arms.

His eyes widened as he looked at the sheer multitude of scars that donned the child's arms. Some of them were stitched up, some of them were still bleeding slightly, and he mutely passed Shuzenji the

items and she went about cleaning the wounds, before wrapping the arm up with fresh bandages. They repeated the procedure on his other arm and both his legs, and Aizawa was on the brink of just storming out of the infirmary and give those villains that *did this to his kid* what they deserve.

Then Shuzenji carefully sliced through the bandages on Midoriya's chest, and Aizawa bit his tongue. Midoriya had a huge, jagged injury running from his right shoulder right down his left hip, with a multitude of other burns and wounds adorning his chest. They were all stitched up, of course, but Aizawa just felt sick looking at it. He couldn't tell how deep the wound was, but an injury as big as that was definitely not good.

How did he managed to move around with that kind of injury and run all over the place?!

He didn't notice any other stitches large enough for Shuzenji to operate on his lung and broken ribs, but just as he was about to ask, Shuzenji seemed to read his mind.

"That one. It's ironic. It was almost a perfectly aimed slash for me to fix his ribs and lung."

Aizawa swallowed, as Shuzenji cleaned up the stitched up wounds and re-bandaged his chest, with help from the younger pro hero, before she retreated back to her office.

Aizawa just washed his hands, trying to get the memory of Midoriya's injuries out of his head. He retrieved his sleeping bag from the closet (he always left sleeping bags everywhere), and tucked himself into the corner of the room by Midoriya and Shinsou's bag, before slumping down, eyes drooping.

They didn't deserve this.

Not Hitoshi. Not Izuku.

I need to help them.

Panicking

Shinsou sprawled out on the bed, blinking groggily at the ceiling. He flipped over, pulling the blanket over his head, accidentally burying his face into the sheets.

It's so soft -

His eyes shot open in confusion.

Why is it so comfortable?

Wasn't he chained up?

Wasn't it dark?

Shinsou scrambled up in alarm.

Where am I?!

He checked his hands.

Why can I see?

Why is it so warm?

Where are the chains?!

He gulped in alarm. He unconsciously brought his hands up to head, curling in on himself. He was completely and utterly confused.

Izu saved me. He came... right? He -

The missing memories came to him, and clicked into place.

Izu came.

He got hurt because of me.

We got out... right?

WhY wAs THerE sO mUCh BloOD!?

A beeping sound slowly edged its way into his thoughts, and Shinsou looked up, trying to find the source of the sound. He whirled around, facing another bed with a familiar figure lying on it -

"Izu!" Shinsou yelled, leaping off the bed, before he was caught midair by something. He panicked, and started thrashing wildly.

"Hey! Calm down!"

He felt arms under his arms, and he was turned around, facing a man with long black hair, a grey scarf, and donned a black jumpsuit.

The man looked familiar.

Izu drew him before.

Eraser Head.

Izu said he was good.

But his heart was racing. His thoughts were all over the place.

"It's fine. I'm not gonna hurt you. Calm down."

Aizawa crouched down, placing Shinsou on the ground, and moving his hands to the child's shoulders.

Damn. Why is he so god damned skinny!?

"You're safe, alright. Take deep breaths. Close your eyes."

Shinsou tried to will himself to follow the instructions. But every time he did so, all he could see was Midoriya's hollow expression, his older brother chained up, the only person who ever cared about and loved him getting maimed to protect him.

I don't want to see it. I don't want to. I don't, I don't, I don't I don't I

don't -

His heart raced, and his eyes snapped open. Shinsou stumbled backwards, yanking himself out of Aizawa's grip, and wrapped his arms around himself, trying to will his nausea down.

"You... okay...?" Aizawa was starting to panic internally. He reached out to comfort the boy, but at the contact, Shinsou reeled away from him, backing away, and whirled around with a wild expression in his eyes as his back made contact with the leg of his bed. His panic increased by tenfold as he was swept off his feet, until he laid his eyes on the familiar fluffy haired boy that was lying on the bed that was next to the one he had bumped into, out of the corner of his eye.

Midoriya.

He was bandaged up.

He wasn't bleeding.

He was sleeping.

He wasn't chained up.

We... got out.

Shinsou tried to convince himself that yes, they got out. He couldn't believe it, but he wanted to believe it.

How long was he gone? How long did Midoriya search for him? How badly hurt was he -

Aizawa noticed the smaller boy's trashing had gone down, and looking in the direction he was looking at, before pulling the smaller boy into his chest while still letting him keep sight of his older brother.

"You're fine. He's fine too. You're both safe now."

It took a while for Shinsou to settle down enough and stop struggling completely, and by then, Shuzenji had entered the

infirmary, the sound of the door closing starting both the pro hero and the child in his arms. Shinsou and Aizawa turned to the source of the noise, and upon seeing a new person, looking at him with an expression that he couldn't read, he panicked again.

A new person meant that he was gonna get hurt. Anyone that he didn't recognise, or anyone that Izuku didn't know, they would definitely hurt him. The man with red eyes hurt him. The man with purple hair hurt him. Everyone else he had met after getting kidnapped hurt him.

He didn't wanna get hurt. It hurts too much. He could still remember the pain flooding into his system, everything hurting, everything aching. His muscles and limbs protesting, his lungs heaving, his throat sore, his head pounding.

He didn't want to feel this again. He was out, right? They were free, weren't they?! He didn't want to feel this, not again. Never again.

Aizawa was at a loss. Clearly, Shinsou would be more comfortable with less people around, seeing how badly he was treated by his peers and teachers, but that didn't seem to be what was going on. Shinsou knew him. Or at least, he knew that he wasn't a threat.

Seeing how Midoriya had been treated, and how bad Shinsou looked on the broadcast at that time, the poor kid didn't have it easy the past ten months at all.

He didn't even want to think about what those vile villains did to this poor kid.

Shinsou froze up in his arms.

"Recovery Girl, go get Zashi." Aizawa called, Shinsou still tensed up in his arms, as if he didn't know how to react.

Shuzenji nodded, understanding completely, and stepped out of the room, leaving the two in silence.

Aizawa waited for Shinsou to do something. Anything. A small twitch, a soft whine, anything.

But he just remained still.

"Hitoshi?" He called out softly to the boy in his arms.

No response.

Aizawa carefully sat down on the ground, turning Shinsou around so that he was facing the pro hero instead of Midoriya.

The child's eyes were empty, in a way that Aizawa recognised and it pained him to see that expression on a child so, so young.

Hitoshi dissociated.

He cradled Shinsou into his chest, a pained expression on his face as he tried to figure out how to help the poor child that was in his arms.

What did they do to him?! How did they... why!? He's just a kid! He's not even six yet! Just how badly did they hurt him so that he had to resort to this?!

Aizawa leaned back against the leg of the bed, as he tried to swallow his panic. Panicking wouldn't help anyone, especially Shinsou. He could wait it out, but he didn't know how long that would take.

"Where is he!?"

Aizawa jumped as a loud yell resonated out from the hallway.

Shinsou blinked, shifting around in Aizawa's arms, probably startled when the pro hero made such a sudden movement. He rubbed his eyes, before looking at Aizawa in confusion.

"You okay now?"

Shinsou paused, and gave a hesitant nod.

Aizawa let a small smile grace his lips. Shinsou was responding. That was good.

The door opened, and Yamada walked in and sat down beside Aizawa.

"So... uh...hi."

Shinsou was being surprisingly calm about all this.

"Do you know who we are?" Aizawa asked.

Shinsou nodded again.

Yamada smiled at the boy, before shoving two juice packs at them. "Wasn't expecting the little listener to be up but luckily, I got extras."

"You sure he can drink that?" Aizawa raised an eyebrow as he expertly extracted the straw and poked it into his pack with one hand, before taking one large gulp. Yamada did the same with the other pack, and held it out for Shinsou.

"Well.. Recovery Girl said yes, but not too much for now. It's liquid food. And it's not chilled. Just drink it slowly, okay, listener?"

Shinsou was looking at the juice pack with what looked like confusion, or suspicion. But he still took the pack and sucked on the straw carefully.

"I... I trust you guys. I told Toshi to trust you too..."

Shinsou knew him because he trusted Midoriya. That meant that he only knew that Yamada or Aizawa himself wouldn't hurt him. Seeing that Akatani was Midoriya, and how much they interacted with the boy in either persona, it was no surprise that Midoriya would feel the safest around them out of all the other stronger heroes.

He didn't recognise Shuzenji.

That was the problem.

That was a huge problem.

She was the one treating him. And if he acted so badly because he didn't know her...

Aizawa and Yamada just watched as Shinsou swallowed the liquid, as his eyes lit up, and he was staring at the juice pack in wonder and awe. He grabbed the straw with his mouth again, and took a much larger sip.

Aizawa couldn't help but smile at the sight of pure innocence that Shinsou emanated despite everything he had gone through.

"Alright. Hitoshi." Aizawa softly said, as the child looked up at him while drinking the strawberry flavoured drink. "You remember that person that came in just now."

Shinsou froze, his gaze flicking back and forth between Yamada and Aizawa, before he slowly nodded.

"She's the doctor here and a good friend. Her name's Recovery Girl. She's not gonna hurt you, or Izuku, okay? She just needs to make sure you're alright. Just a small check up. Is that okay?"

Shinsou gulped. He didn't want a new person checking on him. He didn't even know who she was. He was scared.

But Eraser Head was asking so nicely.

Yamada and Aizawa watched as Shinsou thought about it, before nodding.

Aizawa could tell he was still hesitant.

"Do you want us to stay here while she checks on you?"

Shinsou's eyes widened. He couldn't believe his ears.

They were offering to stay with him?

That had never happened before. Usually people hated him, wanted him out of sight all the time. Or they just wanted to be there to beat him up.

He shook his head vigorously.

"Alright. We'll stay." Aizawa stood up, the child still in his arms, before sitting down on the bed with Shinsou on his lap. Meanwhile, Yamada had gotten off the ground, and opened the door, and Shuzenji carefully walked into the room.

"Shinsou Hitoshi?" She asked quietly, so as to not startle the boy again.

Shinsou nodded.

"Alright. Is there anywhere that hurts?"

Shinsou blinked, staring at Shuzenji for a good minute, before he pointed at his chest.

"Ah. Yes, your ribs are still slightly bruised. Do you want me to heal it, or do you want to let it heal on its own? I'll need to kiss you if you want me to heal it."

Shinsou promptly shook his head. He was on the verge of panicking again, and she was already close enough.

"Alright. Come to me if you change your mind. It would probably take a few days for it to heal. That's it for now. Aizawa, I need to talk to you for a second."

Aizawa turned to Shinsou, "Do you mind him taking care of you for a few minutes?"

Shinsou looked *really, really* hesitant, but he nodded, eyeing Yamada. Until he pulled out another juice pouch from who knows where. That immediately got Shinsou's attention, real fast. Aizawa gave a small smile as he deposited Shinsou on Yamada's lap, and exited the infirmary to talk with Shuzenji.

"You think you'll be able to take care of him throughout the day? I can't check on him if he won't let me get close. Forcing him into something he doesn't want isn't going to help his mental state. He seems to trust you the most. There's no way I'll be able to stay here and make things even more worse for the poor boy."

Before his mind could even comprehend what she was saying fully, he already nodded. "Sure. I have the homeroom classes, and hopefully All Might won't mess up Hero Training again this time."

Aizawa was annoyed. The entire school was talking about Midoriya's exploits. How he ran into the school and hissed at the teachers. How he had a kid with him. How he had been tortured and still was able to do all that.

Most of them only knew that the vigilante had green hair. But he knew that most of the hero course students probably knew that it was Midoriya, and someone overheard it and was spreading it. Because the entire school was talking about the kid, and Akatani, and his connection to the school.

Gods, rumours were annoying.

"Sensei?"

Aizawa looked up from grading his stack of papers, sitting at his desk. Shinsou was sitting on his lap, watching him grade essays, remaining eerily silent for a toddler his age.

"Yes, Yaoyorozu?"

"Who's that?" She asked, pointing to Shinsou.

"Wait, who?" Kaminari asked, standing up to go to the teacher's table.

"Oh my god, it's a kid!" Ashido gushed.

"He's adorable!" Uraraka grinned.

"Sensei is so manly!"

"I didn't know you had a child, Sensei." Iida commented, as he examined Shinsou from where he stood.

Heck, even Bakugou had come to take at look at the commotion out of curiosity.

Shinsou had frozen up, the second Yaoyorozu spoke up, tensing up as the students started crowding around the teacher's table.

"All of you, back to your seats immediately." Aizawa ordered, his quirk flaring and his capture weapon flying off his shoulder's like magic. He found that it made the class shut up and do as he said the quickest, and sure enough, his class was all in there seats in under a minute.

Shinsou relaxed, seeing as all of them would listen to Aizawa, and wouldn't hurt him. Aizawa was glad that Shinsou didn't seem as frazzled as he had been when he interacted with Shuzenji. He suspected that it was mostly adults and kids his age that treated him horribly, and *was he looking at Bakugou?*

"Good. All of you, this is Shinsou Hitoshi. I'm taking care of him for a while, so don't bother him. Todoroki, no, we both have eye bags but he's not my son, so don't even think it. He's Midoriya's younger brother."

"Stop looking at me." Bakugou barked, and Shinsou promptly curled up and shrunk down, ducking down out of view as he slipped off Aizawa's lap to hide under the table.

"Bakugou!" Jiro hissed, as Aizawa glared at the blonde before trying to coax the trembling child out from under the table. "You don't treat children like that!" Iida berated.

Aizawa gave a quirk enhanced glare at the class, before dunking down again to try and calm the boy.

After ten minutes, he finally got the kid out from under the table and back on his lap. At the very least, Bakugou did look slightly guilty at the snapping at the small child.

"Anyone who does that again gets detention for a week. Bakugou, I know you didn't mean it, but things have been hard for him. Whatever negative effects you think your actions may have on him,

multiply it by a hundred, just to be safe."

Bakugou grunted, and Aizawa swore he heard a "Pretty sure he's his dad, even if they have different hair colours."

He sighed. Today was gonna be a long day.

Shuzenji looked up as her computer alerted her that Midoriya's heart rate was increasing. She wasn't surprised when she went to go check on him.

His IV was filled with not just nutrients and water, but also something similar to the energy gummies that she gives to students, just slightly stronger. She normally didn't do this, but she was slightly desperate for him to regain energy quickly so that she could use her quirk to heal him up. His ribs were set and all, but she needed to heal them and this was the only way to do it quickly.

She gave him a quick peck on the forehead, and watched as his heart rate lowered down from looking at the heart rate monitor, before quickly fetching a damp, cool cloth and rubbed Midoriya's hair, cleaning out most of the blood and grease and who knew what other stuff that had accumulated while in captivity.

She was the school nurse, sure, but hygiene was important, dammit!

After homeroom ended, Aizawa just hung out in the fields with Shinsou. The staff room was noisy, especially with Kayama. If she were there, no doubt she would be fussing over the boy. Ectoplasm and Snipe may also freak him out, and Aizawa wanted Shinsou to at least, be more comfortable with him, and maybe wait for Midoriya to wake up before trying to introduce him to anyone new.

Shuzeji was already hard enough. He didn't know if he could help if Shinsou panicked again, or dissociated.

At least, it wasn't so bad when he had been with him in 1-A.

His phone vibrated, and upon peering down at it, he realised he had a message. From Yamada.

"Shouta. Can we eat lunch in the cafeteria? Bring the listener too!"

Aizawa sighed. It was lunch time now. No doubt that it would be crowded and it will stress the poor child out.

And Yamada knew that. What was he up to...

"Hitoshi, Present Mic wants to meet at the cafeteria for lunch. It's gonna be crowded and noisy, but we'll be there right next to you. You think you'll be okay?"

Shinsou nodded.

Yamada sat on a chair, sipping his tea. Next to him, Kirishima was talking to Bakugou who sat opposite him, as the rest of 1-A sat around them, leaving the seat directly in front of him empty.

Aizawa had agreed to join, so all he had to do was wait.

He didn't really believe his ears when Bakugou had approached him after lessons, but now that he was here, looking at Bakugou stare at his curry like it was cursed, he was glad.

"Mic Sensei."

"What is it, Bakugou?" Yamada whirled around, as Bakugou stood in front of him.

"Can you... do you know where Shinsou is?"

"He's probably with Aizawa. Why?"

"Do you... know where he is?"

"Nope." Yamada shook his head, "Aizawa's wild. He could be in the vents, the fields, under the table, in a closet, just snoozing away. You'll never know with him."

"Oh..." Bakugou looked slightly dejected.

"Do you want to talk to him?"

Bakugou shook his head. "I need to talk with Shinsou. I... scared him this morning. I didn't mean it. The way he looked at me... it made me feel like a villain. The very opposite of what I want to be. Deku tells me that I should be nicer to people... and I guess I should apologise to him."

Yamada blinked. Then blinked again.

"Alright. Go have lunch. I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you, Mic Sensei."

Sure enough, Aizawa's jet black hair drew his attention from the door, and Yamada quickly waved him over to their table.

"So... what's so urgent that you had to all me here?" Aizawa hissed, Shinsou in his arms, as he plopped down on the chair, right next to Bakugou. The entire 1-A class continued on with their conversations, and both Shinsou and Aizawa were glad for the lack of attention.

"I'm sorry."

The entirety of 1-A clammed up, staring at Bakugou incredulously, as he hunched over and glanced at Shinsou. Shinsou was looked at him, shock evident on his face.

"I was rude to you. And I probably acted like a bully, and that's unbefitting of a hero. I didn't mean it. I was insensitive. I didn't know you would react so badly to it. I'm sorry. Can you forgive me?"

Aizawa couldn't believe that Bakugou had thrown away his pride in front of his entire class, just to apologise. *Maybe... they still had enough time to fix Bakugou's attitude before he became a hero...*

Shinsou had an unreadable expression on his face. The tension at their table was high, all of the looking at Bakugou and Shinsou as they looked at each other. Bakugou looked uncomfortable, but he

kept respectful eye contact with the smaller child. Shinsou's expression melted into a small smile, and he nodded.

Bakugou smiled back, "Thanks, kid."

"So... are you mute?" Kaminari leaned over the table from Kirishima's side. "You haven't said a word all day."

He shook his head.

"My siblings are your age and they're really noisy, kero."

"Maybe he doesn't like talking?" Shoji said.

"Kids are usually loud though..." Uraraka muttered.

Shinsou had no idea how to answer. *How do you tell people you have a bad quirk? That you didn't want to use it by accident? That you didn't want anyone to hurt you for it?*

He remained silent.

Yamada understood his plight. Wanting to communicate but not wanting to speak out loud. With his quirk, he had that problem a lot, and it was a habit for him to carry paper and pens around on his hero costume at all times. He quickly slipped them out and handed them to Shinsou, who quickly took it and scribbled on the paper.

"Bad quirk?" Aizawa questioningly asked.

Shinsou nodded, slowly, hesitantly. He closed his eyes, waiting for insults to rain down on him, or beatings.

"Don't be silly. There's no such thing as a bad quirk. You choose how to use it. If it makes you feel better, my quirk allows me to erase quirks, so if you do slip up, I can fix it." Aizawa said.

Shinsou just looked at him, completely flabbergasted.

I can speak?

He didn't realise he had said that out loud.

"Oh my god, his voice is adorable!" Ashido squealed.

"You're... not mad?" Shinsou couldn't help but ask.

"Why would we get mad? Nothing wrong with speaking." Kirishima pointed out.

"Everyone ... hates it when I speak."

That statement just made the hearts of the rest of the class clench. They felt sad for the child who *thought it was wrong to just speak.*

"Even Deku?" Bakugou asked.

Shinsou just tilted his head like an owl.

It was adorable.

"Izuku. Deku is... uh... a nickname."

Shinsou's eyes lit up, and he smiled, "Izu likes it when I talk."

1-A melted. *He's adorable!* Yaoyorozu screeched internally.

Todoroki thought about why Touya ran away. *Maybe... leaving made him feel happy.*

"Hey, you remember that kid yesterday? The vigilante?"

"Yeah. I heard there was a lot of blood. And he was trying to protect a kid."

"I was there. He was practically leaking blood."

"I heard he died."

"Don't be ridiculous. Who's feeding lies into your head."

"I'm honestly surprised he lasted so long with those injuries until Midnight Sensei used her quirk. Wonder what quirk he has."

"Must be something awesome."

"No shit."

Aizawa cursed internally as he could hear the rumours and mutterings starting up again. Why? Couldn't they just give it a rest? Why did kids talk so much?

He froze, as he felt Shinsou tense up in his grip. He started trembling, and Shinsou unconsciously brought his hands up to his head.

One statement rang out.

"I heard he died."

Fear swallowed the boy, and he clutched his head. His heart was pounding in his chest. His head felt hazy. He couldn't hear anything.

All he could see was Midoriya's limp body, covered in blood, his expressions hollow, dead.

He tried to shake the thoughts out of his head.

"No. No no no no no. He's alive. He's alive." He whispered. Aizawa could feels the tremors emanating from the boy, and realised.

He's having a panic attack.

His voice wasn't loud enough to attract any attention, but Aizawa was worried. He tried to hold onto Shinsou, but the boy flinched and curled in even more on himself.

"Hitoshi. Calm down. Can you hear me?" He tried asking, but it seemed like the boy couldn't hear him as he curled up in as small a ball as possible.

"He's not dead. He's not dead. He's alive. He was there. I saw him he's not dead he's not dead."

Tears threatened to leak out of Shinsou's eyes, and he was gripping

his head so hard that Aizawa feared he would hurt himself.

The rest of class 1-A and Yamada were panicking as well, not really knowing how to react.

"He's not dead. He's not dead. He's not dead. He's not dead." Shinsou kept repeating the sentence like a mantra, his voice slowly getting louder as he desperately tried to ground himself from the nightmare he called his imagination.

Midoriya's body ached.

He wanted to remain like this. Everything was dark. He was calm. Everything was sore, but as long as he didn't move, it wasn't that bad.

A small part of his brain flared up, and he felt himself jolt awake.

He remembered. He got out. He saved Shinsou. They got out. They saw... Aizawa Sensei? Then... it was all black -

His breath hitched.

Toshi?

Where was he?

Despite the logical side of his brain screeching that he was being illogical, despite his body howling and screaming in protest as he sat up, he tore the sheets off, yanking the IV and all the other machines connected to him out, before racing out of the infirmary.

He ignored the protests of the machines blaring out from the loss of connection as his brain went into overdrive, trying to make out where he was and where to look.

Where is Toshi!?

Dad Problems

Yamada was freaking out.

Sitting opposite him, on his best friend's lap, sat the distressed child. The entire cafeteria had fallen silent, as Shinsou's cries of anguish slowly grew louder and louder. Most of the occupants were clearly looking guilty, as they turned around to see what was going on at the 1-A table, some realising just who Shinsou was.

Shinsou was shaking so badly, and Yamada was seriously afraid that he would fall off Aizawa's lap and hurt himself. It didn't help that Kaminari, Ashido and Kirishima had leaned over to get closer to the boy, trying to calm him down, but Shinsou had literally smacked Kaminari's hand away when he got close, and shrieked, "Get away from me."

Aizawa had tried to hold on to the panicking boy, but attempts were met with so much resistance from Shinsou that he couldn't. He couldn't use his capture weapon either, lest he hurt him by accident.

"Stop it! Leave him alone! Stop it stop it stop it!"

Yaoyorozu had started panicking, and Uraraka and Jiro were trying to calm her down. Some students had crowded around their table, trying to see the commotion, and Iida was desperately trying to make them go away and to give Shinsou some space. He wasn't able to do so, but one glare from Aizawa and Yamada was enough to send them scattering.

Bakugou was at an utter loss. He had half a mind to blast those idiots that had upset the child.

Monoma wanted to help. He never had a panic attack before, but he pitied the poor child who had gotten kidnapped and had seen someone get tortured right in front of him before he was even in elementary school. Tetsutetsu was looking on, his jaw dropped, and

Kendo's and Tokage's heart clenched when they saw tears starting to well up in Shinsou's eyes.

"Zashi. Get Kayama." Aizawa hissed, and Yamada was about to immediately follow that instruction, if not for the feral roar that resonated throughout the cafeteria, filled with anger and agony and pain and despair.

"WHERE IS TOSHI?!"

Midoriya ran to the nearest room, and yanked open the door. He scanned over the room briefly and intensely, not registering as he growled at the students in the classroom, before closing the door with a slam and moving on to the next room. That bad feeling in his chest rang throughout his entire being, and Midoriya was ignoring every single scream of protest by his muscles as he raced throughout the hallways. He knew he was panicking, but his brain was too tried to even think of calming down. Students and teachers alike swerved aside to avoid getting barrelled into.

"Toshi?!" He slammed open the door to a supply closet, glancing around, before slamming it shut again, but not before growling anomalistically at the darkened closet.

He almost ran into Snipe, but he dodged just in time to avoid running into his former homeroom teacher and continued on his way.

Snipe was about to yell at the blur of green to stop running in the hallway, before he realised who he was. It took him some time to put two and two together, and then he yelled, "Wait! Midoriya! Stop running! You'll make your injuries worse!"

Midoriya's aura was flaring out every now and then, and it was only getting stronger with each passing second. He couldn't keep it under control, not with his current exhausted state of mind that was registering almost everything as a threat. It wasn't violent, chaotic as usual, no.

Midoriya felt like he was going to fall apart. If he didn't find the person who he had spent so much time, so much effort, to find, he would break. His heart would shatter, and his mind would fall apart.

His pupils were sharp, scanning and looking out for a single hint of lavender, yet dilated from exhaustion.

His body was screaming, hissing, clawing at him from the inside out, telling him that he needed to stop.

Midoriya didn't care. He *needed* to find Shinsou, make sure he was fine. That he wasn't hurt, that he was happy.

That he wasn't dead.

He dreaded that thought. He wondered if it was possible to pass out while running.

Midoriya tried to round a corner, his muscle memory kicking in, then giving out in the last second. He slammed his shoulder into the wall, and Kan, who just happened to walk out the door opposite the child, flinched when he heard the loud bang and the sickening pop of a shoulder.

He could only watch, jaw dropped and stunned, and Midoriya leaned against the wall, greedily gulping in fresh air into his oxygen starved lungs as he harshly shove his arm back into place. He leaned against the wall, panting heavily, his eye bags standing out prominently on his face against his paler than usual skin. His exhaustion was written prominently across his features, and his trembling form, as he leaned against the wall.

It wasn't long before Midoriya ran off again, and by the time Kan had regained his bearings, he was already gone, the only trace if his presence being the echoing footsteps and the ghastly, almost broken sounding yells and cries of anguish for the little brother that he had spent months trying to find and save, finally rescuing him from the hellhole he had been trapped in for what felt like an eternity, before they got ripped apart again.

He heard a commotion from the cafeteria, and he could no longer keep his emotions under control as they burst out like a tidal wave. He couldn't hold back his anger, his rage, his sorrow, his non-existent sense of self worth, ten months of self torture by his own emotions and exhaustion, his tiredness, his desperation.

He ran into the cafeteria, leaning against the doorframe for support as he felt his legs wobble, his hair unkept, and he yelled.

"WHERE IS TOSHI?!"

His words were backed by his escaped emotions, bursting behind his words in the silent threat that if anyone, *anyone*, hurts his brother, he would *personally bring them hell to pay.*

He didn't expect the entire hall to fall silent, unknown that his own presence was doing this.

Shinsou heard the yell.

Izu.

Izu was here.

Izu's alive.

He quickly looked in the direction the yell came from, seeing the panting figure of his older brother leaning against the door way. His hair was a mess, he was all covered in bandages from head to toe, and his expression was contorted into a grimace, probably from the strain of pushing himself again before he had even recovered.

"Izu!" He screeched, leaping off Aizawa's lap before anyone could stop him. Midoriya had already rushed over to his side, and Shinsou ran over to him.

Midoriya tried to bend down, but felt a twinge of pain flare in his legs. His legs gave way, the adrenaline that was blocking most of his receptors finally wearing off as he embraced the boy who had started tearing up and crying. He wrapped his arms around Shinsou, and buried his face into Shinsou's hair, reminding himself over and over mentally that *Toshi's fine. He's fine. He's alive. He's not hurt.*

"You're okay. They're wrong. You're alive." Shinsou cried out, as he wrapped his arms around Midoriya as he sobbed. "I'm sorry. I -" He sniffed. "I'm sorry I..got kidnapped. I'm sorry. I-it's my fault you... you're injured... I..."

Midoriya cut him off, "Shhh. Toshi, it's not your fault. You did nothing wrong." Midoriya coughed, and wheezed, and Aizawa hated how weak and tired the poor teenager sounded. "I'm sorry it took so long to find you."

That confirmation, that Midoriya was alive, for real, and his mind was no longer playing tricks on him, was too much, and Shinsou burst into tears, crying into Midoriya's chest, knowing that they were finally free, and they were finally safe. He knew that Midoriya never stopped looking for him, and he was just so happy that they were back together again, and Midoriya would no longer have to push himself to accomplish the impossible while running on less than minimal sleep, and he was glad they were finally done with that arc in their life.

The pure, unadulterated love and care between the two siblings, genetically related or not, the pure relief and love that washed off them made Aizawa melt inside, for finally, after ten long, tedious months of watching Midoriya wear himself thin, of seeing that vile, horrible broadcast of Shinsou screeching out for Midoriya, and Midoriya doing everything in his power to protect Shinsou from harm, having to calm the poor disorientated kid down after he somehow stumbled back into UA in a bloody, haggard mess, the two kids he had grown to love and care about, even if he hadn't met Shinsou before, they were finally able to find their peace with each other.

They could finally rest.

"Midoriya, you okay?" Sero had seen how his legs wobbled, how he practically collapsed on the spot. He reached out to give Midoriya a hand, but when he got close, Midoriya hissed and bared his teeth at him, showing off his sharp canines, his eyes slit anomalistically.

"Deku, you idiot." Bakugou facepalmed, and sighed. Midoriya promptly turned his attention away from Sero.

"Kacchan?"

"The one and only." Bakugou snorted. He took a good look at Midoriya, and blanched when he saw just how much of his friend was covered in bandages. He remembered how wild and disorientated the boy was, and was relieved when he saw Midoriya's emerald green eyes looking back at him.

"You doing okay there?"

"Honestly, no." Midoriya admitted, "Everything hurts. And I think I pulled a muscle... or maybe a few muscles."

"That's what happens when you run off like that." Shuzenji's voice rang out as she walked into the cafeteria. "That was utterly reckless of you. You're not even fully healed yet." Midoriya could tell she really wanted to whack him with her cane, and was only not doing so because of his injuries.

"And I seriously have no idea how you're running around like that. You're running on fumes and I just used my quirk on you after you barely regained enough energy. You shouldn't even be awake right now and I have no idea if I should be surprised, mad, or shocked at you right now."

Midoriya muttered something under his breath, and only Bakugou was close enough and familiar enough with the habits of the boy to understand it.

"He said that he's used to doing thinks with very little energy. Idiot went a week once without sleeping. You reckless piece of shit." Bakugou growled, he reached out to pat Shinsou, who's crying had gotten softer, but even he wasn't free from Midoriya's hissing when he attempted to do so.

"Pretty sure he's gone longer than that." Aizawa grumbled. "Problem child, go rest. Now."

Midoriya winced when he tried to do so.

"Sensei. My legs feel dead." He deadpanned, his voice betraying the sheer exhaustion he was feeling and the willpower he was using to

just not collapse there and then.

"Idiot problem child." Aizawa cursed under his breath, before scooping up his two kids that he was horrified to find ridoculously light, and headed to the infirmary, Shuzenji in tow.

The entire cafeteria was silent, until two cries of "HE'S SO MANLY." broke it. Kirishima and Tetsutetsu ended up bonding over Midoriya's manliness, Kendo and Shiozaki were having a much calmer conversation with Iida, Yaoyorozu and Jiro, while Monoma was busy making Bakugou mad and Yui and Tokage had a really animated conversation with Hagakure, Uraraka, Kaminari, Sero and Ashido.

It was an unanimous decision that any talk of the events that transpired the previous day was banned.

"I honestly have no idea how I even ended up back here."

Aizawa remained silent as he trudged through the halls of UA.

"You were kinda out of it when we found you." He finally said. "You looked like you couldn't see us."

"I couldn't." Midoriya admitted. "I think a villain used their quirk on me. My sense of sight, smell and hearinf were all messed up. I had no idea where I was going. I couldn't tell. I just... let myself run to where it felt the safest."

They finally reached the infirmary, and Aizawa deposited Midoriya back on his bed, Shinsou still in the older boy's grasp. Midoriya coughed weakly, and Shinsou lay by Midoriya's side, snuggled into the crook of his arm. Midoriya slowly pet his back and his little brother yawned and nuzzled his older brother. Midoriya's eyes were already drooping, his eyes clouded with exhaustion.

"You two just stay here and rest. No more running out. If you need anything, just call me, okay? You two need more rest before I can finish healing you guys up." Shuzenji sighed. "Aizawa has nothing better to do so he's probably gonna nap here as well so feel free to

call him as well."

Aizawa grunted, but otherwise made no move to correct her.

"Alright. Night, dad." Midoriya mumbled drowsily, before he was out like a light. Shinsou was cuddled up to Midoriya, and also fell asleep, his emotional outburst earlier draining him of his energy.

Neither of them noticed that Aizawa had turned completely red, and was desperately trying to hide his blushing face in his capture weapon.

The man with purple hair crouched down low. The heroes were already gone, but he knew that there was still someone around. They hadn't found him yet, as he hid, sandwiched between two concrete walls that had fallen apart, hiding him from viee, but also preventing him from escaping as one slab pinned his leg down.

He stiffened, as footsteps and dragging sounds were heard, and two agonised screeches filled the air.

He looked up, seeing as a masked man help up two of his men, the one with the paralysing quirk and the one with the teleportation quirk.

The man released them, and their bodies fell to the ground with two loud thuds.

"Ah. Puppeteer. I was looking for you."

His eyes trailed to his men, before to the man.

"I have a proposition for you. Join me. Join our ranks, and we'll change the world. People with quirks like yours, they label you as villains, and never gave you a chance. Join me, and let us change that."

The man was desperate. His past of being called a villain, right until he gave up fighting against the world and became what they wanted him to be rang out in his mind, loud and clear.

"Alright. I'll join you."

"Good." All for One chuckled, easily blasting the concrete slabs to bits with some sort of air quirk, before healing thhe injured leg with another healing quirk.

"Welcome to the League, Shinsou Kugutsu."

Bedrest

Shinsou yawned, and the cool air hit the inside of his mouth. He was pressed up against something warm, and he snuggled up to it. He groggily opened his eyes, coming face to face with with a bandaged chest. His eyes travelled upwards, towards Midoriya's serene, sleeping face, before he let out what sounded like a purr and nuzzled his older brother.

In turn, while he was asleep, Midoriya unconsciously wrapped his arms tighter around his brother, pulling him in closer, but not enough to hurt him.

He didn't remember sleeping with a blanket though.

Aizawa watched the interaction from his spot on the floor, grading worksheets. He had messaged Yamada to bring his stuff, after they managed to clear out the entire commotion in the cafeteria.

They were lucky the press wasn't alerted of Midoriya's situation at UA, or another USJ incident may take place. In turn, Hawks, Nishiya, Hakamata, and Takeyama had called UA at least two times each to ask about the vigilante, and each time, Nezu had to tell them that it was all under control, and that Midoriya was recovering, without revealing his name. All of them were insistent on meeting the child that had scared the hell out of all the villains, and Nezu had no choice but to agree that they could come, under Midoriya's terms. It was all Nezu could do, unless he wanted to offend three of the top ten heroes.

Enji had, luckily, not called. Knowing him, he probably was embarrassed when they opened the gates later, with Yagi in his All Might form to berate him for using his fire on the young vigilante in a school and scaring him, if he managed to get it. They managed to come to a very strained agreement to drop it, and Enji had promptly left, seething the entire time.

Todoroki's face was absolute gold, according to Kayama.

It was a Tuesday afternoon. The Sports Festival was on Thursday. Midoriya went missing on Friday. They escaped on Monday.

Aizawa had no idea how Midoriya managed to pull off miracle after miracle. Winning the Sports Festival, helping Todoroki use his fire, finding Shinsou, managing to free themselves, somehow getting away from Enji and into UA just in time for the UA barrier to protect him from the blazing fire user, surviving the entire ordeal.

He was sure it was because of his sheer will and determination, his inability to give up on anything or anyone. He kept pushing forward, not letting anyone drag him down, in fact, he ends up dragging people with him, like with Todoroki.

But Aizawa knew that Midoriya was also lucky. They were lucky that the villains weren't so bright, at least, not as bright as that villain that Yagi seemed to be after. They underestimated Shinsou's trust in Midoriya, Midoriya's own ingenuity, his ability to think on the spot and come up with solutions, his unshakable willpower and determination.

Luck would always run out.

Aizawa didn't want to risk it. He needed to train Midoriya properly, to make sure that he was ready for whatever the world threw at him. He needed to ensure that he could take care of himself.

He didn't mean knowing how to fight. Being Akatani was one thing, and Midoriya's ferocity and unpredictability was enough at this point in time.

No. Midoriya needed to know, to learn how to unwind, to understand just how important it was to relax. Ever since he had met him, Midoriya had been a tightly wound spring, a rubber band stretched to it's maximum. His breakdown in school was when that rubber band snapped, when the spring that was being wound tighter and tighter, coiled up more and more suddenly broke from all the pressure forced on it.

Midoriya had been forced to mature too soon, taking on the roles of a parent and guardian while having his own duties as a student.

Aizawa only knew that Midoriya had been taking care of himself and Shinsou, but surely, surely he had parents that at least looked out for him?

But his records stated otherwise. No parents or guardians, at least, none that Midoriya recognised. He did everything on his own, placing the burden upon his own shoulders to pay for everything.

Aizawa hated that the child had grown up like that.

Seeing Midoriya with Shinsou, both of them finally at ease, made him happy.

He went back to grading his papers.

"Izuku. Wake up."

Midoriya opened his eyes, rubbing them, as he lay flat on his back, staring into Aizawa's black ones. "Wha... what time is it?"

"Around six. You want to eat, don't you?"

"Not really." Midoriya mumbled, wrapping his arms around Shinsou like a teddy bear, who had also woken up. Shinsou didn't really mind being manhandled, not that Aizawa could blame him from being deprived of anything nice for literally ten months.

"Get up."

"Fine. Fussy pot." Midoriya huffed, wincing as he tried to push himself off the bed as his injuries all over flared up in pain.

"I don't mean literally. Just stay awake for a while. Recovery Girl will pop over soon and heal you guys."

"Oh." Midoriya gave up his futile struggle in his injured form. "This is dumb."

"Do you... mind if I ask some questions?" Aizawa hesitantly asked.

"Sure. I trust you so why not." Midoriya attempted a shrug, but failed horribly while lying down, "Can I sit up? Please?"

Aizawa helped Midoriya into a sitting position, before he sat on the chair beside the bed, and leaned back, "So... mind telling me about your family?"

"There's nothing much to tell, to be honest." Midoriya sighed. "Dad left when I was a kid. Mom raised me until I was four."

"Four? What happened after?" Aizawa asked, frowning.

"Found out I was quirkless. Mom started neglecting me, I guess. I wasn't worth it." Midoriya sighed, and Shinsou reached upwards to pat his hair. Midoriya squeaked, but otherwise made no other movements as Shinsou giggled, "I did housework. Cleaned the house, did all the chores except those in the kitchen. She said I needed to earn my share of food. I guess... It was kinda helpful..."

Aizawa shook his head. Silly problem child. He saw the best in everyone, unless it came to villains.

"You remember that guy you caught... around two years ago? The fire breathing guy?" Midoriya asked, and continued after Aizawaw hummed and nodded, "Well... he's my dad. He killed my mom, burnt the house. You guys caught him."

"And Hitoshi?"

"What about him?" Midoriya frowned, as Shuzenji entered the room, along with Tsukauchi, Yamada and Nezu. Neither of the kids seemed to notice. Shinsou looked at Aizawa curiously.

"You said you adopted him?"

"Oh. Yeah." Midoriya nodded, "Seems like so long ago. You okay with me telling, Toshi?"

Shinsou thought about it for a while, before he nodded.

"You remember that time you ran into me? My debut?" Aizawa groaned. He remembered all right. "You took down my criminal."

"You're old." Midoriya huffed, "A few days after that, I found him in an alleyway. His mom didn't want him, and his dad was a criminal, so no one took him in. So I did."

"You are aware that it could be a trap, right?" Tsukauchi couldn't help but ask. He had already been informed that Midoriya was Akatani, and while he was a bit peeved at the vigilante for causing trouble, he had to admit that most of the villains that had encountered him had been so scared they went to rehabilitation with no trouble at all, quitting being villains in pure fear.

It made things easier, honestly.

"I'm not blaming you or anything. I'm just hoping you were aware of the dangers."

"Yo! Hi!" Yamada grinned.

Midoriya nodded, shooting the detective an exasperated look. "Well, who am I to deny a baby a home? Nice to see you again, Tsuki."

"That is not my name." Tsukauchi sighed. "At this point, I'm not even sure if you know my name, or you're just joking around."

Midoriya gave him a tired, cheeky grin.

Shinsou gazed at Nesu, blinking at the animal principal. Nezu chuckled, walking over to the bed and hauled himself up. He sat at the edge of the bed, and looked back at Shinsou. He reached out, but then withdrew his hand, looking at Nezu in contemplation.

Nezu had a soft spot of children. That's why he was a principal of a school, using his quirk to help children grow and develop into fine young men and women. Younger kids got a bit... too excited around him, and they couldn't control their own strength, and being an animal, they were a lot more curious. He did have a fair share of tail pulling the last time he bent down to tie his shoelaces in a park, and that's why he decided it was just easier to live in his office.

He chuckled, and nodded at Shinsou, before leaning forward. The purple haired child took this as an invitation, and gently pat Nezu's head, his eyes sparkling in wonder as he ran his hand through

Nezu's fur. He quickly turned to Midoriya, eyes gleaming, and grinned, "He's so fluffy!"

Aizawa and Yamada had to stifle their laughter, lest Nezu turn on them in his moment of weakness around the child. Nezu could be sadistic when he wanted to, and there was no way he was going to take it out on Shinsou.

Shuzenji just stood beside Tsukauchi, observing both boys as she frowned and scribbled something on a notepad, and asked, "Sorry to interrupt, but I would like to check on them first. You can continued your conversations later."

Aizawa gulped. She was probably still mad at Midoriya for jumping out of the bed earlier, and Shinsou's earlier breakdown.

Shinsou shook his head, and latched onto Midoriya's arm, just noticing Shuzenji and Tsukauchi. Aizawa could see how every muscle in his body tensed up as he looked at the two adults with what seemed to be fear and apprehension.

"Toshi, it's fine. You see her? She's Recovery Girl. She's the nurse here. She's not gonna harm you. You already met Aizawa, who's Eraser Head, and Yamada, Present Mic." Midoriya stuck his tongue out at Tsukauchi, and he sighed exasperatedly. "And that's Nezu. The principal of UA. That's Tsukauchi, I call him Tsuki cause it sounds cuter. He's part of the police."

Shinsou visibly glared at Tsukauchi, even growling slightly. It wasn't scary, but the hostility shown from the previously shy, scared child confused them greatly.

"Is he like the house people?"

The adults were even more confused.

"Nah. He's fine. He won't hurt us." Midoriya shook his head.

Shinsou immediately calmed down, and leaned against Midoriya, his shoulder's slumped down, completely relaxed. The stark contrast between his previous tension upon meeting Shuzenji and Tsukauchi, compared to his current completely tamed state, just showed how

much Shinsou trusted Midoriya. He believed that Midoriya would do nothing to harm him, and if Midoriya decided that someone was harmless enough, that was good enough for him.

"Um... what house people?"

Midoriya shrugged, "Flash Fire burnt our home. It's still intact, luckily, so we just continued staying there. It took me several days of arguing with the government people to just leave me alone. Toshi had to stay over at the owner of his preschool while I sorted it out. He... didnt like it."

Aizawa hissed. They were living like that?! He really wanted to just storm into prison and whack Midoriya Hisashi a few times. And a lot more for Midoriya and Shinsou's sake.

Shuzenji walked up to the duo, and while Shinsou still looked slightly apprehensive about her presence, he didn't dissociate like he did last time. That was a huge improvement.

"Alright. Shinsou is mostly fine. All he has is some minor bruising on his chest that I didn't manage to heal last time. But like I said this morning, if you don't want me to treat you, that's perfectly fine. They'll fade in a day."

Shinsou blinked, before he looked up at Midoriya.

Midoriya gave him a small smile, and gently ruffled his head, "You choose, Toshi. She won't hurt you, I can guarantee that."

Shinsou bit his lip, and contemplated the decision, before looked up at Shuzenji shyly and nodded, "Now, please."

"Alright, dearie. Give me your hand."

Shinsou stuck out his hand like he was told, and Shuzenji gave him a small kiss on the back of his hand. Shinsou shook his head as he started noticing the after effects of Shuzenji's quirk, but still managed to remain awake, even though he looked tired.

"Shinsou's good to go now. As for you, Midoriya, I'm going to take off your bandages slowly, okay?"

Midoriya nodded, as Yamada handed both kids a juice pack each (Aizawa was going to make he restocked it). Shinsou happily sucked on the packaged drink, as Midoriya slowly took small sips as bandages fell away, leaving his arms, legs, and torso exposed with a multitude of stitches, scars, and barely healed wounds.

"You noticed your ribs hurt a lot, right? I barely managed to fix them, before you decided to rush out like a maniac. I can heal them all in one go, right now. Or slowly, and over the course of a few days."

"Um... usually you don't ask students, Recovery Girl." Yamada pointed out.

"Obviously, she wouldn't ask students for their opinion on something they are not knowledgable in, but after something like that, being able to make a choice, and consciously knowing that they have the ability to do so is important for their mental health. I would want to be sure that I have a choice in what happens to me." Aizawa replied.

Shuzenji nodded, before she turned to Midoriya, who just gave her the go ahead for the complete healing process. Once again, she kissed the back of his hand, and the rest of Midoriya's injuries healed up with a calming green glow. Midoriya slouched, and looked like he was going to fall right back into the bed, asleep, but instead he just blinked blearily at Shuzenji as she checked him for any more injuries.

Aizawa had stood up, ready to catch Midoriya in case Shuzenji's quirk drained him enough for him to pass out, but based on Shuzenji's expression, it seemed like she had completely expected him to do so, and had given up questioning how Midoriya was breaking medical rules and laws and creating miracles left and right.

Shinsou stared, blinking as the injuries disappeared like magic, and Aizawa hunched over even more, utterly wrecked that such a young child that could wear such a mesmerised expression upon seeing a quirk in action had to suffer through such horrible, traumatic events.

"I've noticed you have a few stitches that were horribly done. Where were you even treated?!" She asked.

"Ah. I knew I did a bad job. I didn't think I was that bad though..." Midoriya muttered under his breath, and Shuzenji glared at him.

"You did it on your own?"

"Yeah? We didn't have to waste money going for a doctor. And they were probably going to ask a lot of questions." Midoriya shook his head, shaking the sleepiness out of his eyes.

"Did you use pain killers?"

"No. Why would I?"

"I'm not even going to question you at this point." Shuzenji sighed. "Next time you get an injury, come to me directly. Don't hide any injuries, got it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good." Shuzenji rummaged around the closet, before procuring two sets of clothing, "You two can eat something, and then sleep. Or if you want to shower you can do that as well."

Midoriya shakily stood up, stretching, and rubbed his eyes, "I wanna shower. I feel like I'm covered in blood." He scowled. Shinsou hopped off the bed to join him, and Midoriya grabbed the clothes Shuzenji had given him, as well as two towels, "Do you mind someone supervising you? I just want to make sure you won't fall asleep in the shower and hurt yourselves."

"I don't mind." Midoriya yawned, and Tsukauchi grabbed his file, "I can come back another day. I should let you guys rest."

Midoriya was about to protest that he was able to be questioned, but one look from Aizawa and he grumbled, "Okay. No questioning now. You're a bore, dad."

Nezu's eyes glinted in amusement as Aizawa buried himself in his scarf. Tsukauchi was politely covering his mouth as he laughed, and

Yamada was hunched over in laughter, smacking Aizawa's back as he guffawed at him.

To make matters worse, Shuzenji then said, "I'll let your dad supervise you."

"Okay-... Wait, I'm not-... What?"

"He admitted it!" Yamada roared, but one look from Midoriya made him slam his hands over his mouth in an attempt to stifle his laughter, "Sorry! Too loud!"

Aizawa just decided to take that opportunity to slip into the bathroom. He sat down on the ground, and watched as they scrubbed their skin, and Aizawa could watch as it turned red under their attempts. He was pretty sure it wasn't from the heat of the water. It wasn't just Shinsou, no, but Midoriya as well.

"Stop scrubbing so hard." He called out, "You'll injure yourselves."

They didn't seem to hear him, and Shinsou suddenly curled up in a ball, shivering on the cold bathroom floor.

"Toshi?" Midoriya crouched down, putting his arm around the child. Aizawa stood up to check on them

"There's so much... blood..." Shinsou muttered, his brow furrowed as he scratched his forearm harshly.

Aizawa stretched out to stop Shinsou from hurting himself, not caring that he was getting his outfit wet, but Midoriya turned around to face his teacher, and growled.

"Hey, Izuku, just me." Aizawa gently pulled Shinsou's hands away, as Midoriya relaxed slightly when he recognised the teacher. He quickly helped Midoriya and Shinsou rinsed the grime, grease and blood out of their hair, cringing at the colour of the dirty water. Shinsou was still somewhat in a daze, and Aizawa frowned.

He was going to need therapy for sure.

Aizawa quickly passed the towels over, letting them wear the clean

clothes while he growled at Yamada to get him dry clothes as well. He caught them as someone threw clothes in his face, and he quickly changed.

He turned to the two kids, and he found Midoriya sitting on the ground, arms wrapped around Shinsou protectively, watching his every movement like a hawk. Aizawa sat down beside them, gently rubbing a towel against their hair to suck up the moisture. Midoriya didn't make any movement when he did so, instead looking at Shinsou intently with concern and worry written all over his face. When Aizawa turned to dry Shinsou's hair, Midoriya snapped his attention to him, but made no move to stop him, keeping his eyes glued to the pro hero.

Almost like he *wanted Aizawa to do it.*

Shinsou flinched slightly when Aizawa ran the towel through his hair, but relaxed and let out what sounded like a purr as he gently dried the smaller boy's hair, so Aizawa was probably doing something right, or so he thought to himself. Midoriya also relaxed, and ruffled Shinsou's hair when the teacher was done.

"Come on, now. I don't think either of you want to sleep on the ground tonight." Aizawa stood up, and glanced at the door, growling when he saw Yamada standing there with his phone.

"What are you doing?" Aizawa hissed.

"Um... nothing..." Yamada quickly made his way away from the the door, and Aizawa hissed as he grabbed the voice hero with his capture weapon, that was surprisingly dry. He snatched the phone away as he left Voice Hero writhing on the ground, tangled in the signature weapon. Aizawa scrolled through his phone, and raised an eyebrow, "You took a video?"

"It's for a greater cause - Hey!" Yamada yelped as Aizawa sat on the downed hero, tapping away. Midoriya looked on in amusement, and Shinsou giggled softly as he watched Yamada struggle under Aizawa. Midoriya knew he wasn't really trying. Yamada relied mostly on his quirk, yes, but he wasn't that bad in hand to hand combat, and was probably strong enough to bench press Aizawa.

On the other hand, Aizawa was pure muscle. His smaller, thinner stature was hidden in his baggy outfit made him lighter than most people expected him to be. Midoriya had no doubt that is Yamada really wanted to, he could just push his fellow pro hero off him. Instead, he was just whining and struggling like a kid.

"Shouta! What did you do?" Yamada whined, as Aizawa pulled out his own phone to check on it.

Aizawa just handed the phone back to him, and with the most deadpan expression on his face, he replied, "I sent it to myself. And deleted it off your phone. And cleared the deleted photos on your phone. And cleared your cache. The only copy of the video is with me now, thank you very much."

He untangled his friend from the capture weapon, and Yamada gave Midoriya and Shinsou some food, courtesy of Lunch Rush, pouting all the while. The smug face that rested on Aizawa's face didn't help matters, and Yamada looked like a kicked puppy as he sat on the ground. Aizawa grabbed a juice pack.

"Gimmie one, Shou."

"No."

Nezu was snickering the entire time, and Yamada pouted more. Shuzenji just sighed, exasperated at the antics of the two pro heroes. Aizawa was stubborn, even as a student, and no amount of begging would make him do anything unless he wanted to do it.

"Come on, please."

"No."

"So mean, Shou!"

"OK."

"You're not supposed to say okay! You're supposed to feel sorry for your actions!"

"I'm not sorry though, to be honest."

Midoriya looked on in disbelief as the two pro heroes he was close to acted like children. He knew that Aizawa and Yamada were close, and good friends, but he was *not* expecting this at all.

Both of them continued bickering childishly, a small sound was heard. It slowly grew louder, and both adults stopped their argument to find the source of the sound.

Shinsou was laughing.

His hands were covering his mouth in an attempt to stifle his laughter, but the sweet sound could still be heard. Aizawa could see that all the tension and apprehension in his small body was gone, he wasn't trying to hide anymore, he didn't have to hide anymore. His eyes sparkled, a soft smile on his face, and Aizawa swore internally that he wanted the child to feel like this all the time.

No more fear. No more stress. Aizawa wanted him to act his age, to be the carefree child that didn't have to worry about villains or being kidnapped or of people he loved dying.

It wasn't long before Shinsou fell asleep. Nezu and Shuzenji were talking about something, and Aizawa finally got Yamada a juice pack to shut him up.

Midoriya was tired, yes. He wanted to sleep.

But he wanted to talk to the only pro heroes that he trusted.

And Nezu. Since you couldn't hide anything from Nezu. And Shinsou seemed to like him so why not?

Midoriya had to wait until Shinsou fell asleep. He didn't want to discuss this while he was awake.

He didn't want him to see his insecurities, to see him so weak.

He carefully stroked Shinsou's head as he slept, wrapping his arms around the older boy's chest.

Midoriya really didn't want to do this. But he didn't have a choice. Shinsou's wellbeing was far too important for him to bother about his own silly emotions.

Nezu had apparently finished whatever he wanted to discuss, and had made a move to leave, before Midoriya called out, "Wait, sir..."

"Yes, Midoriya?" Nezu turned around, looking at the boy with curiosity. Yamada and Aizawa turned to face the teenager, concern written on their features.

Midoriya looked internally conflicted, like he really didn't want to do this.

"Calm down, problem child. What is it?" Aizawa calmly said.

Midoriya took a deep breath.

"I... I would like Aizawa Sensei to take custody over Toshi from now on."

Not so good healing

"I beg your pardon, what?"

Aizawa had no idea how to react to that statement. Sure, he did want to take them in, and they were going to bring it up once they were well rested, but he was assuming that he would take both kids in at the same time. He thought that they would both start kicking and screaming about being a package deal, and going together.

He did not think that Midoriya would say something like this.

To think that Midoriya trusted him enough to even think he was capable of taking care of the younger brother he fought tooth and nail to save.

But the way Midoriya said it stopped him from turning red and trying to hide in his capture weapon again. It sent shivers down his spine.

Midoriya sounded like he had given up.

"I'm a horrible guardian. I let him suffer for the past ten months. I wasn't able to help him." At this point, Midoriya looked close to tears, but he was trying his best to control hinself lest he woke up his brother.

"I... I don't know anymore. I'm pathetic. These past few years, I couldn't give him what most kids his age gets. We barely have enough to get enough food and education. I... It's not fair that other kids have proper parents taking care of them and all he has is this quirkless older brother who is unable to protect him when he needed it the most."

Aizawa was not expecting this from Midoriya of all people.

Midoriya was confident in his abilities. He didn't have problems taunting opponents, and when push came to shove, he was a

predator, with a single goal in mind. He was an overprotective older brother who would do anything for Shinsou, even if it meant going to hell and back.

But how much of that was a facade? How much of that was the real Izuku, and how much was there as an act, to protect himself and Hitosh. How much of it was just there to make Hitoshi feel better about their circumstances?

"When we were trapped in there... I selfishly tried to escape the pain by dissociating. I didn't think how Toshi would feel when I did that. And then he ended up doing the same to escape his own pain. I forced him to do it. I'm an utter failure as an older brother."

This Midoriya just sounded so done, so defeated, as he leaned back against the pillow.

The sparkle was gone. His eyes were dull. This was not the same kid that Aizawa knew before.

No. It's the same kid. The past ten months, Izuku has been focussing on Hitoshi the entire time. Now that they're both safe, he has the time to think about the entire occurrence.

The breakdown was just one small time that Midoriya had let out what he really felt.

Aizawa didn't want him to break again.

"No one said I could be a hero. I'm quirkless. I'll stagnate a lot faster. But that was fine. As long as I could keep Toshi safe.. that was good enough for me. I didn't need to be a hero. But this ordeal just proved that I'm not capable of doing that. I can't protect the only person I swore to protect. I'm just not good enough. And even now I know with this mindset, I'm even less suited to take care of him."

Aizawa pulled the chair up to Midoriya's side, and pat his back.

"I'm sure Hitoshi thinks differently."

"That's cause everyone hates him for his quirk. He developed it

really early and his mom left him in the alleyway covered in bruises, cold and hungry. I'm the only one that accepted him for who he was. If he had a different quirk, I'm sure he would have found someone a lot better to take care of him instead of this mess of a person. I know I'm being selfish, putting my own ideals and thoughts forward and not talking with him... but it's for the best. He deserves more. Much more than I can give him."

Nezu had moved to sit on Shinsou's former infirmary bed, looking at the teenager with an emotionless face.

"If he had a different quirk, he wouldn't have been discriminated against. He wouldn't have been abandoned. You were the only one who still loved Hitoshi despite what everyone else says. You put your life on the line and pushed yourself past your limits to save him. You're doing more than enough. Taking care of kids is the parents job, not yours." Aizawa pulled him in for a hug carefully, aware that Shinsou was still latched onto Midoriya. Midoriya readily leaned into the hug, arms wrapped tight around Shinsou like he was a source of comfort.

"His parents didn't want him. My parents didn't want me. There isn't anyone else we have." Midoriya replied miserably, tears welling up in his eyes. "I don't understand why everyone hates him just because of his quirk. He's literally the sweetest kid anyone could ask for. Did you know that when I found him, he used his quirk by accident and passed out. I wanted to bring him home, but someone told me to just leave Toshi in alleyway and forget about him. Said he had a villainous quirk and I should just ignore him."

Nezu hissed. Humans and their discrimination. He was glad that Midoriya had stumbled upon Shinsou and took him in despite what everyone else said. People with Midoriya's mindset were few and far between.

Yamada was sitting on the floor, close to crying himself.

"I don't understand."

Aizawa wiped the tears from Midoriya's eyes. "Humans are like that. Not all of them are as empathetic and open minded as you."

"He's just a kid. He's better, sweeter than all the others." Midoriya whispered, sounding strangled, "Why?! Everyone has proper people taking care of them even if they don't deserve it. Why can't Toshi get that chance as well?"

Hypocrite. Aizawa growled internally.

He really just wanted to adopt them there and then.

No matter how the Erasure Hero looked at it, Midoriya himself was still a kid. A child with the burden of an adult weighing on him.

Midoriya was right when he said that Shinsou deserved more.

However, he failed to see that he deserved the same as well.

But now wasn't the time to talk to Midoriya about that.

"Sorry. I'm even more pathetic now, crying. I'm just bothering you now."

Now definitely wasn't the time to talk about it. He needed to calm Midoriya down, let them both rest and recover, before they decide on their next move and start the necessary preparations.

"It's okay to cry. You're human, and still a kid" Aizawa tried to sooth him, to no avail.

"I was a crybaby in preschool. Got bullied over for crying to much, on top of being quirkless. I haven't cried since I was seven. Sorry." He sniffled, wiping his tears.

Aizawa, Yamada, Nezu and Shuzenji hissed internally.

This was a huge problem. Why couldn't he understand that it was okay? Why was Midoriya forced to mature at such an early age? Why did so many bad things happen to two kids who just wanted to be accepted for who they were?! Why were they forced to change?

Life wasn't fair.

"Midoriya, calm down." Nezu said. "You're tired and you're letting

you emotions cloud your thoughts. You're not thinking straight. We'll continue this conversation tomorrow."

"I'm sorry." Midoriya wiped his tears, as Nezu sighed, "You did nothing wrong, Midoriya. Rest up first."

Yamada and Aizawa looked like they wanted to protest, but Nezu just grabbed them and dragged them out of the infirmary.

Midoriya didn't even seem to notice when Shuzenji shut off the lights.

He lay down on the bed, wiped his tears, before he pulled Shinsou into his chest and wrapped his arms around him. He put his head against Shinsou's, and closed his eyes, desperately trying to stop the tears that were threatening to leak out.

"We can't just leave him like that. He's a wreck." Aizawa hissed once they were outside the infirmary.

Nezu thrusted a bunch of papers in Aizawa's face. Where he got them from, neither Aizawa nor Yamada knew.

Aizawa peered at the papers.

"Adoption papers?"

"Fill them out by the end of the week." Nezu ordered. "The hero course have their internships next week. You should be able to help both of them settle in. You do have a spare room, don't you?"

"Yeah, but - " Yamada was silenced by Nezu's paw.

"Currently, because no one knows Akatani's true identity and that he came to UA after the escape, the current story that is circulating is that both of them went missing and somehow, we rescued Shinsou. Due to him not having any legal guardians, his biological father having gone missing years ago and his mother being reported as having committed suicide a few years back, I managed to convince the police that is would be best if UA has custody over

him as he was 'rescued' here."

Aizawa and Yamada gapped at the principal.

"I also managed to dig into Midoriya's records. Dad's in jail, mom is dead."

Aizawa nodded. That was exactly what Midoriya had said.

"He managed to convince the government for him to take care of himself, and I'm pretty sure they only dropped the matter cause he was quirkless." Nezu growled, "I managed to contact the government, stating that Midoriya was injured and he should not be staying on his own. They also relented and he's currently under UA's custody as well. Again, pretty sure they don't care that he's quirkless."

"That's why you have the papers?"

"Tsukauchi came to pass them to me. Being able to interrogate them would have been a bonus."

Aizawa just stared at the papers in his hands.

"I already started planning for this after he broke down after the USJ. Midoriya needs someone to take care of him, to remind him that he's still a kid and shouldn't have these kind of burdens. I figured it would be best for him to stay with someone he trusts. That is you two." Nezu sighed. "Then this entire thing about rescuing Shinsou came up. Those two need all the help they can get."

"But are we just gonna ... leave him in there like that?" Yamada asked, turning to the door in concern.

"They need to rest. Right now, they're tired, and their emotions are all over the place. Midoriya's clearly not thinking straight if he's saying all that. He's hurting himself with his own words. Worse of all is that he believes them. Once he feels better, then we'll talk to them about therapy. They need support now but in his current state of mind, he's in no position to receive it." Nezu replied.

He hated that he had to leave the children, but in order for them to help, Midoriya first had to accept that he needed it.

But being forced to be an adult, to work to feed himself and his little brother, he had to be strong. He couldn't rely on others. That in turn had resulted in Midoriya pushing help away when he needed it. Sure, when it came to Shinsou, he was willing to accept the help. But when it came to himself? He couldn't, or he'll appear to be weak.

Nezu hated that Midoriya had been forced into that mindset at such a young age.

"Just think about it, Aizawa."

"I'm going to. I just don't know how Izuku will take it."

Shinsou could tell that something was bothering Midoriya. He had woken up in the morning, feeling a lot better than he had in months. Nothing was hurting anymore, and he was actually feeling really good knowing that both he and Midoriya were safe.

But then he saw tear tracks on Midoriya's face, and paused.

He realised that he had never seen Midoroya cry before. He said it was okay to cry, but he had never done it.

Shinsou didn't know what was wrong. So he just did the only thing that he knew made Midoriya feel better.

He hugged him.

Aizawa was also in the room, and Shinsou liked how the quiet man looked at Midoriya with concern. He was glad he wasn't the only person who cared about him. Though Aizawa looked deeply troubled about something.

Midoroya had woken up a few minutes before Shuzenji entered to check on them, and she declared both Midoriya and Shinsou good to go. However, she also wanted them to stay a few more nights,

until Friday, since Midoriya was still on antibiotics.

Midoriya didn't protest.

Aizawa tried to cheer him up by telling him that he was transfered to the hero course based on his performance in the Sports Festival.

He got a dull "Oh. Okay." in reply.

Shinsou, on the other hand, was really excited.

"Really? Was Izu awesome!? I bet he was!"

"You bet he was." Aizawa nodded. "He came in first for all the events."

"Izu's the best." Shinsou grinned.

Midoriya had a small smile on his face as he wore a spare uniform. Aizawa was originally going to introduce him on Monday, but with him absent and the entire kidnapping fiasco, they had to do it on Wednesday.

He didn't have any of his books, but Nezu had passed Aizawa a stack of old textbooks for him to use.

Shinsou was going to be in same class as him. Nezu didn't have the heart to force Midoriya away from him, seeing as he seemed to be the only thing that kept Midoriya going. Plus, the class were already introduced to Shinsou before, and it was probably the best for both of them to be with people they at least knew.

When they arrived at the 1-A classroom, they were all noisy and talking about something. From outside, he managed to make out the words "quirkless" and "suicide", and he hissed, but he just patiently stood outside the classroom as Aizawa silenced the class.

"Alright. Quiet down. I'm sure you all heard the news, and I don't want to hear any of you mention it. We'll go over it in the hero class later. We have a new student. Midoriya Izuku."

Aizawa gestured at him, and Midoriya carefully walked into the

classroom, eyeing everyone warily. Shinsou hid behind him, peeking out from behind Midoriya.

"I'm Midoriya Izuku. Kacchan calls me Deku. It's nice to meet you."

At least he still remembered his manners. Aizawa thought.

"You're finally here, Deku?" Bakugou grinned.

Kirishima, Uraraka, and Kaminari were yelling congratulations from their seats, but the rest of 1-A was looking at Midoriya with what was akin to fear. Yaoyorozuz Ashido and Iida were looking at Midoriya with what looked like concern, while Todoroki and Asui stared at him impassively.

"Is he really... Akatani?" Sero hesitantly asked.

"I have no reason to be a vigilante anymore, so I don't really care, if you could even call me one. I didn't break any laws." Midoriya shrugged.

"What do you mean, didn't break any laws. You broke into UA when you came to the USJ."

"I'm a student here. Technically I'm permitted to enter UA."

"What about hacking?"

"You do you. Would you have preferred me to hack or die?"

The tension in the air was so thick, you could slice it with a knife.

"Cool it, problem child." Aizawa smacked his head lightly. "Sensei!" Midoriya whined, turning around to face the pro hero.

Shinsou pouted when he did do, and immediately everyone noticed the child.

"Hi!" Ashido waved from her seat, and Shinsou gave a shy wave as he tried to hide behind Midoriya again.

"Okay that's enough. You can question him later. Izuku, sit behind

Bakugou and drag over the other chair for Hitoshi." Midoriya prompty did so, and Shinsou scrambled up the chair after Midoriya sat down.

"Sensei, what about Deku's hero name?" Uraraka asked. "We already chose ours yesterday."

"He'll deal with that and all the catching up while you're on your internships. He did get several offers from some heroes who offered to take him as an intern, but as a former general education student, we're not allowed to let him go for the internships until he's up to date with lessons." Aizawa replied. "Now, all of you introduce yourselves and - "

"Sensei, I already know them." Midoriya raised his hand.

"What do you mean, already know us? And it's rude to interrupt the teacher when he's talking." Iida spoke up.

"You remember how I talked to you at the entrance exam, Iida-kun?" Midoriya raised eyebrow.

"Of course. You knew how the exam worked, you knew my name even though I never met you before, you knew who my brother was and my family background."

Bakugou burst out laughing, "He scared the fuck - "

He was promptly smacked on the head by Midoriya.

"The heck, Deku?!"

"No swearing around Toshi."

Both of them glared at each other, and Aizawa sighed when Bakugou finally relented. Shinsou was trying to stifle his laughter.

"I already knew all of you before the entrance exam."

"That's a very bold claim to make, kero." Asui said, "Did you know we'll make it in?"

"No."

"Problem child, did you seriously research everyone who took the entrance exam." Aizawa groaned.

"Everyone who *might* take the entrance exam." He put emphasis on the word.

1-A gulped. Midoriya was really, really scary if he did that.

"Okay that's it. We wasted enough time." Aizawa sighed again, "Hitoshi will be joining us for lessons, so I expect you to be on your best behaviour. No swearing. And I mean you, Bakugou."

Bakugou grumbled under his breath.

"Izuku, after this it's Modern Literature, then English, followed by Modern Hero Art History and then Maths. After that is lunch. Then we have a homeroom lesson and then Heroics."

"Okay."

"That's it. Cementoss is already waiting."

Midoriya is a cryptid.

That was what most of 1-A thought.

The literature book they were covering was a different book from the one that the general studies students were learning, so Ishiyama has brought an extra copy of the book for Midoriya to read.

They didn't know that Midoriya had already read the book before, and had memorised it, word for word.

So when Ishiyama asked someone to read chapter five out loud for the rest of the class, Midoriya, seeing as no one responded, just stood up and recited the entire chapter from memory until Ishiyama stopped him in a hurry after he had recited three pages without stopping, not getting a single word wrong.

In Yamada's lesson, he had set them a quiz on the usage of grammar and punctuations. Midoriya had finished it in no time flat, and then started explaining everything to Shinsou while everyone else was struggling with it.

And he got full marks on it.

For Modern Hero Art History, he ended up in debate with Kayama, arguing about anything ranging from hero costumes to support items to history. Everyone was scared of how impassive Midoriya was as he did so, but Todoroki loved how Midoriya kept roasting Enji every five sentences and prompty dropped his dislike for the boy.

Then it was maths.

Ectoplasm had given an open book test about everything taught before, ranging from differentiation to algebra to complex numbers. The kids were allowed to work in groups, and some of them had already gotten into groups and started.

Midoriya had, once again, finished it in no time flat, Shinsou watching him do so.

Bakugou was bashing Ashido and Kirishima on the head for something, and seeing that Midoriya was done, Kaminari walked over to Midoriya's table.

"I'm having trouble with this. Please help!"

Midoriya had taken the paper from him, and the first thing that was hard was a shrill, "You can't do that!"

It wasn't from Midoriya.

It was from Shinsou.

"It's four to the power of six! That mea 4! Not 4 x 6!"

Shinsou looked completely dumbfounded at the ridiculous mistaken.

Ectoplasm had looked up from his marking to see what was going on.

Kaminari looked utterly confused.

"It's log! Not the natural logarithm! You're supposed to use base 10, not e!"

Bakugou, Sero, Ashido and Kaminari were roaring with laughter as Shinsou pointed out every single mistake, and even Yaoyorozu, Iida, Jiro and Uraraka were amused by the situation. Koda, Tokoyami and Shoji were still sightly confused on what exactly was going on.

"Pikachu's getting math lessons from a kid!" Bakugou yelled, and the entire class erupted into chaos.

"Um... what the heck?" Tokage raised an eyebrow.

"Is it just me, or do I see a toddler giving a high school student math lessons?" Kendo asked.

Shinsou was sitting next to Midoriya and Kaminari scribbling on a piece if paper as he tried to explain alegbra to Kaminari, who was horrible at it.

"You have to take away the five from both sides! No, you can't do that! Stop!"

Midoriya was looking on in amusement and pride and Shinsou huffed when Kaminari asked, "But I can divide it!"

"No! You don't know A and B! B could be zero!" Shinsou huffed, scribbling some more stuff down.

Bakugou was too busy laughing at Kaminari, "You're a lost cause!"

"I'm not! Math is hard." Kaminari retorted.

"Kacchan is right." Shinsou spoke up, and Kaminari clutched his chest in mock hurt. "Why!? How could you do this to me?!"

Shinsou just stuck his tongue out, before sipping on a juice pack, courtesy of Aizawa.

"I like the kid." Monoma spoke up.

Kendo sighed.

She did notice that Midoriya was sharing his plate of fried rice with Shinsou. Maybe he wasn't hungry, or maybe he was still recovering. Who knew.

"Why can he call you Kacchan!? It's not fair!" Ashido wailed.

"Cause he's a good kid and he's smart. Unlike you." Bakugou snapped, and Shinsou's eyes lit up at the praise.

Monoma recognised himself in Shinsou, the way he acted. He was starved for positive attention.

He also noticed how much happier and energetic Shinsou was when he was with Midoriya. He was carefree, he spoke his mind, he tolerated jokes and was playful. Not like the day before when he was quiet and reserved and reacted negatively to a single, joking hint of negativity.

Kaminari finally gave up his attempt to learn his maths when Hatsume walked up to the table and started talking to Midoriya about her babies.

The entire cafeteria was packed, but there was a ridiculous amount of space around the 1-A class. Probably because of Midoriya being Akatani and all the other rumours flying around the school.

Then there was the thing about Midoriya's quirk. It had blown up the media, and while some people believed that he was quirkless, like Monoma, there were others who didn't believe that he was and he was merely trying to scare and shock the spectators for more attention.

The fact that he turned out to be a well known vigilante, and survived his captors for four days made the theory that he was quirkless even more unlikely.

Monoma wanted to find out the truth.

"What are they doing here?!" Bakugou screeched. They were supposed to be having homeroom, but they were currently seated at the viewing area of Ground Beta.

"We're having a joint class between 1-A and 1-B! We saw some amonisity between the two classes, and we decided that as future heroes, you guys should learn to work together." Yagi grinned, before he turned serious.

"But first, I'm sure you heard the news, didn't you? The suicide of the third year quirkless student in a neighbouring school. She was reported to have been bullied and teased her entire life because she wanted to be a hero. Now, we need to talk about this. First, I want your opinions of the twenty percent of the population that is quirkless and your thoughts about them being heroes."

"They need to be protected."

"Honestly... I don't know. They're human, but they don't have powers?"

"They should work normal jobs. I doubt they can be a hero if they can't protect themselves."

The statements like that came from students from both 1-A and 1-B alike, and Shinsou could feel Midoriya shaking in anger as they were all seated on the ground. Shinsou reached up to pat Midoriya's head in an attempt to calm him down.

The only decently nice statements were from Monoma and Bakugou.

"Well, I guess that they can be a hero if they try really hard."

"They have to put in the effort, or they'll be useless just like all the others."

The last statement was spoken by Shiozaki, "They were not blessed

by god like the others. We should protect them, and use our blessings to help them."

"You think we need help?" Midoriya snapped, "That we're useless?! That we need to be protected!?"

"Midoriya, calm down!" Yagi tried to stop the boy, as he stood up, clearly agitated.

"Calm down!? How do you expect me to calm down when they're all practically insulting me in the face!" Midoriya growled.

"Wait, what do you - " Kirishima started, before Midoriya hissed and interrupted him.

"I'm quirkless!"

Heroics Lesson Gone Wrong

The entire hero course plus one All Might stared at him in confusion.

"Why are you surprised!? I practically admitted that I was quirkless at the Sports Festival, though I admit, it was very indirectly. And aren't you the teacher, All Might!? How did you not know!?"

Aizawa sighed at how volatile his kid was. On a normal day, he was sure Midoriya wouldn't be so mad about it. But after that conversation the previous day? After showing all his self doubt and insecurities?

He was still sensitive. Very sensitive. He had no one to teach him how to control his emotions, to teach him that trying so hard to hide how he really felt was detrimental to his own mental health. He had snapped once, then again, and he was still trying to pick up the pieces and fix what he felt was wrong. He didn't know to control himself, and used the only outlet he had grown up with for his emotions. Anger.

I knew it, Monoma internally told himself. He couldn't find a quirk factor in Midoriya precisely because *he did not have one in the first place.*

"You mean you weren't just playing with the spectators?" Kaminari stammered. "I thought you were just saying that because everyone thought you were quirkless and you were just playing along."

Midoriya snorted in anger, "Why would I do that? That's dumb and it's a waste of time."

Midoriya looked like he really wanted to punch a few people in the face, but Shinsou clung to his leg to prevent him from moving. Shinsou let out a small whine, and Midoriya reluctantly sat back down again, and wrapped his arms around his younger brother with a huff.

"Are you sure we should let him join the exercise, whatever it is?" Kendo asked, concerned. She wasn't saying that because he was quirkless, but because she had seen him at UA when he tried to protect Shinsou. She was still worried that he was injured.

"Yeah! He's quirkless." Shishida stated, "We may make his injuries worse by accident!"

That was completely the wrong thing to say, and the only reason why the green haired child hadn't moved was because of Shinsou.

"Fight me!" Midoriya growled, "All of you! I'll make you eat those words! I'm not that weak!"

"Izuku, no. You're not supposed to be straining yourself. Recovery Girl's orders. You were there when she said that!" Aizawa tried to interject.

"I know how strong I am. I have more experience than them, I know all their quirks, I know their fighting styles and I'm sure as heck that I can beat them. They don't know me. I won't have to strain myself!" Midoriya hissed. "I'm not just fighting to prove a point. I will show that I deserve to be transferred to this class. I'm not going to let them look down on me because I'm quirkless! If Kacchan takes me seriously even though I'm quirkless, then they should as well!"

Bakugou cackled, "Finally getting serious, Deku? I knew you were holding back during the Sports Festival!" Explosions popped across his palms, "I want you to fight me for real. No more holding back on both sides!"

"I would have killed you if I went all out, Kacchan. The human body my be sturdy, but hit it in the right place and they all fall like a tower of cards." Midoriya growled, "The nickname I earned two years ago may not have been intentional, but I'm pretty sure it's accurate enough for whatever reasons."

"After all," Midoriya's entire demeanor changed. He wasn't just an upset, angsty teenager anymore. His eyes were sharp, and the eye bags the boy possessed didn't make him look more tired. In fact, it made him look dangerous, like a plotting genius who was running

through every single calculation necessary to take down his opponents with no mercy at all.

"You don't know me at all."

No. His presence felt so much worse. The pressure he emitted, just like he had with the third year in the cafeteria, washed over them with a tidal wave, holding them in place as he grinned. His canines glinted from the light of the monitors, and the green haired boy that was laughing at the electric user's horrible maths was no more.

Midoriya looked predatory, ready to strike at any second. His muscles were tense, like he was ready to attack at any moment, regardless of where the attack came from, and the two hero classes gulped as Midoriya quickly reigned his aura back in and turned back into a normal, angry, determined teenager instead of the blood thirsty monster they had seen just moments before.

What had they gotten themselves into?

"Alright, we're starting." Kan yelled, as the 1-B students slowly made their way out of the changing rooms.

Yamada had barged in with a package for Midoriya, given by Nezu. And since he didn't have lessons he just stayed with them to keep an eye on two possible kids he was going to help take care of.

All of them were in their hero outfits, save for Midoriya.

He was wearing a white suit with a black vest, and donned fingerless gloves. His shoes were black, as well as his long pants, and they wondered that if that was all he was gonna wear. No armour, no support items (At least that they could see), nothing that stood out at all that may give the quirkless kid an advantage over a regular person.

"What the heck, Deku."

"Don't ask me." Midoriya grumbled, "Nezu was the one who provided it, according to Mic Sensei."

All of *them* were also wearing some kind if vest over their clothes, but they were transparent and they had no idea what it served.

Monoma just happened to walk past Midoriya, who pat his shoulder, "Thanks for, you know, not being as close minded as the rest of them. Though I already had a suspicion that you knew about it because of your quirk."

"Alright. This is going to be an exercise similar to the beginning of this year. Villains versus Heroes. The heroes have to protect the building from the villains that are infiltrating it. There's an item with the UA emblem on it. If the villains get the item within fifteen minutes, they win. If the heroes defend the item in that amount of time, the heroes win." Aizawa spoke in an absolutely deadpan tone.

"You are allowed to use quirks as you wish, and no killing each other. You can only "kill" someone with these." Aizawa held up a gun, and shot a pellet at a dummy that was also wearing the vest the students donned.

"Deceased." A robotic voice rang out.

"Paint pellets. The vest detects your vitals, and depending where the paint pellets hit, you can be reported as alive or dead. The vest automatically tells you that you are dead if you're hit in a bad spot, and it will restrain you until the exercise is finished. Heroes will also wear pins on the vest that villains can nab to try. The number of pins on each team at the end will also be counted."

"Midoriya and Kendo are team leaders." Yagi started saying, "Please choose your team members one by - "

"I hope you are aware that when I said I wanted to fight all of them, I was serious."

Yagi stared at Midoriya in shock, "I can't allow you to -"

"What? Me against them all? Are you insinuating that I can't take care of myself cause I'm quirkless? Please. Don't underestimate me. I fought thugs and villains since I was kid." Midoriya spoke with such sass and sarcasm, and the look on Yagi's face was priceless.

"Remember that green haired kid you met eight years ago?"

"How did you -" Yagi's eyes widened in realisation, that this was the kid that asked hin if he could be a hero while quirkless. The boy that he said he couldn't.

"Well, I'm here now."

1-A and 1-B were genuinely scared now.

Shinsou was literally vibrating with excitement and anger as he sat with Yamada. He knew they all knew his brother was quirkless, and he couldn't wait for Midoriya to beat them all and show them what he's got.

But he was also concerned.

Midoriya had never acted like this before. Sure, he got mad, but he's never been so sarcastic before.

Or maybe cause it's because of All Might. Shinsou could tell that he had something against the number one hero, and he didn't care what it was. Midoriya didn't do things for no reason. If he disliked All Might, okay.

Midoriya was going to win anyways.

Yagi was at a loss.

He didn't know that Midoriya was quirkless. He only kept track of the kids in the hero course, and hadn't expected the dark horse of the Sports Festival to be in the General Education course, and to the be very same quirkless kid that had come up to him so many years ago.

Now he knew why Midoriya seemed to be so upset.

But he didn't want him to get hurt. He was still recovering. Even Aizawa said so. Even if he was physically okay, Yagi wasn't sure if he was mentally okay as well.

Shinsou had probably been traumatised by what happened, but what about Midoriya?

He didn't want to make his situation worse than it was already.

But seeing the anger in his eyes, seeing how much he wanted, no, *needed* to prove himself, and how Aizawa and Yamada, heck, even Shinsou glared at him, he didn't have it in him to stop Midoriya.

"Okay, come get your weapons. Two guns each, maximum." Kan called out.

The rest of the students had started picking out the weapons, while Midoriya merely picked up a hand gun. Not the best weapon for sure. The best thing about it was its weight, being light. He tossed it up and down, before grinning.

"I can work with this."

Instead of grabbing another gun, he stocked up on ammo instead.

"Problem child, you know you can grab two guns, right?"

"Do you want me to kill em or murder their corpses?" Midoriya grinned. Aizawa couldn't help but smile back as he watched the hero course students shiver at his words.

"Both of you share the same kind of sick humour!" Yamada yelped from his seat, and Shinsou just laughed at the bantering between the teacher and student.

Meanwhile, the remainder of the hero course students had huddled together.

"So, we need to defend the building from Midoriya. Any plans?" Kendo asked.

"The building is seven stories high, according to the blue prints. We can store the item right at the very top, and station people in the corridors and the rooms. I bet we can bring him down if we go down guns blazing." Kamikiri suggested.

"Don't be ridiculous. That won't bring Deku down." Bakugou snarled.

"It would scare him though." Awase retorted.

"No way. Midoriya's way to manly to be scared by that. He faced the Zero Pointer head on, you know?!" Kirishima replied.

"Yeah! He literally ran right at it, kero." Asui commented.

"He's quirkless. What the heck could he do against the Zero pointer?" Shishida pointed out.

"He hacked it." Iida replied, "Pried off the control panel and wrecked it. Then he hacked it to life the concrete block off Uraraka."

"And he can fight." Kaminari pointed out, "At the USJ, he literally jumped into a group of villains and fought them out, and when he and Aizawa Sensei managed to get out, he started wrecking all the villains by hacking into the USJ control room and went nuts! He made earthquakes, cranes were all over the place, he even made the ship explode!"

1-B were starting to get even more afraid of Midoriya. They had visited the USJ before 1-A, and the equipment they had was no joke. If Midoriya was so easily able to manipulate all that, even if it was through hacking...

"We're lucky none of us are cyborgs." Bondo sighed.

"Yeah."

"But what other choice do we have?"

"We split into seven groups, based on quirks and weapons." Yaoyorozu suggested. "Midoriya isn't going to go down without a fight. He's fast, smart, and packs a heavy punch. We can't just distribute ourselves based on class. He knows our quirks. But he doesn't know how we'll use them. We should try to get ourselves into teams that can most effectively use our quirks across the entire team."

In the end, they had managed to sort themselves out, arguing back and forth while discussing their quirks and the pros and cons of any team, right before they ran out of time.

"Well... that seemed productive." Yagi muttered, as the hero students left the surveillance room to occupy the building set aside for their exercise.

Midoriya was lost in thought, staring into thin air, as he kept muttering at such breakneck speed that no one could understand what he was saying. Yamada had taken out his phone and recorded Midoriya's mumblings without him even noticing, and he tried to slow it down, but even then he couldn't make out what was being said.

A few minutes later, Yagi gave the go ahead for Midoriya to start.

He raced out of the surveillance room, and the three teachers and Shinsou turned their attention to the monitors.

Shoji turned all his extra limbs into ears, and closed his eyes in concentration.

The first floor was a sparse hallway, with three rooms on each side of the hall. Ashido and Ojiro had broken down the walls between the rooms, creating two side rooms, meaning they could freely pop in and out of each of the six doors down the hallway. Tokage had split herself into two, and each half was hiding in each of the side rooms. Koda's quirk wasn't really that useful, but since they had to use paintball guns, that wasn't that much of a problem for the time being.

Their plan?

Try to pin Midoriya down as fast as possible. Or at least, do enough damage to make it easier for the other groups to take him down.

But even then, they knew they had a slim chance of doing so.

With her quirk, Tokage wasn't able to hold any weapons. Ashido's acid would break the guns, leaving only Shoji, Ojiro and Koda able to wield the paintball guns.

Shoji listened intently, before he turned back to the group, "I don't hear any - "

A click was heard, and Shoji flinched, and turned around to the entrance.

"Hi!"

He saw Midoriya lunge at him, and he was promptly punched in the chest, and Shoji lost his balance. Midoriya landed on top of him, snatched his pin, and pressed the gun to his chest, before his index finger twitched and a loud bang resonated throughout the building.

"Shoji Mezo, deceased."

Well shit. Midoriya's stronger than he looks. Shoji thought as he laid on the floor, the vest suddenly becoming ridiculously heavy and prevented him from getting up.

Tokage emerged from both sides, splitting into even more parts as she swirled around, trying to confuse him. Midoriya didn't even seem fazed, but he did click his teeth in annoyance since he could not figure out which part of Tokage was where, and thus would not be able to eliminate her easily.

I can't get her until I get the others... Midoriya thought. *She can control each individual part... and she can regenerate - wait no I'm not cutting off her limbs.*

Midoriya immediately mowed through the whirlwind of parts, and leapt at Koda. Koda fired a few pellets at him from the shotgun in a panic, but his didn't know how to use a gun and his aim was horribly off. Midoriya dodged the array of bullets, fired a few more shots a few times, before he slid on the ground, past Koda.

"Koda Koji, deceased."

Ojiro immediately leapt after Midoriya, aiming the weapon at his

back hastily, but unknown to him, Midoriya already knew he was after him. Midoriya pressed his feet against the wall behind Koda, and leapt off, dodging the first array of bullets, turning around midair and firing a few more shots at Ojiro before he could regain his bearings, before snatching the pin from Koda and quickly nabbing Ojiro's as he lay on the ground in a daze.

"Ojiro Mashirao, deceased."

Ashido burst out of the side room, but she was too loud and Midoriya, and pretty much everyone else could hear her footsteps as she ran, and she was immediately nailed in the chest with three paint pellets as Midoriya appeared in her face and grabbed her pin. Midoriya pushed her against the wall harshly, and Ashido gasped for air as her breath was knocked out of her.

"Ashido Mina, deceased."

Midoriya quickly reloaded his gun, and growled at Tokage, who was still split into way too many parts for him to "kill". He decided to ignore her for now. She couldn't hold a gun in that state, and thus, until she put herself back together, she was of no threat to him.

He promptly turned away, and raced up the stairs.

"Hey! Don't ignore me!" Tokage yelled, stunned at first that he outrightly ignored her, before flying after him, part after part racing through the air and up the stairs as she reformed and grabbed a gun.

Kill Count, four out of five. Pins collected, f our out of five.

"You think he got past em?" Rin asked.

"Yeah. Midoriya isn't weak. He may have problems with Tokage and her quirk though..." Kaminari was cut off when they heard footsteps, and Midoriya emerged from the staircase.

"Already?" Komiri yelped, firing off her spores in surprise, but

Monoma set them on fire before she could hurt her own team with his borrowed quirk from Todoroki. "Remember the plan!" He yelled, as he fired off an explosion in Midoriya's direction.

"Kacchan's quirk? Really?" Midoriya cheekily grinned.

Monoma realised that it was probably not the best idea. It was powerful, yes, but Midoriya knew that quirk the best, having grown up with the explosion user. "I hope you do know that by copying Todoroki's quirk, you can enhance Kacchan's quirk by using your fire to create more sweat."

Tetsutetsu promptly turned into steel, and Kaminari unleashed his electricity. Acting as a lightning rod, all the electricity arced towards him, and Tetsutetsu glowed as he sparked with electricity.

"Hey! That actually worked!" Kaminari cheered, but Midoriya took that opportunity to hit him right in stomach and chest with paint pellets.

"Kaminari Denki, deceased."

The cocking of a gun could be heard from behind him, and Monoma could just barely make out Tokage's figure behind the villain of the exercise. Midoriya didn't even turn back, and fired the gun behind him as he swerved to the side to avoid getting punched by an electrified Tetsutetsu.

"Tokage Setsuna, deceased."

Kamakiri hissed, and rushed forward, Monoma right behind him. Midoriya leapt backwards, dodging Kamakiri's blades, and nabbed Tokage's pin in the process, before he was forced to leap to the side to dodge the fire created by Monoma. Rin shot forward, firing an array of scales, and a carefully aimed fire by Monoma set them alight.

Midoriya leapt to the side to dodge, pushing off the wall, and flipped, hitting Tetsutetsu a few times in the back, before landing right where Kaminari was, snatching his pin up, before rushing directly at Rin. Rin stepped backwards on instinct as Midoriya

mowed him down, grabbing his pin and flinging him backwards. He crashed into Kamakiri, and Midoriya fired off four shots, hitting each boy twice in the heart area.

"Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu*, deceased."*

"Rin Hiryu, deceased."

"Kamakiri Togaru , deceased."

"Shit." Monoma cursed. He nodded at Komori, who released a huge cloud of spores. A few light explosions, sent the spores flying in Midoriya's direction, who jumped back to avoid inhaling them, and grabbing Kamakiri and Tetsutetsu's pins in the process.

Monoma waved his hand, and set the spores on fire, but not before Midoriya fired off a volley of shots through the spores, a few hitting Komori while Monoma barely managed to save himself with a light ice wall.

"Komori Kinoko, deceased."

Monoma really wanted to curse. He knew Midoriya was strong, but *that strong?* He was literally ploughing through them like play dough, armed with nothing but a paint gun, his brains, and his ridiculous dodging and jumping power.

He didn't expect Midoriya to emerge from the fire, bashing him into the wall behind him and shooting him in the chest.

"Monoma Neito, deceased."

Unlike the others, who he didn't bother to help after he had "killed" them, Midoriya quickly caught Monoma as he fell forward, and carefully lowered him to the ground.

"Ouch... that really... packed a punch..." Monoma chuckled. "How did you get through the fire? Weren't you scared?"

Midoriya took his pin, before standing up.

"Paint pellets may not be real bullets, but their streamlined design

helps to cut through the air."

With that, Midoriya plucked off Komori's pin, reloaded the gun, and raced into the next room.

"What?" Kaminari asked in confusion.

"When he shot us... he wasn't just aiming to "kill"." Monoma sighed, "He used the paint pellets to clear the air of the spores, so it was easier for him to bust through it."

Kill Count, eleven out of eleven. Pins collected, eleven out of eleven.

"Shit." Sero cursed as the tape he put up against the ceiling swayed slightly in tune to the explosions. A huge gust of wind burst up the staircase.

"Get ready." Tsuburaba ordered, "If he got past them, then he's gonna be up here soon."

Aoyoma was about to say something when a pellet flew past Asui, who managed to dodge in time, landing on the gem on Aoyoma's belt.

"Kero!" Asui immediately leapt forward and lashed out with her tongue, but a figure barrelled into her and slammed into her stomach. Midoriya grabbed her tongue, and threw her at Shiozaki. Shiozaki hastily created a patch of vines that wrapped around Asui's waist, but in that moment of distraction, Midoriya immediately closed the gap between them, managing to shoot Asui and Shiozaki, before firing at Tsuburaba, who managed to make a Solid Air shield in time.

"Shiozaki Ibara, deceased."

"Asui Tsuyu, deceased."

Midoriya quickly pocketed Asui and Shiozaki's pins.

"Now!" Tsuburaba yelled, creating several Solid Air shields to protect himself and Sero.

"Gotcha!" Aoyoma declared, firing a laser at Hagakure. Her quirk diffracted the laser, sending it flying in all directions with no regard as to whether it would hit friend or foe. It wouldn't have mattered, given that Shiozaki and Asui were out and their other two teammates were protected, except for one small problem.

Midoriya grinned.

"Do you know that light passes through transparent items?"

Tsuburaba's eyes widened as he forgot that major, important flaw in their plan.

In their crouched position, Sero and Tsuburaba were in no position to dodge as the diffracted lasers rained down on them, as Midoriya elegantly weaved between the rapidly firing shots, managing to nail Aoyoma in the chest to stop his quirk, before shooting Hagakure before he could lose track of her location. Though he doubted she could do much against him since picking up a gun would render her quirk useless, and apart from that, she didn't have any other special abilities other than some basic karate. When it came to hand to hand, Midoriya was definitely better than her.

"Aoyoma Yuga, deceased."

"Hagakure Toru, deceased."

"Ouch..." Sero hissed, as he helped Tsuburaba to stand. They were both slightly singed from the laser attack, but other than that, they were fine.

Tsuburaba yelped as Midoriya easily shattered the Solid Air barriers, shooting him before turning on his heel abruptly and hitting Sero with a few more paint pellets, before grabbing their pins and running towards the staircase.

"Tsuburaba Kosei, deceased."

"Sero Hanta, deceased."

"Still don't believe that he's strong?" Sero asked.

"Nope. He's a monster." Tsuburaba sighed, and flinched as Sero glared at him.

"I mean it in a good way. He's strong and smart! That combination is deadly!" He tried to defend himself.

Kill Count, seventeen out of seventeen. Pins collected, eleven out of seventeen .

Iida had Shoda in his grasp, while Kaibara, Tsunotori, Sato, and Kendo prepared to use their quirks when Midoriya arrived.

They could hear shouting, things breaking, explosions, gunshots.

"Are you sure the plan will work?" Sato asked, unsure, "Midoriya... doesn't think so straightforward - "

"It will." Kaibarai replied, 'We planned for every single thing he may even think to do. He won't stand a chance against us."

"Don't be ridiculous, extra!" Bakugou snarled over the comms. *"Deku isn't as simple minded as you! If you think following a plan is gonna work to your advantage, think again. Underestimate him and you're just gonna die!"*

"I have to agree with Bakugou." Iida sighed, "Midoriya's smart. A genius, even. I won't doubt him when he says that he has researched everyone who may take part in the UA entrance exam, and he knows what he's doing. If he's managed to be a vigilante for so long without anyone even catching him, he won't go down so easily."

"It can't be that bad." Kaibara tried to argue, but Kendo pulled him back before they could start anything.

"Cool it. Focus. At least, if the plan doesn't work, we can improvise, but we need to stay calm to do so - "

"Look out!" Shoda yelled, and Iida immediately zipped to the side, dodging a pellet that went splat right next to Sato's head.

Two gun shots rang out, but Kendo managed to protect herself with her hand.

Midoriya grinned, and ran forward. Kendo immediately whipped out her gun and fired several rounds, but Midoriya dodged all of them, and smacked her hand just as she was about to fire again, causing her shot to go way off her intended course and nailed Sato in the gut.

"Sato Rikido, deceased."

Kaibara growled and shot forward. Midoriya's clothes were pristine. He didn't even have a speck of paint on him.

That meant he dodged everything, and Kaibara was going to do everything in his power to pin him down. He can't dodge if he can't move, after all.

He lunged forward, his drill shaped gloves rotating as he activated his quirk. He shot forward like a bullet, but Midoriya swiftly spun and sidestepped him, driving his foot into Kaibara's back.

Kaibara yelped as he smashed into the ground stomach first.

Man, he's skinny, but he's actually packing muscles beneath.

Iida shot forward, and Shoda clenched his fist, ready to strike, but Midoriya barely managed to duck down and trip Iida, and both he and Shoda crashed into the wall. Kaibara tried to lunge forward, but Midoriya turned his shotgun on him, and he had no choice but to dive in the opposite direction to avoid getting hit.

Their plan was going horribly. Midoriya wasn't supposed to be this fast. He wasn't supposed to be this strong. He wasn't supposed to be so nimble. His smaller stature made him a smaller target. His speed and reflexes were unrivalled.

"You don't know me."

Kaibara didn't realise just how much about Midoriya was an unknown. He wasn't in the hero course. He was a vigilante that no one knew anything about. He was ridiculously good with weapons. He had a wicked pain tolerance, after being trapped and tortured horribly for a few days.

Midoriya quickly dodged the horns from Tsunotori, before firing a few shots in her direction to distract her before finishing Iida and Shoda off while they were still in a daze from hitting the wall.

"Iida Tenya, deceased."

"Shoda Nirengeki, deceased."

Kendo shot forward, but much like what happened in the Sports Festival, Midoriya grabbed her arm and threw her at Kaibara, before he shot after Tsunotori. She tried desperately to knock him down with her quirk, even using the two small revolvers she had chose as her weapon to try and shoot him down, even though she had no idea how to use a gun, but to no avail.

Midoriya expertly weaved between the shots fired, like he had been doing it before years, before he managed to knock Tsunotori off her feet and into a wall, using the opportunity to nab her pin and "killing" her by hitting her in the chest.

"Tsunotori Pony, deceased."

Midoriya hurriedly jumped to his feet and swerved to the side, as where he previously stood was peppered with red splotches of paint.

He just happened to be standing next to Sato, so he quickly grabbed his pin before Kendo and Kaibara tried to cover him in paint.

Before they knew it, Midoriya had already grabbed Iida and Shoda's pins, before he peered upwards and lunged right at Kendo and Kaibara. They didn't notice that he had also nabbed the shotgun that Shoda had been using, nor did they notice it was the same kind of gun that Midoriya was using.

On instinct, they just barely managed to duck, and Midoriya sailed

over their heads, landing in a roll, before he threw something at them, and bolted out to the staircase leading to the next level.

"He took our pins!" Kendo yelled, before tapping into her comms, "Guys, Midoriya's headed your way. He took Kaibara and my pins, but left us "alive". We're coming up to - "

"Kendo, duck!" Kaibara yelled, just as whatever Midoriya threw at them blew up.

"Kendo Itsuka, deceased."

"Kaibara Sen, deceased."

"Honenuki Juzo, deceased."

Both of them could only stare blankly at the entire area that had been dyed red from the explosion of what they assumed was a paint pellet ammo canister. They looked upwards, seeing the half exposed body of Honenuki stuck in the ceiling, looking at them in complete surprise. He quickly loosened his quirk, and he dropped down onto the ground.

"I was not expecting that."

"Underestimate him and you're just gonna die!"

Kendo and Tsuburaba sighed. "At least, we still have your pin."

Kill Count, twenty four out of twenty three . Pins collected, twenty three out of twenty three.

"I was not aware that we had paint grenades." Yamada muttered.

"We don't." Yagi replied, staring at the screens with an unreadable expression, though all of them could tell that Yagi was feeling surprised, shocked, uneasy, and maybe a tad bit fearful of Midoriya.

Good. That will teach him to underestimate Izuku, Aizawa thought.

Shinsou had been squealing the entire time Midoriya fought, cheering as he dodged attacks. He was grinning when he saw that Midoriya was advancing fairly quickly, pulling tactic after tactic out of nowhere as he used his speed, knowledge, and his massive truckload of experience to take down all the others who thought lowly of him, or felt he needed to be protected.

"I think he made an impromptu paint bomb." Aizawa sighed, and Shinsou giggled as the teachers were confused over just what the heck was going on.

Shinsou knew what was going on. He had seen Midoriya fiddling with the ammo canister beforehand. He had seen him wind up the springs even more tightly that before, rearranging specific parts and changing them to suit his needs.

He decided to remain silent. After all, it was hilarious to see the teachers freaking out over how Midoriya got his hands on what appeared to be a bomb.

Especially All Might.

"Alright. Kuroiro stays with me. Uraraka's with Yanagi, and Honenuki controls the battle field." Tokoyami confirmed.

"Yep." Uraraka nodded, pointing at the assortment of items strewn all over the floors. They, along with the other teams, had stripped the lower floors of any potential ammo, and they had cleared all the rooms, resulting in the heap of random things like dressers, mirrors, cups, and other things strewn on the ground.

Honenuki had softened the ground to check on the status of the fight on the lower floor, until they heard it.

"Kendo Itsuka, deceased."

"Kaibara Sen, deceased."

"Honenuki Juzo, deceased."

"Wait, what happened?" Yanagi yelped. "How was he hit when he was on the ceiling?" Uraraka was also at a loss.

"Focus. We made the match ups for a reason. You ready?" Uraraka immediately brushed the pads on her fingers across all the random objects, and the second Yanagi lifted her hand, all of them responded to her will, floating and dancing across the room like phantom ghosts.

"Yeah. I can only levitate things up to a certain weight, but with your quirk in usage as well, we can potentially levitate and control an almost unlimited amount of things." Yanagi nodded.

Kuroiro phased out of the shadows, "He blew something up. Midoriya is on his way."

"Alright. Dark Shadow." Tokoyami ordered, and Dark Shadow emerged from Tokoyami. Kuroiri immedefiately pat its head, before disappearing into the inky shadows.

"Let's do this!" Dark Shadow cheered.

Not too long after, Midoriya emerged from the staircase, only to be met with a volley of flying furniture. He dodged a chair, before he spun around and kicked a floating sofa.

Apparently, while Yanagi could lift and control things like a ghost, that was it. If there was a stronger force acting on the same item, she wouldn't be able control it.

Dark Shadow caught the sofa effortlessly, and threw it back at Midoriya, who just jumped and used it to reach Dark Shadow, leaping off it and coming face to face with the sentient quirk.

Or he would have, if Kuroiro hadn't jump out of Dark Shadow to confront him.

He lashed out, gun first, but to his credit, Midoriya didn't even seem a tad bit fazed to see him there. Midoriya didn't even lit him fire, and smacked the gun right out of his hands, before *pulling* him out of the shadowy abyss that powered his quirk. Midoriya landed on the ground, and Kuroiro smashed his back into the ground from the

sudden separation of the shadows.

Midoriya took his pin and shot him.

"Kuroiro Shihai, deceased."

Tokoyami hissed. Midoriya wasn't having a problem with them at all. In fact, it was almost as if he had *known* that they would make specific pairings all along.

Tokoyami shook his head, and lucky for him, Dark Shadow blocked a few pellets form hitting the vest. But Uraraka and Yanagi weren't so lucky.

"Uraraka Ochako, deaceased."

Uraraka had gotten hit, and Yanagi had dodged the attacks.

"Tokoyami, break it!" Yanagi kicked a canister of ammo towards him, and Tokoyami immediately scooped it up and tossed it to Dark Shadow, who broke it apart. Yanagi immediately took control of them, and with the flick of her finger, she fired all ten pellets at Midoriya at the same time.

Eleven bangs were heard, followed by an "Yanagi Reiko, deceased."

Yanagi gazed downwards, noticing that there was a red patch on her vest, right above where her heart should be. She turned to look at Midoriya, and found him reloading his gun, with not a single trace of paint on him.

"What... happened...?" She asked.

"It was too fast... I think he shot your shots." Tokoyami replied as Midoriya hammered away and Dark Shadow, not letting them get the chance to fight back.

Midoriya grabbed Dark Shadow's class, and threw him against the wall, before shooting Tokoyami, who was straining to keep Dark Shadow sustained.

"Tokoyami Fumikage, deceased."

Midoriya grabbed the remaining pins he didn't manage to get, before moving on.

Kill Count, twenty eight out of twenty eight . Pins collected, twenty eight out of twenty eight.

Awase thought they were well armed. Yaoyorozu had made an assortment of weapons, all miniature. Then, Kodai had used her quirk to enlarge them to a usable size, and Awase put together any moving parts he made.

Jiro had a new amplification on her speakers. Most of the others were armed with tools of some sort of material made by Yaoyorozu, stronger and lighter than most other materials.

Shishida had gotten a light scolding from Yaoyorozu on underestimating Midoriya, before they had actually started to plan how to take him down. Assuming he was able to take down the other groups.

Most of the 1-B students were confident that Midoriya wouldn't make it to the sixth floor, but Yaoyorozu had insisted on making a plan, and a back up plan.

They were so glad she did when Midoriya charged into the room, and fired at Awase, who barely managed to dodge.

Jiro blasted him with sound, but Midoriya dodged the attempt. He leapt upwards and spun, trying to hit Shishida, but the larger student was faster than he looked and managed to get out of the way in time. Midoriya ended up slamming his foot into the ground, leaving a small crater in his wake.

Awase gulped. *Shit.*

Midoriya immediately turned and leapt at Shishida, flipping him over with his momentum and getting a shot in. It splattered on Shishida's arm, and he hissed and lashed back. Midoriya leapt back, and fired off a shot that hit its mark, right on his chest.

"Shishida Jurota, deceased."

Midoriya charged at Yaoyorozu, who created a staff to use against him. However, she had no idea that it was exactly what Midoriya wanted her to do, and he snatched the staff out of her grasp and while she was off balance, he fired right at the small of her back, before shooting Awase and Jiro. Awase had gotten hit, but Jiro blasted out a sound wave in time to protect herself.

"Yaoyorozu Momo, deceased."

"Awase Yosetsu, deceased."

Kodai enlarged the pole she was standing on, and it shot out in length. If Midoriya hadn't reacted in time and jumped over it, he would have gotten his legs impaled. Jiro tried to blast him with sound again, and she held the gun in her hand, ready to shoot once her sound waves no longer interfered with her shot.

But Midoriya pushed through it. He pushed through the vibrating sound waves, and leapt forward, breaking free from it and shooting Jiro, before he turned on the ball of his foot and shot Kodai.

"Jiro Kyoka, deceased."

"Kodai Yui, deceased."

Midoriya quickly and swiftly nabbed the pins from the fallen fighters, before he made his way out, up to the last floor.

Kill Count, thirty three out of thirty three. Pins collected, thirty three out of thirty three.

Bakugou's palms flared up, he kept on setting off small explosions. Bondo had already smeared glue all over the entrance, to endure that Midoriya could not enter. They had already found the item that the "villain" was supposed to find, a stature of a bird with the UA cress on it. Todorki had already froze the statue to the ground and was keeping an eye on the door as Fukidashi looked around carefully.

"He's here." Todoroki softly said, as the fires placed on the outside of the room flickered at the new presence.

Pellets flew out and nailed Bondo. He tried to catch then with his glue, but the damage had already been done.

*"Bondo Kojiro, deceased."*The floor was covered with glue, and all of them had to be careful not step on steps.

Bakugou blasted himself over the glue, but Midoroya grabbed his arms, took his pin and flipped him over, getting a face full of glue.

Lucky for him, the glue was one of the slippery ones, meant to trip people, instead of trapping or sticking people. He didn't like the taste of it anyways. "Deku! Stop fucking with me!" He roared, wiping the glue off his face, firing off an explosion.

This entire group had given up on trying to hit Midoriya with a weapon that they were all inexperienced in using.

No. They decided to try and knock him out with their quirks, or at the very least, try to restrain him. Todoroki and Bakugou fought him in the Sports Festival, and both of them had confirmed, reinforced, and swore (Bakugou very literally swearing out a string of cuss words) that Midoriya was way too fast for them to try and mow him down with a gun, especially if it was a paint ball gun. The best they could do was use their quirks to their advantage, try to confuse him, but even then, Bakugou explained that even that may not make it easier for them.

If his performance on Monday was anything, confusing and disorientating him was digging their own grave. He was on strict orders from Aizawa to not push himself too much, but he may just well injure himself in his confusion, or lash out at whatever moved.

And with Bondo already "dead", they lost access to one of the best trapping quirks.

"Tch." Todoroki hissed. Midoriya was standing between his group of Fukidashi and the group of Kirishima and Bakugou, so he couldn't use his quirks without hurting his teammates.

"Die!" Bakugou roared, and threw one of his grenades at Midoriya.

"What are you - Bakugou!" Kirishima yelled, picking Bakugou up and they ducked behind a pile of debris.

Midoriya dodged the grenade, and kicked the still-not-detonated device towards Fukidashi, and dove behind a pile of crates.

It exploded, and Fukidashi didn't have any time to react. Todoroki barely managed to protect himself by putting up an ice wall in time.

Apparently, the grenades were filled with mostly paint pellets, and just enough sweat to explode.

"Fukidashi Manga, deceased."

Todoroki promptly froze the entire statue. At the very least, he wasn't going to let Midoriya get the target objective of the exercise.

Bakugou growled. Of course Midoriya would have experience with grenades. Why wouldn't he!?

Kirishima shot forward, and tried to hit Midoriya, but he just jumped to the side to dodge, letting Kirishima stumble past him, before kicking him in the back, towards Todoroki. He managed to catch himself in time, and whirled around to attack back, but Midoriya was right in his face, punching him before he could harden himself again, and he crashed into Todoroki in a heap.

"DIE DEKU!" Bakugou roared, and Midoriya turned around, not expecting Bakugou to have appeared right behind him, explosions popping on his palm.

Midoriya couldn't do anything. He had nowhere to dodge unless he wanted to risk tripping over Bondo and Fukidashi, he had the two dazed students at his back and an explosive teen to his front.

He got an explosion to the face.

"Yesh! He got a hit in!" Kirishima cheered, pulling himself and Todoroki to their feet.

The smoke cleared, and they found Midoriya blinking and rubbing his eyes.

His ears were ringing. His vision was blurry. He could smell smoke.

No no no no no! He got out, didn't he?! Why couldn't he see anything?! Why did his ears hurt!?

Midoriya couldn't help it. His heart started racing, and his breaths came quicker, as he desperately tried to control his panic attack.

Something in front of him moved, and with a feral screech, Midoriya charged forwards, swinging his gun and nailing the figure in the face.

Kirishima immediately charged out to Bakugou's defence, but Midoriya sidestepped him and kicked him in the gut.

"The shit, Deku!?" Bakugou snarled, stumbling back, but Midoriya pressed on the offensive, swinging his fists, his feet kicking out, twisting and turning elegantly as he dodged attacks and nailed his own blows with deadly accuracy. It was like a dance, except for the fact that Midoriya looked like he was panicking and was looking around blindly, blinking, unseeing.

"Midoriya, are you -" Todoroki tried to call out in concern, but Midoriya slid to the ground, skidding past Kirishima, the gun twirling in his hand as he got closer to Todoroki. Todoroki tried to move, but the wave of panic and anger that crashed into him, originating from Midoriya, froze him in his tracks.

Midoriya aimed the gun at him, and fired.

"Todoroki Shouto, deceased."

Midoriya yelped at the robotic voice, and randomly fired shots in the direction of the sound.

Kirishima and Bakugou tried to dodge the sudden volley of pellets that rained in their direction, but Kirshima activated his quirk,

which wasn't useful in protecting the vest from getting hit by pellets.

"Kirishima Eijiro, deceased."

Midoriya shot forward, gazing about wildly as he swung his first forward. Bakugou caught his fist, but Midoriya used his other arm with the gun and fire a shot at Bakugou, who used the gauntlet on his arm to block it. He gave another incoherent screech, and suddenly pivotted on his heel, grappling Bakugou and flipping him over completely.

If we got out... then where is -Midoriya tensed up when the realisation hit him. That means -

"Deku!" Bakugou roared, putting his arms backwards and blasting forwards, destroying the ice that Todoroki used in his attempt to protect the statue from the villain.

He slammed into the confused teen, tackling Midoriya around his waist, both of them tumbling to the ground.

What's wrong with him? Bakugou growled internally. *He's not acting like he was. Deju's strategic. He's acting like he doesn't know what's going on.*

"Fight me properly! Stop holding back!" Bakugoi screeched, pushing Midoriya's face down as his head collided into the ground.

Bakugou felt a sharp pain flare up his index and middle finger, and hissed.

Midoriya had bitten him, of all things. Those ysharp canines weren't just for show. Midoria gave a feral hiss, before he used that moment to punch Bakugou in the gut, and twisted around to kick him into the wall. He fired off a few more random shots, until his visions suddenly cleared, and he stared at horror at the carnage the room was in.

"Bakugou Katsuki, deceased. All heroes have been taken down."

Kill Count, thirty eight out of thirty eight. Pins collected, thirty

four out of thirty eight.

Fukidashi was covered head to toe in red paint, still dazed from the powerful explosion that he was hit with.

Bondo was sitting at the side, and under hid mask, Midoriya couldn't tell what he was feeling.

Kirishima was nursing his bruises, splotches of red contrasting the black bruises he had obtained.

Todoroki was huffing, trying to catch his breath as he leaned against his ice.

Bakugou was lying on the ground, coughing and wheezing, covered in splotches of red paint.

It's just paint. Midoriya told himself.

But the red reminded him of something else.

Blood.

We got out we got out we got out -

Where's Toshi?

Midoriya desperately tried to calm himself down. Panicking wasn't gonna help anyone.

What if he was dead?!

But he wasn't, right? No. We got out. We're fine. We're having a heroics class now. I just transferred.

"Hey, the exercise is over - Midoriya?" Monoma called out, before he observed the shell shocked boy who had tucked himself into the corner of the room, his main objective laid forgotten on the ground.

Midoriya turned to face the source of the sound, and looked at Monoma, his arms slightly burnt from using Bakugou and Todoroki's quirk, with red splotches on his shirt and pants.

He couldn't help but remember what the villains said.

"It's pretty amazing how you're still alive and kicking."

Midoriya bit back a hiss of pain as a knife was shoved into his gut.

"You really are a monster, aren't ya?"

He knew he shouldn't listen to the villains.

But his classmates and friends were covered in red. Everyone was on the opposing team.

He did this.

"Get away from me!" Midoriya growled in Monoma's direction, and he took a step back in fear.

"Monoma, what's taking so - " Kendo was interrupted when Midoriya faced her and hissed, stopping her and the other students behind her in their tracks.

Midoriya's gaze swept around, eyeing everyone warily. All of them were covered in red paint, and like Fukidashi, Kendo was also covered head to toe in red.

I did this.

Midoriya backed away slowly, panicking as his back hit the wall. He slowly slid down the wall, grasping his head as he tried to calm his own thoughts.

"Midoriya -" Monoma reached out again.

"Get away from me!" Midoriya yelled, "I killed you! I'm a monster. Just... leave me alone!"

"Get away from him, Monoma." Aizawa's voice rang out, as he pushed his way through the crowd of students, "Slowly. Put your hands down and back away. No sudden movements. Keep your eyes on him, don't turn around. Just carefully move backwards towards us."

Midoriya eyed Monoma as he slowly backed away, and it was obvious the tension in his shoulders was leaking away bit by bit. Monoma realised something. Aizawa was asking him to treat Midoriya like he was a scared animal that felt threatened. And that actually made a lot of sense... and given that Midoriya had literally just escaped from a situation similar to this... no wonder Midoriya felt on edge. Monoma was starting to get worried about Midoriya's mental state, though.

Shinsou was being carried by Yamada, and it was obvious he was unnerved by the chaos and the amount of red that covered the students. Aizawa didn't want him to see this. He had no idea who decided red was a good colour for paintball, and even the gun he originally shot from used blue paint pellets. Someone either wanted to make this seem as realistic as possible, or just wanted to play a sick prank. He really hoped it was the former, because if it wasn't, he was ready to commit murder.

They had noticed, and heard Midoriya start screeching, and immediately started making their way to deal with Midoriya. Yagi was left in the surveillance room, as they all realised that Yagi's presence made Midoriya uneasy and even more volatile.

Kan had stopped on the lower floors to take charge of the confused students, letting Yamada, Shinsou and Aizawa hurry forward before someone else got hurt, from either Midoriya lashing out in his confusion and panic, or him hurting himself.

Aizawa felt so, so angry and disappointed in himself. None of them had planned for Midoriya to be awake in time for this joint lesson, and didn't think to change the lesson plan because of Midoriya's sudden inclusion.

He didn't take Midoriya's mental state into consideration. He didn't check the weapons before the lesson. He knew that Midoriya was still sensitive about everything, that he was angry and wanted to prove himself, but still let him participate even though Shuzenji said he wasn't at a hundred percent at his emotions were a wreck.

Aizawa felt like he had failed his kid.

"Izuku. Stand down." Aizawa called out, swallowing down his emotions, but Midoriya just flinched and pushed himself even further against the wall.

"I killed them. I can't -"

"It's a game. It's just paint. No one is dead." Aizawa tried to reassure him. 1-A noted that Aizawa used the word game. He expelled two students for not being serious in the quirk assessment test, and for treating it like a game. But no one really minded that much. They just wanted him to get Midoroya under control and not paint-trigger happy.

"What if it was real?! I don't wanna kill anyone -"

"We told you to treat them like enemies. You were supposed to do this. What if you were up against villains."

"I don't wanna kill villains either! Some of them had no other way, some were forced into it, or they just made poor choices. They deserve a second chance -"

"Problem child." Aizawa snapped, "This was an exercise. This is your second chance!"

"I don't deserve a second chance!" Midoriya yelped, pressing his hands against his head. "I'm a failure. I hurt my friends. It took me far too long to find Hitoshi. I don't deserve anything!"

The hero course students, while still fearful of Midoriya, couldn't help but pity him. His declaration of war seemed like it was for him to prove that he deserved his place in the hero course. He wanted to prove that he was capable of being a hero despite being quirkless. despite what everyone said about him or thought about him, despite being a vigilante who was walking on the very border between being an actual vigilante and doing his own things legally.

But he failed to convince everyone. His performance at the Sports Festival proved he knew what he was doing. The teachers, everyone in the hero course, normal heroes, pretty much everyone knew how strong he was, how much more skilled and experienced he was,

how capable he was. But he only managed to convince everyone but himself. The staggering lack of self esteem and confidence he had in himself was utterly shocking.

It was almost as if he was just pushing forwards for Shinsou's sake.

Aizawa sighed. His problem child wasn't letting him get close.

Time for the back up plan.

"Hitoshi. You remember what I said?"

It took some time for Shinsou to realise that Aizawa was talking to him, and he nodded.

Shinsou was sad, and very upset that Midoriya felt this way. He was the best thing that every happened to him, and seeing him break down bit by bit made his heart ache.

He didn't know how to fix it. But Aizawa did. So he wasn't going to be rash. Aizawa, Yamada, and Nezu knew what Shinsou's quirk was, after Nezu had done his digging into Shinsou's family background, and found out what his quirk was. A brainwashing quirk was no doubt powerful, and yet, due to the Puppeteer, a mysterious villain with the power to control people, and many other past villains with similar powers, the poor child had been discriminated since birth, especially since even his mom didn't want him and abandoned him for it.

"Toshi?" Midoriya had looked up at the mention of Shinsou's name by Aizawa, his throat going dry at the thought that Shinsou had seen him break down.

"Izu..."

"Don't -"

Midoriya stopped mid sentence, and Shinsou hissed at the usage of his quirk. He used his quirk before, yes, on Midoriya, yes. But those times were when he was younger, and he had permission from Midoriya to use his quirk. It was mostly just to test the limits of his quirk, like how long he could control him without getting a minor

headache, or how much force was needed to snap him out of it. Shinsou never liked his quirk, but he accepted it because the quirk was his. Midoriya made it very clear that he wasn't bad because his quirk was bad, and that his quirk wasn't even bad in the first place, given that at any time, any other quirk could be villainous when used in the wrong way. Heck, even while quirkless, Midoriya himself was powerful and smart enough to give heroes a run for their money.

Shinsou didn't want to use his quirk on his older brother, of all people, but Aizawa told him that using it would help Midoriya. And he was okay with doing anything as long as it made Midoriya feel better.

Midoriya relaxed, his head in a foggy daze. Shinsou lunged at him, wrapping his brother in a hug, the sudden contact snapping Midoriya out of Shinsou's control. He quickly wrapped his arms around Shinsou on instinct to prevent him from falling and maybe injuring himself.

"I'm sorry you had to see me like this." Midoriya choked on his own words, drooping as guilt pooled and churned in his stomach. Disappointment dripped from his words. "I'm not capable doing anything right."

Shinsou pressed his head against Midoriya's neck, and all the tension leaked out of Midoriya completely. He leaned back against the wall, drained completely of energy, and Shinsou leaned against him. He slumped backwards like a deflated balloon, and melted completely as Shinsou nuzzled him like a cat.

"Silly Izu. You're the best big brother ever."

Midoriya wrapped his arms around Shinsou, and Aizawa moved forwards, and crouched down to check on his problem child.

"I hurt them, Toshi. I hurt my classmates and Kacchan and I almost killed them and - Oh gods what if it was a real gun!? What if - I'm sorry, Toshi."

Shinsou didn't say a word, and just kept his arms wrapped around

his brother, trying his best to comfort him as he was on the verge of breaking down again.

"Calm down, Izuku. How are you feeling now?"

"I don't know. Tired? Confused? I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing. Jeez. You didn't even do anything wrong."

Ï... I didn't? You're not mad that I shot them and - "

Bakugou could only grit his teeth as he saw how Midoriya was acting. He wasn't like this. Midoriya was strong. He was strong, and he shouldn't let something like this affect him. It was just an exercise, and he had no idea why he was getting so worked up about it.

"Izuku, cool it. You spent the last few years stressing yourself over things a kid your age shouldn't even be thinking about. The last ten months, you've been running yourself raw, trying to find Hitoshi, and not even getting any proper rest at all. You don't eat properly, you don't rest, and now your body and brain is suffering for it. Your body is still confused, and the fact that you had to heal from some major injuries does not help at all. Now, you're stressing out over something understandable, given what you've been through, but you need to calm down before we can try to help you. This was a bad idea on my part, letting you participate in lessons before we even managed to assess your mental state. I apologise for that." Aizawa said.

"No! I can't... I can't afford to miss anything else!"

"We'll catch you up during the internship break. For now, I'm bringing you to Recovery Girl. Anyone else with life threatening injuries, or broken bones, come with me. Everyone else stays here for All Might's debriefing." Aizawa ordered. "And no protesting, Problem Child. You already have enough on your plate. Just shut up and let someone else do the worrying for once in your life."

Aizawa sighed as they finally managed to get his problem child calmed down. He picked him and Shinsou up, and gesturing to

Bakugou, who had broken fingers, courtesy of Midoriya, he led them out to Shuzenji's office.

After Copy

Kan and Yamada finally managed to wrangle all the confused students back into the surveillance room.

"Alright. How do you think the exercise went?" Yagi asked. He felt horrible that Midoriya had ended up breaking down during the exercise, and even more so combined with the fact that as All Might, he had told this same kid eight years ago that he could not be a hero while quirkless.

All the remaining students were looking ar each other uneasily, or staring at their feet. None of them wanted to speak up, until Kendo bravely raised her hand and said, "I... think that we underestimated him. He said he was quirkless, and even though most of us knew that he was able to hold himself in a fight, we subconsciously held back."

"Okay. Who agrees with Young Kendo here?"

The students stayed quiet, until one by one, hands who up into the air. The only ones who didn't raise their hands were Monoma, Kirishima, Tetsutetsu, Todoroki and Yaoyorozu.

"Alright. Anything else?"

Kamakiri was next, "We weren't in sync. We made plans, but once something went wrong, we just got in each other's way. Midoriya was able to use our confusion against us."

"That is a good point, Young Kamakiri." Yagi nodded. "You have never worked together before, while I did see you trying to coorperate with each other, this is a very vital skill to have. Can anyone tell me why?"

"Heroes from different agencies may have to work together, without any prior experiences beforehand." Yaoyorozu replied.

"Correct. If you don't work together and sync properly, you may very well hurt your comrades instead. Young Fukidashi, would you like to say something?"

"Bakugou threw a grenade at Midoriya, but he kicked it at Todoroki and I. Todoroki was able to protect himself, but if it were a real battle I don't think I would be here." Fukidashi said sheepishly. He was still covered in paint, but Yaoyorozu had very politely created some towels for him to wipe himself off, and Todoroki had melted his ice to clean off more of the paint.

"Great. Vlad King, do you have anything to add?" Yagi asked. He was a newbie at teaching, and almost everything that was part of the lesson plan was blown way off because of Midoriya's performance.

"Do you have anything to say in regards of quirks?" Kan asked. Most of the students just stared at him blankly.

"We made the groups based on how well our quirks would mesh together." Monoma said, "Like Tokoyami and Kuroiro, Tetsutetsu and Kaminari, Uraraka and Yanagi, Yaoyorozu and Kodai, and Iida and Shoda. But they weren't as affective as we thought they would be."

"Actually, I don't mean to interrupt, but it wasn't that your team ups were ineffective. In fact, Izuku was able to predict them." Yamada interjected, taking out a piece of paper that he had stuffed in his pocket. In Midoriya's neat yet messy handwritting, they were able to make out some words, and apparently, Midoriya had thought of way more combinations than they had.

"Kuroiro, Tokoyami, increased range from Dark Shadow, travel through black or shadows, surprise attack."

"Uraraka, Yanagi, weight limit for control, zero gravity negates weakness, unlimited control. No mass, strong force overpowers quirk."

"Yaoyorozu Creation, limited by lipids. Kodai increases size, can make more. Moving parts, welding quirk. Work with Uraraka and Yanagi for remote detonation/ attacks?"

"Iida, speed Twin Impact. Higher speed equals more force. Increased impact."

"Shoda and Kuroiri Tokoyami? Increased speed Twin Impact? Kuroiri seems faster in darkness."

"Steel conducts electricity. Tetsutetsu, Kaminari, enhanced strength electricity?"

"Spores conduct electricity? Komori Kaminari, electricity in air to trap?"

"Todoroki freezes vine tips to strengthen them?"

"Aoyoma's laser Hagakure's diffraction? Not compatible with Kuroiro."

"Solid Air sphere with spores Explosion? Bomb, maybe Yanagi to move?"

"Kacchan's rash. Will keep on attacking. Todoroki most likely to use ice, fire not good in enclosed space. Kirishima quirk hardens, will not protect vest. Jiro's sound also vibrates building, no high frequency."

"Monoma can work with any depending on borrowed quirk. No quirks that required stockpiling. Major mutations?"

There were a lot more ineligible scribbling, but they were all impressed by how he managed to think of so many combinations on the fly, strengths and weaknesses, how he managed to nitpick and figure out every small, usually unnoticable detail about their quirks, and how to use them.

And how small Midoriya's handwriting was.

"Analysis is Izuku's greatest strength. And it's a skill that can be picked up, though isn't easy. Aizawa and I talked to him before, and I believe that because he's quirkless, he tried to find ways to put himself on par with the others with quirks to even the playing grounds. By analysing quirks, even if he didn't become a combat hero that fought directly, he can aid other heroes in taking down villains by figuring out their weaknesses. By training himself in close combat and weapons usage, he is able to use his analysis abilities to defeat you."

"How do you even know him so well?" Kan asked, accusingly.

"Well... it's a funny story, really." Yamada laughed, "He took down a villain Aizawa was hunting, six years ago. You remember him complaining about that and we all though he was on a caffine high?"

"Yep. Now that you mention it, that long ago?"

"Not really. We encountered him another time, but he recognised me in my civillain outfit, which made Nezu start digging into it but still coming up empty handed. He's a good kid, luckily. Cheeky and sassy and sometimes rude, but a good kid nonetheless." Yamada laughed.

Kan blanched at the thought that Midoriya was smart enough to even evade Nezu, even if Nezu wasn't really putting much thought into it.

The students just stared at their teachers blankly. Even Yagi seemed slightly confused, being a new teacher in UA and all.

"He's scary." Tsuburaba grumbled, "We're lucky this is just an exercise and he's just a mock villain. We'll be dead in minutes."

"But he's really nice. He may be rude sometimes, but Midoriya's really manly!" Kirishima grinned.

"I think he was just mad that some of us didn't think he was capable. He did yell at Bakugou for being worried about him." Uraraka hummed. "I think he's just really eager to prove himself."

Yagi just stayed silent. He didn't know what else to say about Midoriya.

He personally still didn't approve of Midoriya trying to be a hero, but the boy was trying so hard, and was able to prove himself today.

But Yagi still worried. He himself was quirkless, and everyone, even villains, didn't believe in him until the kindred soul in Nana took him in as her successor. Without it, even if he was able to fight

criminals quirkless, no one would take him seriously. Midoriya may be able to earn the title as a hero through technicalities, but if society wouldn't accept it...

He could only wait and see.

After the heroics lesson, some of the students decided to visit Bakugou and Midoriya in the infirmary.

"Deku! Eat your god damned pills!"

"Shut up, Kacchan! You're being noisy!"

"Izuku, just listen to Recovery Girl."

Ashido entered the room, alongside Sero, Kirishima, Uraraka, Iida, Monoma, Kaminari and Tokage.

Midoriya was crossing his arms as he sat on a bed. Aizawa was sighing into his hand as he sat on a chair, Shinsou on his lap, and Bakugou was wearing his uniform and was screeching at Midoriya while sitting on another bed, his two gauntlets and his hero costume strewn on the floor. Shuzenji looked like she was scolding Midoriya, but she wasn't saying a word. More like she was looking at him with a very unimpressed look on her face.

Shinsou got off Aizawa's lap, hopped on the bed and smacked Midoriya lightly on the nose.

"Bad Izu. Eat it."

Midoriya mock glared at Shinsou, and Shinsou returned his gaze. After about five seconds, Midoriya sighed, "Fine."

He popped the antibiotics into his mouth, and swallowed them with some water.

"Ha! You're letting him push you around!" Bakugou cackled.

"Shut up! He's too cute!" Midoriya pouted, as Shinsou laughed and

wrapped his arms around Midoriya's arm.

"Um... hi?" Uraraka asked, hesitant to interrupt the friendly banter.

"Oh... hi Uraraka... and Iida and Ashido and Sero and - "

"Yeah yeah, stop rambling Deku. You still haven't kicked that habit."

"Well you shut it, Kacchan!" Midoriya hissed. "You're still throwing swears back and forth like a maniac!"

"Okay, cut it out. I want to sleep." Aizawa groaned.

"Fine. You win, Dadzawa."

"Dadzawa? PFFFT!" Kaminari and Sero burst out laughing, before pointing at Aizawa who looked like he was stunned into silence, but in actuality he was doing his best to keep a straight face and not turn red in front of the other students. "He's totally a Dadzawa!"

"Stop! It's rude to laugh at your teachers!" Iida berated, "and Midoriya, please stop making fun of Aizawa Sensei! You should respect him!"

"But he likes it!" Midoriya rebutted.

"Just... shut it." Aizawa sighed. "I'm too old for this."

"You're like, thirty, though."

"Exactly."

The group stayed with Midoriya for about an hour, before Bakugou was deemed fit to leave.

"So... why is Bakugou in the infirmary again? He seemed fine to me." Kaminari asked.

"This sucker bit me and broke two fingers." Bakugou pointed at Midoriya.

"I said I'm sorry! I panicked!"

"I know that, nerd! Next time, you better not panic and fight me properly."

"I'll try. Telling me not to panic is ... hard."

"Yeah yeah." Midoriya got his hair ruffled by Bakugou, and he pouted. "Shinsou, you better take care of him."

"Yep! Got it!" Shinsou chirped, patting Midoriya's head, looking really proud of himself.

Uraraka, Tokage and Ashido were too busy screeching internally at Shinsou, and upon Aizawa's request, Iida and Kirishima had to drag them out.

All of them had left, save for Monoma.

"Hey... you ... feeling okay?" Monoma took a seat where Bakugou sat before, and looked at Midoriya solemnly.

"Yeah. I'm fine now." Midoriya nodded.

"Are you gonna get therapy or something? You seem like you were panicking really bad back there."

"Probably." Midoriya paused, and looked away, "It seems really silly, huh? Just looking at red paint, and everyone lying on the ground triggered it. It seems so -"

"Not really." Monoma interrupted, "Given you literally stumbled back into UA covered in your own blood."

The duo fell into silence, the only sound coming from Shinsou's hair swishing through the air as he continuously looked back and forth between them, as if waiting for one of them to continue speaking.

"Thanks for... you know... not saying that quirkless were weak and all that."

"Don't mention it. I know how you feel." Monoma sighed, "You know my quirk, Copy."

Midoriya nodded.

"Well, on its own, it's pretty useless. And you know this already, but my quirk copies the bare essences of the quirk. If I copy, for example, Yaoyorozu's quirk, then my usage of it is limited by how much i already ate." Monoma explained, "It's versatile, but I have a number and time limit."

"I know that. Why are you telling me this?" Midoriya asked, confused.

"Got teased a lot as a kid, people telling me I'm useless on my own." Monoma shrugged. "It's probably not as bad as you, and I did try to strengthen myself. Not as much as you did, obviously."

Monoma looked like he wanted to say something, but was holding himself still.

"The fact is that no one believed that we could be heroes, but here we are, I guess."

Midoriya let out a small laugh.

"Yeah."

They fell into the awkward silence again.

"Sorry for... you know... "killing" you."

"It's just an exercise. Stop beating yourself up over it."

"Monoma, it's late. Go home. You can visit Izuku again tomorrow. Only you, because you're not rowdy and loud like the others." Aizawa sighed. "Problem child, go shower and then eat. Tsukauchi's coming up later."

"Fine. See ya, Midoriya." Monoma stood up, and with a reply of "Bye." from Shinsou and Midoriya, he left the infirmary.

More Panic

Aizawa had brought Shinsou to see Inui, the school's counseller, while Midoriya talked to Tsukauchi. Shinsou wasn't a student, but they all figured that it was better for Shibsou to talk to people with animal quirks, or just animals in general since he wasn't really good with adults.

One prime example was with Kayama. She had popped into the room before hand while Midoriya was napping, and Shinsou completely freaked out until Midoriya woke up and convinced him that she wasn't going to hurt anyone.

Luckily for them, Nezu also knew a bit about psychology, given that he had been the subject of several cruel experiments before, and Shinsou really didn't mind him that much.

The conversation with Inui and Nezu started off fine. Shinsou didn't mind Aizawa listening, and even insisted that Aizawa stayed just in case he activated his quirk by accident. He did try his best to talk, even though they were met with awkward bouts of silence as Shinsou tried to dig up the unpleasant memories, or deliberated on how he was supposed to explain things.

But after around fifteen minutes, they could all tell that Shinsou was getting anxious. He was fidgeting a lot, he kept looking around, he spoke in shorter phrases and sentences. He also started curling in on himself, and no longer looked at any of them in the eye.

At last, he mumbled, "Where... where's Izuku?" He just sounded so miserable, and Aizawa carefully pulled him in for a hug. But that seemed to set something off, and Shinsou started shaking violently. He yelped, and tried to get away from Aizawa, but the pro hero just did his best to restrain Shinsou from moving to prevent him from hurting himself.

"Where's Izu?!" He kept repeating over and over again, and

continuously tried to pry himself away from Aizawa's grasp.

"Izuku's with Tsukauchi now. Do you want to see him now?" Inui asked, but Shinsou didn't seem to hear him as he kept struggling against Aizawa.

"Call Zashi." Aizawa hissed, but Nezu was already dialling Yamada's number. It rang for a few seconds, before someone picked up the phone.

"Principal! Thank goodness. Midoriya's completely flipping out here -"

Kayama was interrupted when they all heard Yamada yelling, *"Izuku! Calm down! Hitoshi's with Shouta, the Principal, Hound Dog. He's perfectly safe."*

"He's panicking again. I think -" She was interrupted again by a pained howl from the panicked green bean.

"Where is he?! Is he okay? I need to make sure he's okay! What if -""Izu!" Upon hearing Midoriya's voice over the phone, Shinsou's struggling had died down significantly, and he yelled over the phone. "Where are you?! I want Izu back."

"Toshi? Where are you now?! I'm gonna come find you!"

"Izuku, no!"

"Don't stop me! I need to find him!"

"No! Stop hurting him," Shinsou shrieked, "Leave him alone!"

"I'm not hurting him! Izuku calm down!" Yamada protested.

"Toshi!"

But Shinsou was starting to freak out again, and Aizawa was trying to do his best to calm him down.

"Stop it stop it stop it!" Shinsou screeched. Aizawa immediately recognised that Shinsou was starting to phase out, and he gently shook him to snap him out of it.

"LEAVE TOSHI ALONE!" Midoriya shrieked over the phone.

"He's gonna hurt himself. Should I knock him out?" Kayama asked.

"No need for that. I'll bring him back as fast as possible." Aizawa promptly replied.

"Go. We can continue this later. Maybe with the both of them together." Nezu ordered, and Aizawa nodded, picking up the slightly calmet but still anxious Shinsou and rushed out of the room.

Inui and Nezu looked at each other, before Inui sighed, and wrote something down in his notebook.

"Separation anxiety, maybe anthropophobia?

"He's scared of adults in particular. He was okay with 1-A, according to Aizawa." Nezu replied, "He has PTSD as well. Both of them."

"So... how are we gonna help em?" Inui asked.

"We need assess Midoriya first, though I heavily suspect that every other fear, phobia and disorder they suffer from stems from their separation anxiety." Nezu sighed.

The questioning had started off decently. Midoriya did have to make Aizawa promise about a hundred times to not leave Shinsou's side, to not leave him alone, not to leave him in dark, and a bunch of other random conditions that he took very, very seriously, sprinkled with threats, before he was willing to let Aizawa bring his little brother for some counselling.

Tsukauchi didn't have that many questions either. Just the general, "What's your name?" or "What's your quirk?", before he started dwelving a little into his vigilante history.

Yamada and Kayama was stationed outside the nurse's office, with Shuzenji staying in the infirmary for the time being to deal with a

student that bruised their knee after falling down some stairs, and another kid with a paper cut.

But once he started asking about the kidnapping, Midoriya became a little angsty. Tsukauchi knew that it was a touchy topic, heck, in fact, Midoriya already stated at the very beginning of the interrogation that he may be a little emotional once they touched on that topic, but heck, he was angsty.

Tsukauchi managed to pry out of him that he had received a letter addressed to his vigilante self, and while he found the irony of it slightly amusing that he had a letter to himself that he couldn't read, he held it in. It wouldn't help Midoriya at all. He had followed its directions, met the villains, had a brief scuffle with them before he was caught.

When he woke up, he was chained up, and he was threatened with Shinsou's wellbeing.

Once he started talking about that, his feet started tapping. His fingers were fidgety, and he was rubbing his arms absentmindedly, as if he was trying to feel for something around his wrists, or in context, trying to pick the imaginary cuffs that he had been chained in.

A few questions in, and Midoriya asked, "Where's... where's Hitoshi?"

Tsukauchi had called Yamada in to answer that question, and upon him telling Midoriya that he was still with Aizawa, Midoriya relaxed, and nodded, though he could see the pain etched on his face.

Tsukauchi managed to ask a few more questions, with the interval between each need for assuring Midoriya that Shinsou was fine becoming shorter and shorter, until they reached the question about Hawks and Enji.

Midoriya had literally snapped, and abruptly stood up in his seat, looking around wildly. He had a crazed look in his eyes, and he slammed his palms on the table and demanded to see Shinsou.

Tsukauchi was at a loss, and didn't know how to calm down the anxious and agitated teen. Yamada had rushed in to attempt to calm him down, but it had ended up with him restraining Midoriya before he was able to bolt out the door.

Yamada's phone had fallen to the ground in the minor scuffle, but Kayama had picked it up when it started ringing. Nezu was on the other side, and apparently, Shinsou was also starting to panic on the other end. There was some shouting, a lot of struggling, and while Midoriya was slightly calmer, when Shinsou started yelling he had panicked again.

They barely managed to make out that Aizawa was bringing Shinsou back.

All they had to do was to hold out until the Erasure Hero got back with the kid.

Yamada was holding Midoriya back, as he screeched incoherently and flailed about. The second Yamada loosened his grip, Midoriya lashed out, smashing his fist into Yamada's face and pushed him away. Kayama immediately stood in front of the door, not letting him pass. Midoriya growled, "Get out of the way."

"I can't do that, Midoriya." Kayama sighed regretfully. You're just gonna hurt yourself and I can't let you do that."

Midoriya just hissed, as he crouched down, ready to fight.

And that was how Aizawa rushed into the room, pushing past Kayama with Shinsou also struggling in his grasp. Yamada was sitting on the floor, covering his bleeding nose, and Tsukauchi was sitting on his chair, confused, and completely at a loss. He deals with hardened criminals, dammit, not panicking teenagers whose first instinct was to lash out and attack.

"Izu!" Shinsou yelped, reaching out for Midoriya the second he saw the older, and it took everything Aizawa to keep a firm grip on the child lest he fall and injure himself.

Heck, wrangling villains is easier than this. Aizawa hissed internally.

Midoriya stopped growling, and immediately rushed up to Aizawa, carefully extracting Shinsou from Aizawa's grip with the gentleness that no one would have associated with Midoriya in his wild, destructive mental state.

Midoriya pulled Shinsou into his chest, carefully running his fingers through the younger's hair as he crumpled ungracefully to the ground.

"Definitely separation anxiety." Nezu nodded, having followed Aizawa after he finished his conversation, riding on Yagi's shoulder's in his All Might form.

"Sorry that he's here. I know that Midoriya has a slight aversion to him, but he wanted to ask Midoriya something and I think it was best to get it out of the way as soon as possible once he calms down." Nezu apologized.

The adults could only watch in silence as Midoriya clutched Shinsou close to his chest, mumbling something none of them could make out, as Shinsou wrapped his arms around Midoriya's neck. The only other sound was Shuzenji kissing Yamada's hand to fix his bloody nose, another indication that a desperate, overprotective Midoriya was not someone that they, or anyone, wanted to deal with.

Tsukauchi didn't really want to question Shinsou, but he didn't really have a choice. Shinsou agreed to it, but both Aizawa and Midoriya had to be right outside the door in the process in case something went wrong.

And no one wanted to refuse anyway. Midoriya was angsty without him, and there was a very high chance that Shinsou might suffer from more post-traumatic stress disorder symptoms again when talking about such a traumatic experience. Shuzenji, Inui and Nezu agreed that they both suffered from separation anxiety, and everything else stemmed from that.

The entire thing took a few minutes, since Shinsou himself was

literally in the dark most of the time, but Tsukauchi was just turning paler and paler when Shinsou mentioned that he realised very late that he was kept in a room with dead, bloody, decaying bodies, or that they wanted to use him to get to Midoriya, or that they sometimes injured the boy in an attempt to force him to their side. He also couldn't help himself from sighing in relief when the entire thing was over, because he just could not believe that there was someone who had so much faith in another person. Shinsou suffered for so long, and never gave up hope that Midoriya would rescue him from his hell, just because he loved him and promised to do so.

Love like that was hard to find, nowadays.

And when the entire thing was over, Tsukauchi couldn't help but smile as Midoriya kept close to Shinsou, never taking his eyes off him even as they argued over whether blue or yellow was a nicer colour.

He was glad that both Midoriya and Shinsou was still able to retain some of the childish innocence that had, quite frankly, been forced out of them too soon.

Tsukauchi didn't really have much to do. Just write a report, submit it, case closed. The villains were mostly taken down by the heroes in Midoriya's escapee rampage, with the only exception being the purple haired leader that was a huge unknown, even amongst the villains. The two villains who had actively participated in Shinsou's kidnapping were dead, cause unknown, but from the security footage Hawks managed to obtain, it was obvious that it wasn't Midoriya, nor the other heroes who killed them. He would have to file a report against Midoriya and Shinsou's parents for obvious child abuse and neglect, but both their mothers were deceased, and Midoriya's father was in jail and Shinsou's father was an unknown villain. The only clue about Shinsou's father was in a letter that Midoriya had read when he found Shinsou, saying he had purple eyes, purple hair, and a brainwashing quirk. He was going to have to do a search in the system for him, but he didn't want to press either kid for more details regarding this.

Meanwhile, Aizawa and Midoriya were talking.

"It's not good for either of you. You know that, Izuku."

"I know." Midoriya sighed, "But as I said, I'm not capable of taking care of him. I let him get kidnapped. I can't... I can't let that happen again. He suffered for ten months because I wasn't strong enough."

"It's not your fault." Aizawa replied, "Things happen. What matters the most is that he's safe now. You're safe now."

"What if it happens again? I can't protect him! What if he hates me for being so weak!? What if -"

"Izuku." Aizawa pulled him in for a hug, and the distressed teenager clung to him for both physical and emotional support, "Hitoshi will never hate you. He can never hate you. You're the best thing that ever happened to him. Something like that won't break the bonds you have. Even if I take him in, without you, you know he's also gonna suffer. Both of you suffer from separation anxiety."

"I... I don't know. Knowing that the villains wanted to get Toshi, not only for his quirk... but also get to me..." He looked like he wanted to cry, "He's a target. Me being with him puts him in more danger!"

Aizawa didn't know what else to say. He was horrible at emotions, and he had no idea how to deal with all the emotional stuff. He just wrapped his arms around his problem child, and never said a word.

Well, if he was so insistent in him taking Shinsou in, then by hook or by crook he was wrangling the green teen into the house as well.

"So, in very plain terms, you're fighting All for One who is apparently immortal or something and has been alive for two hundred years?"

"Yes, and... Wait I didn't even mention All for One? How did you -"

"Please." Midoriya snorted, "And turn back to your skinny form. You only have three hours a day, don't you? Don't waste em on me."

Yagi just stared at him, blinking, before transforming to his normal Yagi form in a poof of white smoke. Tsukauchi, Nezu and Shuzenji were chuckling, seeing a student treating the number one hero like a child. They were there because they were the only ones who knew the truth behind One for All. Shinsou was sitting on Midoriya's lap, and Yagi allowed him to stay because one, seperation anxiety, and two, he, at the least, deserved to know what was going on with Midoriya. Aizawa was standing behind them, and he very subtly demanded to listen in to the conversation, and Yagi did not have the heart the deny the angry future father but still in denial Erasure Hero, especially after how he glared at him yesterday.

"How did you -"

"I know a lot of things." Midoriya replied cryptically, his canines glinting, "Including your birthday, where you live, your blood type -"

He was smacked on the head by Aizawa, who just sighed.

Yagi had no idea how to respond to that.

"Back to the topic on hand, please?" Aizawa groaned exasperatedly.

"And you want me, a kid to be your successor or some shit, to take on that duty for you, and want to give me your quirk?" Midoriya raised his eyebrows.

"Yes." Yagi said, plainly.

"What was your original quirk, then? Who gave it to you?" Midoriya asked, glaring at Yagi as if he was trying to bore into his soul to extract the truth.

"What do you mean?" Yagi stammered.

"Clearly, you know the quirk can be given away. That means someone gave it to you, since clearly you never gave it to anyone before."

Yagi gulped, not just because Midoriya was scary. How was he supposed to tell Midoriya that he used to be quirkless?

"I'm taking your silence as you are quirkless. And Shimura Nana."

Yagi spluttered, and spat out a torrent of blood, to which Midoriya quickly wrapped his arms around Shinsou and Aizawa quickly pulled him away in time.

"Jeez, no wonder you're so skinny. I think you need a blood transfusion."

"I'm sorry," Yagi apologised, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief. "How did you know?"

"Both you and Shimura have similar muscle augmenting quirks. You studied in UA before. Gran Torino worked here for a year to teach you, and two years before that, Shimura passed away. Assuming she passed on the quirk to you, Torino spent a year getting his teaching licence and another year teaching you. And I'm assuming you used to be quirkless because you're embarrassed to reveal it, and that's heavily banking on you being so adversative to me trying to be a quirkless hero."

Nezu clapped his paws, roaring with laughter, while Yagi just stared at Midoroya, stunned into silence.

"Are you sure you don't have an analysis quirk or something?" He managed to stammer out.

"I have two pinky toe joints, Monoma can't copy a quirk from me because I don't have a quirk, and Aizawa Sensei can't sense a quirk in me. It's very, very highly probably that I don't have a quirk, nor do I have the capacity to develop one." Midoriya shrugged, before he turned serious.

"I had my suspicions, but this cemented it. It makes sense, what you told me eight years ago. I can forgive you for what you said, given context, but I will never forget it. I want to prove you, and everyone else wrong, and to do that, I cannot, I will not accept your offer. I do hope you can find a decent successor. I would recomend Kacchan, cause he has the drive to become stronger, but he'll kill me and say that taking your quirk is cheating. Maybe Kirishima, or Togata, you know, Lemillion, the one who interns under Sir

Nighteye. He's in 3-A."

Yagi was starting to wonder just how much Midoriya knew, how he obtained his information, and how the heck he managed to retain so much information in his brain.

"Also, keep in contact with your mentor and your former sidekick." Midoriya grinned.

A knock on the door was heard, and Shuzeji opened the door. Yagi quickly dived behind the curtain in a panic as Monoma poked his head in, completely forgetting that no one else knew that he was All Might.

Shinsou and Midoriya burst into laughter upon seeing Yagi act like an idiot.

"Um... can I see Midoroya? Aizawa Sensei said I could visit him. Am I interrupting something?"

"No. We were just finishing up." Aizawa sighed pushing Midoriya towards the door, elicting a squeak from him. "Go eat, Problem Child."

"Fine. Bye Dad." Midoriya grinned, dodging another smack to his head by a slightly red Aizawa, before he bolted out the door with Shinsou firmly in his grasp, their laughter echoing throughout the room.

All of them stared at each other in silence.

"Does... he hate me? I have a feeling he does." Yagi asked.

"He used to dislike you, but I guess he's okay with you know. That's just his messed up way of showing that he cares." Aizawa sighed, before following Midoriya out the door.

"Are you sure they're not related?" Yagi asked Nezu, turning to the smaller principal.

"My my, Toshinori, aren't you asking a lot of questions today?" Nezu grinned, "They're definately not genetically related. But if Aizawa

wasn't so ready to adopt him, I myself would have taken him in as a student. Wait... maybe I still can do so..."

Yagi blanched. Midoriya was already bad enough. Couple with training from Nezu...

Ouch.

"Is Aizawa Sensei your dad or something?" Monoma asked, as he, Midoriya and Shinsou walked briskly to the cafeteria.

"Nah. But it's fun to tease him." Midoriya grinned.

"You're probably the one who would dare to tease him." Monoma sighed, "I heard he expelled two students this year on the first day"

"Yeah. He did." Midoriya nodded, "Last year, he expelled the entire class of 1-A, so there's no 2-A this year. He usually expels around... five or six students a year?"

"You sure he won't expel you?" Monoma asked, raising his eyebrow at the bubbly teen.

"Yeah. He expels those with no potential, not for bad behaviour or stuff like that. Otherwise, Kacchan would have been expelled for swearing, Iida for yelling sometimes, Ashido and Kaminari for being too noisy, and Hagakure for... well... encouraging walking around naked." Midoriya shrugged, "If he wanted to expel me, he would have done so long ago."

"You seem to be on pretty good terms with him, as with Mic Sensei."

"We go way back.. maybe give or take five or six years?" Midoriya replied, "At first it was just as Eraser Head and Akatani. Then Mic Sensei saw me once and then... yeah."

They finally got to the cafeteria, and Bakugou waved him over to the tables where 1-A and 1-B and one Hatsume Mei were seated. They were all mingling, students from each class were talking to

each other, and it seemed like the animosity between them had disappeared.

Shinsou clambered up the seat next to Bakugou, and Midoriya sat beside him, Monoma on the side opposite them. Bakugou pushed over a bowl of cool soba, and Midoriya stared at him questioningly. Bakugou smacked him on the head, "Mic Sensei took over homeroom, and said you would join us for lunch. Told us to get you food so you won't have to queue. Don't know why, cause you didn't come for lessons so shouldn't you come get food earlier?"

"Um... interrogation." Midoriya pointed out, "Had another panic attack. Broke Mic Sensei's nose. We got diagnosed with separation anxiety and a lot of other things that would get triggered as a result of it. According to Recovery Girl, as long as we stick together, we should be fine."

Midoriya took a mouthful of soba, before Shinsou took a bite.

"Midoriya!" Hatsume latched onto Midoriya's back, and he would have choked if he hadn't already heard her and expected her to do so.

"Yes?"

"Any support items in mind?! Power Loader Sensei told us you were transferred, and told me to come ask you if you needed anything!"

Midoriya's eyes lit up, and he said, "Actually, I do! I have some ideas, and I have a few prototypes at home! If Aizawa Sensei lets, me, maybe I'll bring them over, along with the blue prints! I'm sure you'll also have other methods to make them stronger and lighter!"

"That I bet I do!" She proudly grinned, before they started talking about hydraulic pumps and energy saving and solar panels and a bunch of other complicated stuff that no one knew about.

"Won't making it thinner make it weaker?" Shinsou interjected at one point, making Hatsume pause in her speech and turn to look at him.

She detached herself from Midoriya when she caught sight of

Shinsou, and with a squeal, immediately picked him up and spun him around, ignoring the yelp in protest that Shinsou made.

"Oh my god! You're adorable!"

"Hatsume! You can't do that!" Midoriya expertly plucked Shinsou out of her grip, and Shinsou blinked a few times, trying to shake the dizziness out of his eyes and to get his bearings.

"Aww. But he's so cute!" Hatsume pouted.

Midoriya introduced Shinsou to Hatsume, and then the rest of the heroic class students.

"How long are you guys gonna recover?" Bakugou asked. "You know, from your separation anxiety?"

The entire table fell silent. Heck, even the noisy, overly excited Hatsume kept her mouth shut, as they all turned upon hearing the crude question from Bakugou.

"Come on! You can't be a hero if you're just gonna cling to each other all the time." Bakugou snorted, upon seeing Midoriya's stunned expression, "I get that he's still a kid, but you can't just worry about him all the time -"

He was immediately met with a smack in the nose by Shinsou. He looked at the toddler, bewildered, that he actually smacked him.

"Bad Kacchan. The nurse said it takes time."

Midoriya stared at Bakugou, before he burst out laughing.

The rest of the students erupted into chaos.

"You can't just ask something like that!" Iida interjected. "Where are your manners!"

"Shinsou just... ha ha ha... smacked him!" Kaminari and Ashido roared with laughter.

Somehow, the ruckus transformed into some sort of messed up

game of truth and dare, with the punishment being a smack on the face by the nearest person. Bakugou called bullshit, but then he got smacked by Midoriya for swearing, and then he ended up getting roped into it as well.

"Bakugou, truth or dare!"

"Dare!"

"Drink this!" Kirishima passed over a cup of tea, and Bakugou drank the whole thing in one gulp, "If you're trying to make it salty, add more salt!"

The game kept on going, and Aizawa, sitting in a corner, noticed how the entire group tried to steer the game away from his two kids, taking the attention off them as they started doing idiotic things.

He smiled internally when he saw Shinsou giggle when Kaminari shocked himself silly, and when Midoriya laughed when Sero had no choice but to admit that he had tried to be Spiderman and ended up swinging into a tree.

The game was broken up when Hagakure dumped a bucket of water on Ashido, but from the reactions of the two much calmer kids, Aizawa could only sigh in exasperation at the mess they made.

Some students had visited Midoriya in the infirmary again after lessons, until Aizawa had to chase them out again. Ashido and Hagakure had started screaming, and then Iida started screamed at them to quieten down, until eventually Shuzenji decided that they were too noisy and Aizawa had to make them leave.

The next day had passed without much of a problem. A good friend of Shuzenji's, a doctor with a quirk that allowed her to identify mental disorders, had popped over to UA, and had diagnosed them with severe separation anxiety and post traumatic stress disorder, and confirmed that everything else, like Shinsou's anthropophobia, was a result of them being disorientated and panicked.

They went out to have lunch with the other students again, had a few more check ups, and before long, it was Saturday. Aizawa was sending the other students off for their hero internships, and Midoriya and Shinsou accompanied them because Aizawa mentioned that he wanted to do something with them when they left the train station.

They did not expect Aizawa to lead them right back to their house.

"Sensei, how do you know where I live?"

"Bakugou." Aizawa replied, as Midoriya unlocked the door.

Aizawa peered inside, taking notice that the living room was slightly charred, and that the place was a mess. Books were strewn on the ground, the couch was slanted, clothes were on the floor, and everything was generally all over the place.

"Whoops... I guess I never cleared up these ten months..." Midoriya chucked sheepishly.

"Go pack your things. If I don't see more four bags here, then I'm gonna help you pack." Aizawa ordered.

"I told you, Toshi doesn't have much." Midoriya huffed, and Shinsou's eyes widened in shock as he realised just what was going on.

"Wait! No! I don't wanna leave!" Shinsou yelped, and Midoriya crouched down and carefully swept his hair aside.

"I'm sorry, Toshi. I don't want you to get hurt because I'm incapable of taking care of you."

"But Izu is the best!"

Aizawa just sighed into his hand, "When I said that, I meant both of you pack. You're coming along whether you like it or not, Izuku."

Midoriya and Shinsou turned to face him, completely bewildered, before Midoriya tackled Aizawa in a hug.

"I'm coming with you!?"

"I thought that was a given already."

"But... aren't the two of us gonna be too much of a burden?" Midoriya asked, "And -"

"Don't be silly. It's not a burden if I want to take you in." Aizawa rolled his eyes, "Go get packing before I'm forced to go up there myself."

In the end, because Midoriya was still clinging to Aizawa like a koala, and Shinsou seemed to still be processing what had happened and just what was going on, Aizawa had dragged the both of them to their room. He was in complete disbelief when it only took them a few minutes to take out a few sets of clothing, Midoriya's uniforms. Heck, it took them longer to clear up all the scrap metal, tools and other random items that were strewn about the room, and he was completely infuriated that the two kids only had three bags of stuff between them.

"Ok. Grab your stuff. Let's go."

He was bringing them home, and then they were going shopping. With Yamada. He hated shopping, and Yamada was a riot at malls, but he knew he had no sense of taste, and without Yamada pushing them to actually get stuff, both kids would be way too shy to actually ask for something. As he walked back to his home, Midoriya and Shinsou were oddly silent.

"You.. okay?" Aizaw turned back, concerned.

"Why... do you want to take us in?"

He wasn't expecting that question from Shinsou.

"What?"

Shinsou looked up at Aizawa seriously, and clung to Midoriya's arm nervously as he continued, "Adults don't like me. My mom didn't want me. People don't like Izu. His mom didn't care about him. Izu was the only one who ever cared. So why... why do you care so

much?"

It was words like that struck Aizawa right in the heart, reminding him why he wanted to take them in so much. It reminded him that Shinsou wasn't just a child who had been kidnapped, but had also suffered since he was a baby for a quirk he didn't ask for. Midoriya was a kid forced to mature far too soon, too young.

Aizawa bent down to wipe away the tears that were welling up, "Hitoshi, just because most adults don't care, doesn't mean all of them don't care. I care. Hizashi cares. It was just unfortunate that you ended up with people who didn't want to love you two. I can assure you that neither of us are gonna be like them and abandon you. We won't leave unless you ask us to. Okay? I know you won't be able to forget how you were treated by everyone else, but we won't let that happen ever again, okay?"

With a stifle, and a small nod, Aizawa gave a small smile.

"Do you want me to carry you?"

Shinsou looked hesitantly at Midoriya, who just looked relieved and tired and mouthed at him, "Your choice."

He turned back to Aizawa, and nodded, and the pro hero just picked the small kid up, and placed him on his shoulders. Shinsou leaned forward, and Aizawa grabbed his legs to prevent him from falling. Midoriya sped up, walking right next to Aizawa, and Shinsou gave a small squeal in delight as he reached down from his elevated vantage point to run his hand through Midoriya's hair.

It wasn't long before they dissolved into some silly conversation again, and Aizawa just sighed internally.

These kids needed to heal. And Aizawa was gonna do his best to help them.

Feather

Shopping with Yamada was torture.

Adding Kayama made it about a hundred times worse.

But it was a sacrifice that Aizawa was willing to make.

Yamada and Kayama had literally dragged the two confused boys to the mall, Aizawa tagging behind quietly. They pushed them into a clothes shop, and Midoriya and Shinsou could only watch in bewilderment as they dumped shirt after shirt, pants after pants into their arms (Aizawa was carrying the clothes selected for Shinsou), before pushing them into the fitting room.

Aizawa had no idea how many times he had to use his quirk on Yamada cause he was squealing so loudly. It took them around an hour to try them all on, and then another half an hour full of protests from Shinsou and Midoriya arguing that they didn't need so many sets of clothing and they were already being enough of a burden on the three adults before they came to a compromise and let Midoriya and Shinsou buy the few shirts that they liked instead of the whole mountain of clothing.

Aizawa did secretly grab a few more that he, Yamada and Kayama agreed looked good, and bought them behind the two kid's backs. His scarf and baggy jumpsuit were very good for hiding shopping bags.

Yamada had already gotten the dimensions of the room they had cleared for the two boys, but it was small. They most they could fit was a twin bed, and they were honestly thinking of getting a double decker bed which was, again, met with protests. They settled for the twin bed and a closet, before they headed back.

They happened to pass by a store that sold hero merchandise, and Yamada literally pushed them inside as they protested in

embarrassment when he caught them looking at the store in interest. They ended up spending a few minutes browsing the shop, and then Shinsou, turned to Aizawa, and tugged on his arm, "Where's your stuff?"

"Oh, Shou's an underground hero, so no one has really seen him before." Yamada ruffled his head, trying to avoid the surprised and sad eyes on Shinsou's face. "It's better for his job. It's easier for him if he isn't recognised or widely known."

Midoriya looked disappointed too, though he didn't say it vocally and he understood exactly why there wasn't any Eraser Head merch. When they happened to walk past a tore that sold heavily discounted hoodies, it immediately caught Midoriya's attention. That was the only time that Midoriya asked for something, two grey hoodies, two black hoodies, and a roll of yellow cloth from a craft shop that happened to be located right next to the shop they were in.

The adults were confused, Shinsou as well, but Midoriya just leaned down, whispered something in his ear, and Shinsou grinned and they high-fived. Aizawa just looked at them, not knowing what was going on, but the idea of getting those stuff seemed to make them happy so they all just relented, getting a hoodie of each colour in both Shinsou and Midoriya's sizes.

Shinsou and Midoriya had a lot of fun setting up their new furniture. Originally, the three pro heroes were supposed to set up the bed and the closet while the two kids explored the rest of the house, but none of their skills lay in building furniture.

As much as they could kick villain arses and teach rowdy teenagers english or modern art literature, they could not, for the heck of them, figure out how to decipher the instruction manual.

Midoriya had snatched the manual right out of their hands, and before they even figured out what was going on, Midoriya was already holding the base together and Shinsou was sticking the screws into the correct places. It didn't take them long to assemble the bed frame, with Kayama finally giving up on deciphering the manual and just listened to Midoriya's instructions as he screwed

the screws in firmly, a few more other screws in Shinsou's grasp.

It didn't take long for the two boys to settle in, and Aizawa just sighed as he put on a movie after Kayama left to go home, and huddled with his problem children that knew how to make grenades and transforming gauntlets but had never used a DVD player before.

After the movie, Midoriya and Shinsou looked tired, but they were still energetically chatting with Yamada about the movie, and Aizawa just switched off the television and slumped into his bedroom, throwing himself on the bed roughly, drifting off to sleep as the chattering of his three other housemates filled his head.

Aizawa woke up in the middle of the night, his throat parched, and he unwillingly pushed himself off the bed and stumbled to the kitchen. He ignored the light on the floor, in fact, he was glad that there was light so he wouldn't stub his foot on something as he made his way to get water, instead of wondering why someone was still up at this time.

After downing the glass of water, and rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he made his way back to his room, and stopped at the room that had light peeking out from under the door.

Midoriya and Shinsou's room.

He put his ear to the door, and hearing nothing, he gently pushed it open, wincing as his vision was blasted with light. He squinted, and let his eyes adjust to the change in light, before blinking at the sight before him.

Some black, yellow and grey were strewn on the ground, scissors on the bed, and a set of needles and thread lay on the sheets. He looked around, trying to find where his problem children were, and finally, after a few minutes of looking around the room, he finally found them.

They were tucked in a corner of the room. Midoriya had his back

pressed against the wall, lying on his arm in a position that did not look comfortable, and that meant a lot coming from Aizawa, a man who sometimes just fell asleep in the weirdest places in the most awkward positions. Shinsou was curled up in a ball, sleeping on Midoriya's arm, and the older had his arm draped protectively around the younger's body.

Aizawa carefully made his way into the room, pushing all the cloth to the side, and cleared the bed of all its hazards, before depositing them in a small bag on top of the cloth. He gently lifted his kids up, making sure that both of them were secure in his arms, before laying them down on the bed. He tucked a pillow under Midoriya's head, and Midoriya let out a small grunt.

The pro hero paused, worried he had woken the boy who looked like he had never gotten a good night's rest, but Midoriya just turned his head and wrapped his other arm around Shinsou, who just let out a purr and burrowed himself deeper into Midoriya's embrace.

Aizawa draped the blanket over the duo, and exited the room, yawning.

"What is going on?" Yamada mumbled as he rubbed his eyes.

He could hear foot steps, and he sat up, before making his way to the door and wrenching it open.

At the very same time, a very groggy Aizawa was standing in his own doorway.

The door of the room between theirs was open.

"Must be the kids." Aizawa yawned, before he made his way to the living room. "What are you two doing?"

Yamada had picked his phone up on his way out. He could not get back to sleep in the mornings once he had woken up, so he was just going to make himself some breakfast, maybe watch a few more movies with the kids and sleep during one of the boring ones.

"Um... cleaning?" Midoriya's voice rang out.

Yamada took a quick peek at his phone.

"It's six in the morning. Why are you even up?"

"Force of habit. Sorry?"

He made his way to the living room, and found Shinsou standing on a chair, wiping the table, as Midoriya swept the floor. But that wasn't what caught Yamada's attention.

What caught his attention was what the two kids were wearing.

Both of them were wearing what looked like the hoodies they had bought yesterday. Except it was different. The bottom half of the hoodie, most of the hood itself, and the sleeves were black, but the upper chest portion of the hoodies, and a bit of the hood were grey. Yamada could make out a bit of yellow on the hood, but frankly, without their morning coffee, neither of the heroes could make head or tails of anything.

"So... is today matching day and I missed the memo?" He blearily asked, as he made his way to the kitchen to work the coffee maker, and Aizawa just plopped down on the table.

Midoriya and Shinsou waited patiently for Yamada to finish making the coffee, pass Aizawa his cup, and for them to start drinking the coffee to let the caffeine start running through the systems.

"Caffe latte and dark expresso?" Midoriya asked.

"Yes, actually. How did you know?" Yamada replied.

"I saw you work the coffee machine."

"You weren't in there though."

"I know the placement of the buttons on the machine?"

"Okay, so is there a reason you two fell asleep on the floor last night?" Aizawa groaned, nursing his cup of coffee.

"Yup!" Midoriya and Shinsou both grinned, and Midoriya subtly gestured at Yamada to get his phone ready, before they both pulled their hoods on, revealing the yellow goggles that were expertly stitched onto the hoodie, allowing both of the them to immediately make the connection.

"We made em!"

The expression on Aizawa's face was priceless, and Yamada was glad that he was able to snap a few pictures. He was staring at the two boys, unblinking, not even reacting as Yamada waved his hand in front of his face, "Hello? Earth to Shouta?"

The piles of cloth actually made sense to Aizawa now. The two coloured hoodies, the needles, the scissors, the thread. And Aizawa couldn't even see the seams on the attached cloth.

Aizawa finally reacted when a black cat decided to lie on his head, and he swatted her away.

"Kitty!" Shinsou yelled, and the cat turned to look at him curiously. Aizawa picked her up off the table and onto the ground, and she walked towards Shinsou cautiously.

"That is Kuro. Kuro, that is Shinsou Hitoshi."

"You know introducing him to Kuro is useless, right? She never listens." Yamada grumbled, "Izuku, what's your phone number?"

"You already have my phone number though?" Midoriya replied, as Shinsou flopped on the floor to get at eye level with Kuro.

"That's your Akatani number. And wasn't that phone smashed when you were... you know...?"

"Oh... yeah... right."

Midoriya started reciting his normal phone number off the top of his head, as Aizawa watched the cat and the toddler have a small staring contest, both staring at each other unblinking.

"Alright. Added you... and sent." Yamada declared, looking proud of

himself, and Aizawa turned away from his younger kid to look at his vibrating phone.

"You had to send that, did you?" Aizawa hissed with an accusatory tone, before he swiped and looked at the picture of Midoriya and Shinsou looking at him victoriously, donning their self made Eraser Head hoodies.

He tapped a few buttons on his screen, and Yamada knew he was going to find every single opportunity possible to show off his new phone wall paper to their colleagues.

Aizawa straightened up, before he made his way to his room, before coming out a few minutes later with something in his hand. He crouched down in front of Shinsou, distracting him from Kuro. He quickly clipped the metal chain around Shinsou's neck, letting the shiny little feather hang from the chain.

"Here. We found this on you, but it was pretty badly dented. Power Loader fixed it up. It seemed important."

Shinsou squealed when he realised what it was, and quickly smiled, "Izu made it for my birthday! He said he'll save me and he did!"

Kuro quickly leapt into his lap, and Aizawa could only smile as he stood up, and ruffled Midoriya's hair. The boy looked so happy and so sad at the same time that he was about to cry, and he quickly wiped his tears away, before crouching down and cuddling the toddler.

Aizawa could literally picture them as birds. Baby birds that wanted to fly, but had their wings clipped. But they're flight feathers were finally growing, and Aizawa was going to do his best to help them soar.

Hosu

The entire weekend went without a hitch, and Aizawa was back in UA on Monday to finish up some paper work.

Shinsou and Midoriya were left in the staffroom, since all the other teachers wanted to go through what Midoriya missed, but it was apparent that Midoriya was ahead. He went through another test set by Ectoplasm with no problems, had a very long tirade about the other literature book Ishiyama had gone through in class, not to mention that Kayama felt he was perfectly fine in mordern hero art history from their debate in the previous lesson.

All that was left was the heroics lessons, something that Aizawa himself was going to deal with.

Nezu had ended up sending Midoriya to the Support Course, to see if he wanted to work with them on his support gear, and Midoriya had already dashed off, Shinsou hot on his heels.

"Does anyone want to explain the matching hoodies?" Snipe asked. "I don't think Midnight or Mic would choose matching clothes for them."

"Self made Eraser Head merch." Yamada grinned, "Made him so flustered on Saturday. You should have seen his face."

"Shut up." Aizawa groaned, shoving Yamada lightly to the side as the Voice Hero laughed.

Lunch time came rolling by, and Maijima had called Aizawa to come save him. Aizawa just sighed, pocketed his phone, before making his way to the supoort department.

"What did Problem Child do now?" He groaned, taking Shinsou from the other hero's grasp as he laughed at the chaos.

"That." Maijima pointed at where Midoriya and Hatsume were standing, yelking as they tinkered with some of the things Aizawa recognised as from Midoriya's room.

"I think I may want to be a hero! So I can show off all my babies and promote Hatsume Industries!"

"Yeah! And make something to enhance your zoom quirk! You can be an underground hero!"

"But an underground hero doesn't get enough attention for me to - pass the wrench - advertise them!"

"Plus you can test drive your own inventions on the spot!"

"She wants to be a hero now?" Aizaw asked in disbelief. Hatsume, the girl who literally strapped support items on Tensei's little brother and used him as an advertisement before disqualifying herself?

"Yes. She's a good student, but she has way too much energy to spare. And she blows everything up. She has the potential to be an awesome support item developer, and I honestly think being a hero, and knowing the limits and other problems they face first hand can help her tremendously." Maijima sighed.

"She does have potential. As long as she doesn't disqualify herself again." Aizawa sighed.

Why was he doing this?

"Nezu agrees that if she wasn't so hung up on being an inventor, she would make a great hero, and now she thinks like this..."

"I'll think about it."

He walked over to Midoriya, ignoring the blowtorch in his hands, before he picked him up by the collar and dragged him out of the room.

"Alright, here's the plan. Monday to Wednesday, your are with the support class, you fix your gear. You were supposed to finish up all

the lesson stuff you missed but you're fine according to the other teachers so that's that. On Thursday we're going to Hosu to meet up with Ingenium and Iida. Mic's coming with us as well for some radio show, and while I don't think you need to go through the Heroics course to pick up what you missed, I'm gonna spend Friday catching you up. Then we come back here. Got it?!"

Some students, especially those from the General Education, were just staring in complete disbelief as the Erasure Hero carried the supposed Demon of Musutafu by the collar like a cat as he chattered cheerfully with the other child in his arms as he dragged them to the staff room.

"Show!" Kayama immediately pounced on them.

"Eh?" Midoriya asked in confusion as Aizawa released him and placed Shinsou on the floor. She grabbed his hood, and yanked it over his face.

"HEY!"

"OH MY GOD! Guys come look!" She screeched, and several teachers, like Snipe, Ectoplasm and Thirteen turned when Kayama started yelling.

Shinsou proudly pulled down his own hood, and Aizawa just sighed and facepalmed as Kayama fussed over the two kids.

"Oh! This is why you wante those four hoodies and yellow cloth!" She grinned, "And the seams are so well done! Do you patch up you own clothes?"

"Yeap!" Midoriya replied, "I also stitch my own injuries up!"

"What the heck do you stitch yourself with?!"

"Normal sewing thread sterilised with rubbing alcohol?" Midoriya still looked genuinely confused, "After it heals I just pull the thread out and the small wounds heal after a day or two."

Kayama fell silent, and Midoriya nervously asked, "Is that... wrong?"

"You are aware that there is a specific kind of thread that doctors use to stitch wounds, right? Especially when stitching ligments or muscles back together. They dissolve, so there is no need to remove them."

Midoriya looked surprised, "Really? That sounds really awesome! Are they made specifically for the patients with their DNA like in the platelet rich plasma treatments that they inject into joint, or is it just made of proteins and nutrients and -"

"Can I just ask how the heck he knows all that?" Ishiyama asked.

Midoriya paused, before replying, "The internet, the library, and studying a lot."

"I'm not even gonna question how many injuries you got to make you do so much research. Eat." He shoved a plate of sandwiches at the two kids, courtesy of Lunch Rush. "I know you don't eat much, but you really need to start eating normal amounts of food. And that does not mean eating a plate worth of food for an entire day."

Midoriya just pouted as he chewed on a sandwich, and was about to say something when Aizawa cut him off, "And no, you don't need to get a part time job to pay for it."

"But we're staying in your house, eating your food, using your water and electricity, shouldn't we -"

"No. You don't owe anyone anything, Izuku."

"But it's not fair for you -"

"We're adults and we have jobs. You're a student. You don't have to do it."

"Me being a student doesn't mean anything! I'm still capable of doing my share -"

"For gods sake, Izuku. Just stop worrying about everything. It's not your responsibilty!"

"It is my responsibility as a house guest!"

Snipe and Ectoplasm shook their heads. No wonder Aizawa called him a problem child all the time. He was way too stubborn for his own good.

"Wait... a house guest...?" Aizawa blinked.

"Am I wrong?" Midoriya asked, confused.

"Didn't Nezu talk to you?"

"Alright, the papers are finalised." Nezu chucked as he strolled out of his office with perfect timing.

He clambered onto a chair, and slammed two pieces of paper and a pen in front of the two kids, "Because of your circumstances, you were both placed in the custody of UA for the time being. We already worked it out with the police and the government officials. Once you sign this, you're officially under Aizawa's custody."

Yamada and Aizawa hissed internally. The principal had been playing them. No wonder they thought they were just house guests. Nezu was supposed to tell them that morning.

"So... he's gonna be our -"

"Your guardian. Pretty much your dad." Nezu chuckled.

No one was prepared for the incoherent screeching that came from the former vigilante and his little brother.

"Did you have to?" Aizawa complained, seeing his two kids staring at him, then at Nezu, then at Yamada, before repeating the cycle again as they tried, and seemingly failed to process what Nezu said. "You broke them."

"I merely told the truth, Aizawa." Nezu grinned at him mockingly, "Also, do I need to mention that you also wanted to adopt Midoriya twice as himself and as Akatani?"

Aizawa just groaned in exasperation as Midoriya launched himself at him, wrapping him up in a hug while Shinsou just looked at Midoriya and Aizawa, laughing. Yamada scooped him up and

stuffed him into Aizawa's arms, and Aizawa just stood there awkwardly holding a child and having the other clinging to him like a koala.

Hatsume and Midoriya were banned from the Support Classroom by Wednesday, according to Maijima.

They had, in total, blown up seven doors (three of which were on purpose to test out their gear), destroyed twenty work benches, broke fifteen power drills (how they did that, Maijima didn't know), melted a few blowtorches together by accident (Maijima was utterly confused by that), set off twelve staple guns and almost blew up the entire class once when they tried to test out one of Hatsume's power suits.

In less than three days.

Maijima was glad that Midoriya hadn't joined the Support Department in the beginning of the year, or they wouldn't even have a Support department from all the damage they made.

To be fair, Midoriya hadn't taken part in any of them, except the testing of the suit. He was smart, had his own ideas, did his stuff perfectly and neatly, and that somehow set off that competitive spark in Hatsume to be better than him.

And neither he, nor Aizawa had any idea what kind of gear Midoriya's currently possessed. Maijima had looked at his blueprints, but they were so messy, and the entire thing was written in some sort of code that he couldn't decipher it. Hatsume wasn't able to decipher the messily scrawled drawings, but she didn't know what was written as well. The only one who was able to do it was Midoriya, and that was when they realised how cautious he was with his designs.

He had dipped the entire thing in water, much to the surprise and shock of the entire Support Department, and Maijima was about to call him out for destroying his work when he realised that the paper was peeling into two. He fished out the blueprints, and carefully

pulled the two sheets of paper, revealing a properly drawn arm bracers with retractable knives that could be shot out and a built in bio-electric powered taser (or was it a flame thrower? The whole thing was still in code so Maijima was just guessing at this point), and who knew what other stuff.

"What! You think I'm dumb enough to leave blueprints like this lying around in my house?!" Midoriya exclaimed, horrified when questioned by one of the other students.

By that point, Maijima was already considering about asking Ishiyama to build a new, underground bunker for the chaotic duo.

On their way to Hosu, Aizawa could see what may be additional support gear. He was *still* wearing his Eraser Head hoodie, along with Shinsou, but that was not all. His had some sort of metal cover on his shoes, along with metallic arm bracers with black fingerless gloves, but knowing Midoriya, he probably had ten knives in his pockets, along with five retractable staffs. They were supposed to be wearing casual clothes, but Aizawa wanted to see if he was able to walk around with all his gear, while still being inconspicuous, seeing as his idea for a hero costume was literally just a green hoodie, long baggy track pants, and his belt for all his knick knacks.

The only difference between his hero outfit and his current outfit was the hoodie.

Aizawa could only sigh as they sat on the train, Midoriya and Shinsou looking intrigued out the window as they passed city after city, and Yamada talked his ear off.

It was evening by the time they got there, and they were supposed to meet Tensei after his patrol with Iida, so they just decided the explore the city.

Midoriya, apparently, knew Hosu inside out, even better than Aizawa or Yamada did. He knew the back alleys, the main roads, and the fastest ways to get from one place to another, in both safe and dangerous routes, without needing a map at all.

"Have you been here before?" Aizawa asked, "I thought you lived in Musutafu for your entire life."

"I visited before." Midoriya replied, "And since this was one of the places *they* were seen, if I couldn't find him in Musutafu I would have checked here as well."

Suddenly, a large hulking figure bashed through a building, and everyone turned to stare at the hulking figure.

"Another one?" Midoriya yelped.

Right before their eyes, stood a black muscled figure, with blue pants, shin guards, and one exposed brain.

"Izuku, get out of here with Hitoshi!" Aizawa hissed, as Yamada yelled and blasted some debris to dust, "See if you can call Nezu and tell him what's going on. These things aren't coming out of nowhere!"

Midoriya immediately picked Shinsou up, and started running, dodging more debris as Aizawa and Yamada tried to handle the Nomu. He wanted to turn back, to help them take the monstrous beast down, but he couldn't risk putting Shinsou in more danger.

He happened to run past an alley, and heard people talking.

Maybe they didn't know about the Nomus. It seemed like they hadn't reached this area yet. A bunch of other heroes, as far as he had seen, were helping Aizawa and Yamada take the Nomu out, and he had seen Enji roasting another one with Todoroki at his side. If so, then he needed to warn them on the possible imminent danger.

Midoriya ran into the alley.

Iida could only stare in horror as he stood in front of Tensei, looking at the scene in front of him.

Native was lying on the ground, still breathing, but unmoving, and a man stood over him, sword in hand.

"Stain." Tensei hissed. He clutched his wrist, where he could still feel the phantom ache from his last encounter with the villain. It was the day of the Sports Festival, and Stain had surprised him, and missed hacking his head off. The villain did end up breaking his wrist, before leaving a cryptic message of, "There's someone who really likes you. You're lucky, I guess." before he disappeared into the inky darkness, leaving Tensei wondering just what the heck was going on.

"Oh. Ingenium." Akaguro regarded him dryly. "I didn't think we'd meet again, at least, not so soon."

"Get... out... of ... here..." Native coughed, spitting out some blood. Akaguro placed his katana at his neck, and Tensei moved in to intervene.

"Leave him alone." Tensei hissed, as Iida stood behind him, tensed up, unsure of how to act or proceed.

"I spared you once. I will not spare you again." Akaguro hissed, and before either of them could move, a stab in Tensei's leg opened up, courtesy of Akaguro, and one lick left Tensei falling to the ground, paralysed.

Iida snapped out of it, "Hey!"

"A child? I do not target children. Get out of here." Akaguro hissed, as if he had just noticed Iida. In actuality, he had seen him since the beginning, but he was so quiet, so stiff, that Akagure nearly forgot he was there until he spoke up.

"I can't do that! I'm a hero in training! I cannot simply let you assault people and just leave!" Iida hissed, rearing up his engines to attack.

"Tenya! No!" Tensei yelled, "Go! Leave! We'll be fine!"

Despite his brother's warning, Iida shot forwards, but Akaguro merely dodged out of the way, and slammed his foot into Iida's back, pinning him to the ground.

"By all means, stay." Akaguro sneered, raising his katana, "You

know you can't beat me. Not without help. Instead of trying to get other heroes here to help, you let yourself be clouded by emotions and you attacked, not even thinking of getting me away from him lest I attack him again."

Iida hissed, as Akaguro raised his katana, plunging it into Iida's shoulder, before licking it.

"Tenya!" Tensei yelling, "Leave him alone, Stain! He's still a kid!"

"People don't change, Ingenium." Akaguro sighed, "He will grow up to be the very kind of hero that destroys this city." He raised his katana again, until he was interrupted by a shout.

"Hey! Guys! There's some really nasty villains coming! You might wanna - uhhhhh..."

The voice cut itself off, and Akaguro looked up, his eyes meeting the oddly familiar green eyes that he could not place.

"Shoot." Midoriya cursed, Shinsou in his grasp.

"Toshi, get out of here. Call Zawa. Actually, call everyone." Midoriya hissed as he ordered, subtly pushing his phone into Shinsou's smaller hands and placed him behind him, away from Akaguro.

Shinsou responded immediately, racing out of the alley around the corner.

Midoriya recognised the quirk. The outfit had changed, but the voice, the quirk, the eyes, they were all too similar.

"Stendhal!?" Midoriya yelped, "Why are you - !? Since when - !? Why -!?"

He heard the boy's voice, and it finally clicked.

"Akatani."

Tensei and Native tensed up when they heard the name, and Akaguro saw it, "Made a name for yourself, huh? Good job scaring

everyone at the Sport's Festival, kid."

"Thank you, but - "

"Also, your little stunt after."

Midoriya straightened his back, "Yeah..."

"Midoriya! What are you doing here! It's dangerous!" Iida yelled, "And Shinsou -"

Midoriya took that opportunity to lunge at Akaguro. It didn't hurt him, but it did startle him enough to make some distance between him and the downed heroes, before shooting forward again, knife in hand. Akaguro dodged it, swerving to the side, and slashed at Midoriya, but Midoriya parried the attack, smashing the back of his foot into Akaguro's blades.

Midoriya hissed as he was sent skidding back. He was fast, yes, but his speed was being severely hindered by his new gear. It was all metal, and moving parts, and while they were lightweight, he was unused to the weight. At this rate, it was going to be a repetition of the fight he had with the villains before he managed to find Shinsou.

Given that, Akaguro was only slightly faster than Midoriya, and luckily for him, his smaller stature made him a smaller target, and he knew how to read people so well that he was able to keep up with Akaguro based on the slightest twitching of his muscles.

He sensed the heat behind him, and he quickly swerved to the side to avoid the flames that blasted into the alleyway.

"Todoroki!?" Iida yelled, eyes widening in shock upon seeing his other classmate.

"Got a message from Midoriya, and then I saw the kid standing outside. Really, Midoriya?" Todoroki sighed.

"Hey, it wasn't my idea to take a mini vacation to Hosu and end up here." Midoriya retorted. "By the way, separate Native. He's injured. Ingenium and Iida are paralysed by Stendhal's quirk. Don't let him

ingest your blood. They should be up in about five minutes since they both have the B blood type."

It took Todoroki to realised that when Midoriya said Stendhal, he meant Stain, and just sighed, freezing the ground and creating a barrier between Native and Akaguro. The villain jumped to dodge the ice, and leapt off the wall, nearly colliding with Midoriya had he not dodged. Todoroki tried to blast him with ice, pushing him back as he carefully created an ice slide to move the downed hero away from the battle.

"Alright. I told Endeavor. They should be here soon."

Akaguro grumbled internally. They knew his quirk, so that surprise factor was gone. Despite it being several years since he last saw Midoriya, Midoriya was still able to read him, and he had improved from the scrawny, overly excited child he had met that day. He may not be fighting at his full potential, give that he had to not only read him, but Todoroki as well, and Iida and Tensei once they were up and running again.

Akaguro leapt forward, and Todoroki put up an ice pillar to block him, and sent out a blast of fire as Akaguro swiftly dodged to the side. Akaguro leapt over the flames, but he was forced to block a blow from Midoriya and was kicked back. Akaguro slashed the ice pillar, and kicked it towards them.

Midoriya was able to dodge the ice shards, but Todoroki was a step too slow, and a sharp shard slashed a thin cut across his cheek. Akaguro threw a blade at Midoriya, forcing him to dodge, and he used to opportunity to get in close to Todoroki, tongue lashing out to lick the blood dripping from his cut.

Todoroki's fire blazed to life, and Akaguro jumped back fast enough to dodge as Todoroki attempted to roast him.

Todoroki hastily put up an ice wall, ice forming and flaring out in Akaguro's direction, trying to catch his breath from the close encounter with the villain.

"Wait! Don't -"

Akaguro slashed the humongous ice wall to shreds.

"Blocking your view against a faster opponent is foolish!" Akaguro grinned, as he threw two knives in Todoroki's direction, but Midoriya quickly smacked them away. Akaguro lunged forward, but Midoriya caught the blade on his knife and parried, kicking Akaguro back, leaping to the side as Todoroki's ice flared out as he attempted to freeze Akaguro.

Tensei let out a small groan as he felt his muscles twitch.

"He's too fast and can avoid my fire and ice. You're dealing with his blades, and I can't leave myself open. We should avoid close combat and wait for the pros." Todoroki panted, "I thought you were faster than this."

"New gear weighing me down." Midoriya grunted, hauling Tensei to his feet. He had sensed him making some movement under all his armour, from all the noise he was making, and it wouldn't be long before the Turbo Hero was ready to roll.

Todoroki quickly put up an ice wall, but Akaguro slashed it apart again, weaving through the hastily made ice shards that were popping up from the ground. He snarled, "You're being careless, child! You're relying too much on your quirk! That's how the quirkless brat was able to beat you!"

"Wait, you're - " Tensei gasped, and Midoriya snapped, "Not the time, Ingenium."

He lunged forwards at the dual elemental user, his katana inching closer to Todoroki's chest.

Tensei shot forward, nailing Akaguro in the chest and sent him skidding back. Iida found that he could get up, and quickly pushed himself up, before lunging and kicking Akaguro further back even more.

"Damn it, you kids," Tensei sighed, "He's after Iida and I. Get out of here. Now!"

"He's not giving me an opening to do that!" Todoroki growled,

blasting more fire in Akaguro's direction that the villain dodged with ease. He crouched under another blast of fire, and shot forward, only to be intercepted by Midoriya again. They were both in a stalemate, interrupted when Midoriya ducked and Iida leapt over him, nailing Akaguro in the face.

"I'm sorry. Instead of finding help like you did, I let my emotions cloud my judgement, and now you three are involed." Iida apologised. Tensei was confused because he saw two kids, but brushed it off. He could count properly later.

"A person's essence doesn't change so easily. There's no use trying to act reformed for appearances sake. You're just a fake that acts on your emotions and selfish desires." Akaguro hissed, letting his murderous intent out. Tensei flinched, and Iida and Todoroki froze in their tracks, the oppressive presence pushing on them and making it hard to breath.

It was familiar.

Midoriya merely grinned, and dashed forward, slashing through the oppressive presence like a hot knife through butter, managing to get close enough for Akaguro to focus on him and dropped his presence. Midoriya, in turn, let his own aura flare out, and smashed Akaguro in the face.

Akaguro blocked the hit.

"You actually listened to me, brat. Not bad. I could actually feel that. You know it's useless against me. I was the one who taught you that!"

"I'm not dumb, Stendhal. Or should I start calling you Stain now!?"

Tensei rushed out, aiming a kick at Akaguro's side. The villain dodged the attempt, but the pro hero pivoted on his heel, kicking him aside. He rushed forward again, but Akaguro dodged it and attempted to behead him, leaving Tensei with no choice but to fall back.

"Something changed now. He wants to kill them before the pros

come." Todoroki stated, sensing the shift, all the while constantly bombarding Akaguro with fire and ice.

"Focus!" Midoriya yelled, jumping in front of Iida as Akaguro leapt up from behind the column of fire, aiming a knife at the younger Iida. Midoriya promptly slashed the knife away, and pushed Iida away when a barrage of blades flew in their direction.

Todoroki hissed, and shot more fire, forcing Akaguro to fall back again to dodge. He jumped high into the air, using the ledges to climb higher, before he dived down.

Iida and Tensei both fired up their engines, and leapt upwards as Akaguro charged down the wall.

A knife flew past Akaguro, thrown by Midoriya, forcing him to dodge midair, and Iida's foot collided with his side. He twisted to attack back, not noticing Tensei behind him, who slammed his own foot harshly into Akaguro's back.

Blood spurted from his mouth, before he was instantly roasted with fire, courtesy of Todoroki. He immediately put up an ice wall, catching Iida, Tensei and Akaguro before they hit the ground.

"Be careful... he might... get up again..." Todoroki panted from using his quirk so much in such a short period of time.

"I think he's passed out from that...hopefully" Iida groaned, looking up towards the Hero Killer, who was lying on his stomach on an ice extension and hanging there like some kind of broken doll.

"I'll restrain him. I have some cable ties with him." Tensei sighed, "Help me take all his weapons too."

"You think cable ties will hold him? He can cut through rock and ice with no problem and you want to use itty bitty weak plastic cable ties!?" Midoriya raised an eyebrow, the only one who wasn't winded, as a small figure leapt onto him.

"Izu!"

"Toshi!"

Tensei's heart melted as Todoroki and Iida helped Native up after picking knife after blade after knife out of Akaguro's pockets, hidden pockets, and *why did he have a knife in his shoe!? Just, how?! Why!? Was it magic? Or some random plot hole that no one was going to be bothered with patching up?!*

Midoriya grabbed hold of Shinsou firmly as Shinsou latched himself onto Midoriya, "I was so scared! I pressed the location button thingy and sent it! Then Roki came over and you guys were awesome and boom and fwoosh and blam!"

Tensei secured the villain, and checked the bindings to make sure they were tight.

"I'm sorry. I was in the way this entire time." Native apologised.

"I don't think you could have done anything when you were one-on-one against him," Todoroki replied as he supported the hero, "The four of us against him, while he was making mistakes, and we still barely won. He was rushing to finish the fight, and couldn't dodge their attacks as easily in midair as he could on the ground."

"Let's get him to the police." Tensei stated, "And maybe a quick check up. Then, we talk. You three... um... four."

"Izuku!? Izuku!? Where are you!?"

They exited the alleyway, seeing a panicking Yamada and a very slightly nervous Aizawa, looking around.

"Aizawa Sensei! Mic Sensei!" Midoriya waved, and Aizawa rushed over, "You idiot! I told you to get away! Then I get coordinates from you and - "

"IS THAT STAIN!?" Yamada shrieked.

"I was gonna run! Then I heard noises and thought there were people here and I decided to warn them about the Nomus! I wasn't even expecting to run into him!" Midoriya protested.

"You really are a problem child." Aizawa groaned.

"Oh! Shouta! Hizashi!" Tensei grinned, "We were supposed to meet, weren't we?"

Aizawa pinched his nose and exhaled, "Yes. Then this entire thing happened."

"You guys aren't dying... are you?" Yamada asked, already taking his phone out to call the ambulance, "You look horrible, Native."

"Broken ribs. Maybe punctured stomach. But not on the verge of dying yet." Native coughed.

"What are you talking about!? We're always dying! Every second we live, we have one less second to live - mfft!"

He was promptly wrapped up in Aizawa's capture weapon. "Izuku, stop it. You're insufferable."

Midoriya grinned, "That's my speciality! That, and kicking ass and -!"

"Swear!" Shinsou yelled, Midoriya glared at him with a mock betrayed expression.

"And you!" Aizawa shoved his finger into Tensei's chest, "Why did you let them fight!? Or continued to fight!?

"Do you have any idea how stubborn they are?" Tensei defended himself, "And I was paralysed when Midoriya and Todoroki came! And they were the ones who were able to fend off Stain for much longer!"

They were interrupted when the rest of the pro heroes finally arrived.

"Endeavor said there was a request for help here."

"Children?"

"I'll call an ambulance!"

"Oi... isn't that Stain?"

"Tch. A bit late, aren't they?" Midoriya clicked his tongue in annoyance.

"You're the winner of UA's sports festival, aren't you? From the general education course. What are you doing here?" The blonde hero asked.

Midoriya eyebrow twitched.

"He transferred into the hero course." Aizawa replied, "We actually brought him here to talk with Ingenium, but then this Nomu thing happened and he just happened to be caught in the crossfire."

Midoriya frowned. Something felt... wrong.. off...

Native was being sent to the hospital, and they were currently checking on Todoroki and Tensei. Iida's check up was done, and he was standing next to Izuku with his shoulder bandaged up.

Everything was going right.

So why did he -

A loud screech filled the air, and he immediately looked up, searching for the source of the noise. He knew it. He recognised it.

A Nomu.

"Get down!" Midoriya yelled, shoving Shinsou into Iida's arms and pushed the blonde hero to the ground.

The yellow Nomu caught Midoriya in its talons instead, and took to the sky.

Stained

Shinsou could only stare in horror from Iida's arms at the Nomu that had Midoriya caught in its talons, before he managed to process what was going on.

"Izu!" He screeched, and it took all of Iida's energy to hold him with his uninjured hand to prevent him from running off.

"For gods sake! Put me down!" Midoriya yelled, clenching his fist and activating the bracer on his arm. A long, sharpened blade expanded out of the side of the bracer, slicing through the Nomu's talons.

It howled in pain, loosening its grip on Midoriya, allowing him to free his other arm and activate the other bracer, and with a harsh swing, it sliced through the Nomu's flesh like butter, hitting the bone.

The Nomu released Midoriya, and he quickly retracted his blades, and flipped himself midair so he would fall on all fours .

"Izu! Watch out!" He heard Shinsou shriek.

He did not noticed the Nomu looping back, charging at him with its other talon outstretched.

Aizawa immediately leapt forward, activating his quirk, and the Nomu crashed into the ground, skidding from its momentum, screeching like a banshee.

Midoriya landed, and stood up, confused, before he noticed Aizawa.

"You okay, Izuku?" He asked, getting a "Yep!" in return.

The Nomu screeched, trashing about wildly, its talons slashing as it tried to get up, and Tensei and Yamada pulled everyone away before they could get claws sunk into them.

Akaguro grumbled as he got the Nomu's blood on his face, and hissed as a talon nicked his arm, cutting into the cable tie.

Lucky him. And the idiotic heroes had all the weapons tied up in a pile not to far from him.

He broke free from his bindings, and rushed forward, snagging a katana and two knives, and licked the blood off his face.

The Nomu gave a pained screech, before laying still on the ground, still hissing and screeching. Akaguro immediately leapt on it, and gave it a nasty slash, right through its chest.

"He got out!" Iida yelled, and everyone froze as Enji emerged from behind him, "Why are you all in a group!? The villain would have escaped.. Things got a little rough... but isn't that Stain?"

Akaguro turned around from on top of the Nomu's corpse, and hissed,"You fake!"

He let his aura flare out.

The moon was red. It sat ominously behind the Hero Killer, each step he took made everyone want to step back in fear. He didn't need his quirk, his force of will was strong enough to do that.

"I must make things right. Someone must be dyed in blood. I must take back what it means to be a hero. Come and try to get me, you fakes!"

"Hell no!" Midoriya hissed, lunging forward before Akaguro could get any closer to Enji, "My friend works under him. He's not the best hero, heck I have no idea how he's number two, but you can't kill him!"

Everyone collapsed, gasping from the release in pressure.

"He... wasn't affected?"

Akaguro jumped backwards, avoiding the slash from Midoriya's knife, and lunged forward, twisting under another slash and made his own attack, that Midoriya barely dodged.

He didn't expect a blade to fly past him, cutting his cheek. He looked at Midoriya, who was aiming his arm bracer at him, and he saw another blade emerge from the slightly opened up compartment, like it was reloading.

"Get out of the way. You're not a target." Akaguro hissed, trying to avoid his own urge to lick the blood trickling down his cheek.

"I get that you wanna change the hero society and stuff, but killing them does nothing!" Midoriya protested, as the compartment on the bracer, as another set of blades popped out from the sides. "Killing them just makes more heroes with the same mindset come out, who wanna hunt you for glory. It's just a repeating cycle of killing, and it gets nowhere - "

Akaguro lunged as he was talking, but Midoriya parried, before twisting on his heel and nearly slamming it into his face had Akaguro not blocked it.

Akaguro grinned, "Still the same old you! You still hate killing, don't ya?"

"No shit."

Midoriya charged, and aimed a kick at him, which was blocked again, and Akaguro tried to smash his spiked boots into Midoriya's face, but the boy swerved out of the way and attempted to shoot him with another blade, which was smacked away.

"Get out of the way, kid!" Enji yelled.

"You think Stain is going to let him disengage!?" Aizawa hissed, as he watched Midoriya retract his blades as he landed in a hand stand, swinging his legs and catching Akaguro off guard. He was watching Akaguro closely, as Akaguro managed to nick Midoriya with his knife, and brought it to his lips.

Nothing happened.

Aizawa's hair was flared up, eyes glowing red.

"Ah, at least I see a hero using his brains." Akaguro grinned,

dodging a kick from Midoriya that was followed up by a slash.

I'm lucky... we're both tiring... and I don't have to worry about his quirk so much because of Aizawa... wait... his quirk...

Isn't he blood type B, like Native?

Midoriya caught sight of the blood trickling down Akaguro's face, getting closer and closer to his mouth.

They kept up the parry for some time, but they could all see that both fighter were starting to tire from the previous fight, and from keeping up the high intensity fight as they dodged, jumped, and lunged. Midoriya rushed at Akaguro, pulling a feint, but Akaguro saw through it and lashed out. Midoriya jumped back to dodge, landing on his hands, before he performed the same manoeuvre again, as Akaguro danced out of his reach.

Or would have, if he had heard the faint clicking and the sound of gears moving.

Two blades popped out from the sides of Midoriya's shoes, first moving outwards, before being shifted forwards and locking in place, and Midoriya managed to cut a nasty cut across Akaguro's cheek.

The two were engaged in a graceful dance, lethal, with blades and sparks flying about as they jumped and pirouetted, lashing out, jumping back, swerving back and forth to dodge. Their weapons clashed with deadly accuracy, sending sparks flying around. Akaguro leapt backwards, jumping off the roof of a car, and buried two knives in the ground where Midoriya was just standing a few seconds ago.

Akaguro pulled his knives out, panting as Midoriya rushed forwards again, blocking another set of slashes.

Akaguro hissed. He was going to lose. He could beat Midoriya, but then the other pros would come after him once he was weakened and tired. If he wanted to get out, he was going to have to deal with Midoriya first for sure, but it would take way too much energy,

given the boy's skillset. His aura wouldn't stun the boy either, but it would definitely help against the heroes, if he still had the energy at that point.

He needed his blood, to use his quirk. To paralyse him long enough to escape.

Akaguro rushed forward again.

Midoriya caught the small grin on his face, and cheered internally. He had pushed Akaguro enough to think about focussing on using his quirk. Now... how to use that against him...

Everyone watched as they continued their dance, manoeuvring around each other, attacking and defending. Akaguro lunged, Midoriya parried, he counterattacked, they dodged. Midoriya blocked another hit from Akaguro, just as Akaguro slashed with his knife, cutting off some of his hair. He wasn't as fast as before, neither of them were, but this display of sheer power and will was impressive.

Knife against knife, blade against blade, kick for kick, Midoriya and Akaguro parried. Midoriya dodged a slash, and rolled backwards, leaping away before he could get stabbed, and landed on a car. He jumped down, aiming a bladed kick in Akaguro's direction, but Akaguro caught the blade with his katana. Midoriya twisted his leg, putting pressure on the blade in just the right angle, and the gears started turning, trying to retract the blade.

It clamped tightly onto the katana's blade, and Midoriya thanked god that he and Hatsume had decided to improve that part of his design. Akaguro had no idea what to do next. He was expecting Midoriya to push himself forward, or jump back, or attack.

Not clamp his blade.

Taking that opportunity, Midoriya grounded himself on the blade, and kicked Akaguro harshly on the cheek.

Akaguro could feel a tooth come loose.

Then the blood.

The blood gushed out of the hole that missing tooth had created, landing on his tongue.

Shit.

Akaguro fell to the ground, hand loosening and releasing the katana. Midoriya fiddled with his shoes, releasing the blade, and retracting the blades properly.

"You... ever were the smart one... weren't you..." Akaguro chocked.

"Sorry, Stendal." Midoriya sighed, as he fell on his butt, panting from the exertion. "Sensei, we've got eight minutes!"

Akaguro was promptly cuffed, and knocked unconscious by one of the pro's just to be safe, he was carted off to Tartarus as Aizawa moved in to check on Midoriya.

The internet was flaring up again, about Midoriya.

The fight, the later part, had been broadcasted by a news helicopter.

And now, everyone was trying, dying to figure out just who Midoriya was, and what was his quirk. Any thoughts that he was quirkless was thrown out the window. After all, a quirkless student *couldn't possibly* take down Stain, right!?

People kept speculating what Midoriya's quirk was. A strength enhancer? Stamina? A subtle paralysis quirk that took time to work? Agility? Quick reflexes? Or maybe the blades on his arms and feet were actually his quirk and he was pretending to use support items to throw them off?

Some thought that Midoriya was trained, even though he was in the General Education course. Maybe his fighting style was better againsy humans than robots. Some even wondered if his family were secret ninjas or something, and thus he was able to keep a low profile for so long.

They really were getting out of hand. But none of them were even coming close to the truth, so everyone let them be. They were doing all the misdirection for them.

And Nezu was cackling as the forums burst with activity, reading ten different hero forums at a time as he sipped on his tea.

"So... do we want to talk about this?" Tensei asked. He was sitting in his office. Iida was sitting beside him, along with Midoriya, Shinsou, Aizawa, Yamada, and Todoroki. Enji had scoffed, saying that Todoroki be ready for more training by the next day, to which Todoroki just shrugged.

"About what?" Midoriya asked, as Shinsou started chattering about how cool they were.

"I don't know. The fact that you're Akatani? Or that you're quirkless?" Tensei asked.

Aizawa got up defensively, "How did you -"

"Don't worry about it. Stain mentioned it during the fight." Midoriya said, "Do you have a problem with that?"

"No, actually. Not really. I'm honestly just surprised that the two people who seemed to be making the headlines these past few days are actually the same person." Tensei shrugged, "Also, it explains why you're so close to him."

Shinsou turned to face Tensei and waved, "Hi!"

"Shinsou Hitoshi, Izuku's little brother. That's Ingenium, or Iida Tensei." Aizawa introduced, as Iida looked down at the table guiltily.

"Hey, Iida, it's not you're fault." Midoriya tried saying, but Iida just sighed, "I was rash. Stain was right. I let my emotions get in the way. If you hadn't found us, if Shinsou hadn't called for help, if Todoroki hadn't come to your aid... I fear the worse would have happened."

"Don't worry about it." Tensei grinned, "It's a learning experience. Emotions are a fickle thing, and not everyone can have the same control over their emotions as those three." He pointed at Aizawa, Midoriya and Todoroki, "In fact, Shouta doesn't even have any emotions!"

"I swear to god, Tensei. If the kids weren't here I would murder you and no one would find the body." Aizawa hissed.

"No murder, Zawa. Murder is bad." Shisou stated.

"No fair! Why does Shou have a nick name?!" Yamada whined.

"Roki has a nickname too!"

"I want a nickname too!"

"Stop acting so childishly!" Aizawa snapped, "What are you? Ten?!"

"There's actually some stuff I wanna say, but we have a visitor. Hosu's chief of police, Kenji Tsuragamae." Tensei said, as a dog headed person entered the room.

Iida and Todoroki shot to their feet, as Midoriya tried to stand up and put Shinsou on the chair, and Kenji started talking, "You're the UA student who brought down Stain, right? And you two helped before the others came along?"

Midoriya nodded.

"And that is the kid... that you told... to call for help?"

Shinsou shyly moved to hide behind Midoriya, who nodded again.

"Regarding his arrest, he has burns and broken bones and is receiving treatment under strict guard. But they actually aren't that bad, considering he was brought down in the end by his own quirk and not by brute force. As UA students, I'm sure you know that when superpowers were still becoming the norm, the police attached high importance to leadership and standards to make sure quirks weren't used as weapons. An individual's used of force and power could easily kill others, actions that would normally be

appropriate to denounce, to be accepted officially, is thanks to the early heroes who follow the rules of the profession, woof."

Midoriya rolled his eyes and sighed. Yeah. You can't use quirks without a licence, the same old song and dance.

"Look," He was trying to be polite. "As far as I could tell, Iida's interference bought time for Native and Ingenium, or they both would have been killed. If I didn't interfere, all of them would have been killed. If Todoroki didn't interfere, we wouldn't be having this conversation. And don't you think of putting any of this on Hitoshi, because he never used his quirk, and I told him to call for help."

You're saying we should follow the rules and let people get killed!?"

"No one knew the Hero Killer was gonna be there, taking down heroes in the Nomu chaos." His tone turned sarcastic, "Are you saying that we should just sit back and watch them die?" He growled, "Is that what you guys want? Letting a heroes die because of some dumb rules? Forcing people to choose between self defence or breaking the laws?"

He was silenced by a look by Aizawa, and Midoriya grumbled and stood down.

"Even against the Hero Killer, for uncertified individuals to cause injury with their quirks without specific instructions from their guardians or supervision is a clear violation of the rules. Midoriya Izuku, because you don't have a quirk, technically you don't fall under these rules, but as a student of UA, we agree that you should know better. However, you are lucky that Ingenium has stated that he gave you permission to use your quirks, and that Iida was under Ingenium's watch, and we can classify most of this as self defence. Otherwise, Endeavor and Ingenium would receive strict punishments, and the probable confiscation of your support items."

Iida looked at Tensei in shock. He had covered up for them?

Tensei winked at him and mouthed, "Later."

"Because you were given permission, and that Midoriya's second

fight with the Hero Killer was partially broadcasted over the news, no further action is needed, woof. Everyone would know that you three, under Ingenium's watch, aided in the take down of Stain, and Midoriya's attacks resulted in his arrest. However, I believe your mentors would have something to say about you fighting the Hero Killer head on."

Tenseu sighed, "We'll take responsibility for being negligent in our duties, though I' m glad I'm still alive after encountering him twice. We'll deal with this, sir."

"As someone who helps to protect the peace, I can say thank you." Kenji thanked them.

"You could have just said that first, right?" Midoriya whined, "I thought I would get a heart attack!"

"Problem child." Aizawa hissed.

"Hey, Midoriya, are you and Shinsou Aizawa Sensei's secret love child?" Todoroki asked.

"Yep."

"What do you mean, yep?!" Aizawa demanded. "Far from it!"

"But you adopted us cause you love us... right? So technically we're your kids, aren't we? And we never told anyone you adopted us." Midoriya asked, utterly confused, and Shinsou was wearing the exact same expression on his face, "Isn't that what Todoroki means by secret love child?"

Todoroki, Yamada, Iida, Tensei and Aizawa stared at him in disbelief.

"No. Izuku... just... no."

"You were awesome! You really kicked his butt!" Uraraka grinned.

"You were so manly! I saw the fight with Tetsutetsu at our

internship!" Kirishima cheered. "Not like Bakubro here."

"I was so scared when I saw you fighting Stain live!" Hagakure gushed, "I didn't know who would win! It was a cliffhanger!"

"The ending was anti-climatic though." Asui noted.

"FUCK YOU, SHITTY HAIR!" Bakugou roared. His hair was no long spikey, and it was somehow miraculously tamed by ... gel? Shinsou was giggling from the unnatural look Bakugou had, and Sero was still laughing at him, and in a fit of rage Bakugou's hair exploded right back into place like a puffy Pomeranian.

"I'm so glad you guys made it out safely! I was worried!" Yaoyorozu sighed in relief, carefully ruffling Shinsou's hair. She was sure that the three students could handle themselves, especially with the overprotective Aizawa there, but once she and Kendo had spotted Shinsou struggling in Iida's grasp on live television, and they had promptly started panicking.

Lunch time with 1-B was chaotic as usual. Everyone was trying to ask Midoriya about the fight, his support items, and he was chattering excitedly with Hatsume over the success of the support items and their improvements.

"Wait, you designed them?!" Kaminiari asked.

"Yep! When I was eleven! I tried to make it but the stuff at the trash heap wasn't good enough."

"You... tried to make support items... some that *actually* worked, out of trash!?" Tetsutetsu yelled, "That's so manly!"

"I know right!?" Kirishima grinned.

"Oh! Any improvements on your... problems?" Monoma politely asked.

Shinsou didn't want to see a therapist. Neither did Midoriya. Aizawa had ended up being their makeshift therapist, since most of their

problems occurred when they were separated, and they trusted Aizawa the most.

"It's gotten better." Midoriya said, "We can go separated for two hours. But then we're both just really clingy after."

They had come to that realisation after Aizawa and Midoriya had stayed in Tensei's office, while Yamada had brought Shinsou out to check out the slides and swings at the playground. Both of them had started getting angsty at the two hour mark, and Midoriya had literally jumped out of his seat and ran out, much to Tensei's confusion.

"Compared to?"

"Uh... half an hour?"

After lunch Yagi had called them to Ground Beta to see how much they improved during their internships, in another joint lesson between the two hero courses, and to their surprise, Hatsume had tagged along.

"Alright, we have a new arrangement. Hatsume is partially in the hero course. She will take all her other lessons with the Support Department, regarding building support items and whatnot. For Heroics lessons and homeroom, she will join us." Aizawa droned on, before pushing Yagi forward to start.

Yagi announced that they were having a team battle. Each team had five people, and there would be eight teams in total. Each team had to have at least one students from each class, with Hatsume filling 1-A's missing slot and being counted as a student there, before giving them five minutes to form teams, with specific requirements. Todoroki, Midoriya, Tokoyami, Bakugou and Shiozaki could not be on the same team, and Hatsume absolutely could not be on the same team as Midoriya.

Midoriya had grabbed Monoma immediately, and Bakugou nabbed Kirishima. Yaoyorozu and Jiro had gone over to Todoroki's team, while Kuroiro, Shoda, Shoji and Koda went over to Tokoyami. Ojiro and Hagakure had joined up with Shiozaki and Kendo, and

Kamikiri, Awase and Tetsutetsu were all recruited by Midoriya. Todoroki managed to convince Kaibara and Tokage, and Tsunotori skipped over to join Shiozaki's team.

Bakugou wrangled Hatsume, Rin and Fukidashi over, and the remaining students dissolved into groups, with the first group consisting of Yanaji, Uraraka, Komori, Sero and Sato, the second with Kodai, Bondo, Iida, Shishida and Asui, and the last with Honenuki, Tsuburaba, Kaminari, Aoyoma and Ashido.

"You are aware you're the only one from 1-A in this group, right?" Monoma noted.

"Does it matter? I'm new to the hero course anyway!" He grinned.

"When did you two get so close anyway?" Awase asked.

"Quirk problems!" Monoma grumbled, as Yagi told them who was fighting who.

They were up against Tsuburaba's group.

Shiozaki's team was taken out by Tokoyami's. Shoji had utterly overpowered Kendo, before taking down Ojiro. He had been knocked away by Tsunotori, as Tokoyami and Kuroiro stifled Shiozaki again in darkness. Hagakure and Tsunotori didn't have much of a problem with Koda, but once Shoda came into play, it was all over.

Bakugou and Todoroki clashed again, Yaoyorozu and Hatsume fighting with all the stuff they made, as Jiro blasted her heartbeat so loudly that Fukidashi's quirk was rendered ineffective because his attacks couldn't be heard. Rin managed to pin down Kaibara's quirk, and he spun out of control, crashing into Kirishima. Tokage made it out, but then she ended up fighting Rin. That battle was a stalemate, and Yagi called the match as a draw.

"You're not better than me, Half-and-Half!" Bakugou hissed.

The next fight was chaos. Sero fought Asui with their long reaching

attacks, Shishida and Sato charged at each other, and Bondo was busy trying to pin down Komori's spores before they could grow. Yanaji and Uraraka were working together to make things float again, but Kodai was constantly enlarging items and Iida kicking it back at them in a very chaotic game of tennis. It was another draw.

"What support items do you have?" Kamikiri asked.

"This... and this... and - Oh! Idea!" Midoriya grinned as he pointed out his gauntlets and arm bracers. "Monoma, how many quirks can you copy at a time?"

"Three. My time limit is four minutes each. Why?"

"Good." Midoriya smiled, "Honenuki and Tsuburaba are smart, and they'll probably be the planners. They know your limits, and with Tetsutetsu, Kamikiri, and Awase's powerful quirks, and that i'm quirkless, it's likely for them to think you'll copy theirs, maybe leaving one slot open to copy on of theirs."

"And?"

"Pretend. Fool them. Make them know, make them think you can only copy three."

"But I can only copy three."

Midoriya grinned, putting his hands up, his gloves sparking with electricity.

"You are a mad genius."

"Thank you!"

Monoma had started off using all his friend's quirks. Tetsutetsu's quirk was a great lightning rod against Kaminari, and with two of them? Kaminari had no choice but to back off lest he short circuit. Honenuki's quirk was getting disrupted as Monoma and Awase kept

welding things to the ground, making it harder and more time consuming for him to soften the ground to disrupt their footing. Aoyoma was shooting out lasers, and Monoma and Kamikiri were easily able to deflect them with their blades. Midoriya was badass, constantly poking and prodding Tsuburaba and Ashido, making them focus on him, before Monoma grinned, and electrocuted Ashido while she was distracted.

"Wait! I thought you could only - " Tsuburaba was cut off when Midoriya knocked him out.

"Damn. Bio-electric powered gloves? Not bad." Monoma grinned, taking out Aoyoma who was busy firing lasers at Tetsutetsu, but Honenuki used that opportunity to soften a wall. Tetsutetsu smashed through it with the help of Kamikiri, taking out Honenuki out, and Kaminari didn't stand a chance with two lightning rods.

Awase finished him off.

"Well... I personally think we'll be fighting the teachers." Midoriya said, "Villains aren't going to be mindless robots. That will be way too easy."

"That's fair. Probably in pairs or in groups then." Kendo nodded, "The older students said they fought robots though."

"We have Aizawa Sensei as a teacher. What do you expect?" Kaminari grinned, looking up from his math, and Shinsou pulled him back and scolded him for getting his multiplication wrong again.

"Fair point."

Meanwhile, Nezu was talking with Aizawa and Kan in his office.

"This is gonna be a mess. But how hard can it be?" Kan asked.

"Very hard. Hopefully I can actually sleep in class now, away from

the chaos." Aizawa sighed.

Exam

Class 1-A was very confused to see Kan sitting at the teacher's table.

"Um... Sensei... are you... perhaps in the wrong room?" Iida asked.

"No. I'll explain later. Go take your seats first."

1-B were sitting in their seats, waiting for Kan to arrive.

They did not expect Aizawa to walk in at the very last second.

"Um..."

"Nezu said we're swapping homeroom lesson teachers this week. Because the two classes seemed to have mingled well, he thought it would be better to swap teachers as well so we generally know everyone's quirks, fancies, that stuff." Aizawa grumbled.

"That... makes sense..." Yaoyorozu muttered.

"I have a feeling this is not gonna last long." Midoriya muttered, as Kan and Shinsou stared at each other awkwardly, not really knowing how to interact.

"Can we all... just tone it down for the week so we don't scare Vlad King Sensei off?" Iida asked.

Kirishima and Kaminari looked over at him, and grinned, "Nope."

"Ok, this is getting ridiculous." Tokage gasped, "Aizawa sensei is so scary! We too scared to make any noise whenever he falls asleep in class."

"Yeah! I think we made Vlad King Sensei take a few pills of aspirin when he left yesterday!" Hagakure replied.

"We never know what to do with Aizawa Sensei. His instructions are so vague!"

"I want Zawa!"

"We all want Aizawa back. We're lucky it's Wednesday already." Midoriya sighed, "Vlad King Sensei is nice, don't get me wrong... it's just weird."

"No offence taken. Take him back." Monoma groaned, "We all want Vlad King Sensei back too. Aizawa sensei is too... eccentric."

"Vlad King Sensei has no idea what to do with all of us."

"You know on the first day, he gave us all handouts of rules!? Why was there a rule saying "No playing trumpets in class." Or "Don't try to sneak up on Midoriya, especially when he has support gear." or "Make sure that Shinsou is not in the room before switching off the lights." or "Don't throw things at Bakugou." or "No giving Tokoyami bird seed."?"

"Kaminari tried to give Tokoyami sunflower seeds, and Dark Shadow threw him out the window in indignation!" Uraraka grinned. "And Deku nearly kicked Sero's face off when he snuck up on him!"

"He broke my nose!" Sero whined.

"I said I'm sorry!"

Meanwhile, Kan and Aizawa were also having a similar conversation.

"I applaud you, Aizawa, for staying sane for so long." Kan groaned, rubbing his head, "Bakugou tried to blow up Kirishima five times FIVE TIMES. IN TEN MINUTES!"

"Something is wrong with your class. They're too quiet." Aizawa grumbled, "It's too unnerving to sleep."

"What do you mean too unnerving!?"

"They're so quiet it's like they're dead!"

"Well your class is a fricking riot! You have no right to say anything about my class! Kaminari shorted out twice, Todoroki roasted or froze Bakugou ten times, Midoriya has smacked people fifteen times for swearing, Tokoyami keeps repeating "Revelry in the dark", and Shoji is picking up random people like kittens! Six of them at a time!"

"Your class keeps tiptoeing around me like I'm gonna kill them any second."

"Also, can someone tell me why Iida keeps swinging his arms like a robot?!"

"Why do they all look at me like I'm about to expel them?"

"And why is Hatsume sitting behind Midoriya?"

"Why did you let Hatsume sit behind Midoriya!?"

"Nezu! Can we have our normal classes back!?" Kan sighed.

"I told you they wouldn't last a week." Yamada grinned at Kayama, "I win."

"Also, I'd like to remind you that the examinations are in... three weeks!" Nezu smiled.

"WHY ARE WE HAVING THIS SO CLOSE TO THE EXAMS!?"

The next day, both classes were cheering as their proper, respective teachers walked into the classroom.

It had taken them some time to study for the exams. Kaminari,

Ashido, Sero, Awase and surprisingly, Monoma, were have trouble with the content taught in class, and they had spent a few weekends at Yaoyorozu's house in a mass study group. Even Bakugou was there, but he spent most of his time smacking Kaminari and Kirishima on the head, with everyone laughing at them.

There was one weekend that Yamada wanted to bring Shinsou out for something, and Midoriya went on his own to Yaoyorozu's house, but was very, very fidgety, and called Yamada every three hours to check on Shinsou.

No one blamed him or called him out for it.

During those three weeks, Hakamata, Nishiya, and Takeyama had visited, all on their own, curious to see the child and the vigilante, and Midoriya and Shinsou got along with them pretty well, much to Aizawa's relief. Midoriya, once they had gotten comfortable enough, had asked them for their autograph and bombarded them with so many questions regarding their quirks that Aizawa had no choice but to restrain him.

And very soon, the written exam came and went. And then... it was the practical exams.

It was apparent that Midoriya was right. They were fighting the teachers.

In pairs.

Twenty pairs, twenty fights, twenty teachers.

The only pro heroes they were aware of that they could possibly be fighting were Yagi, Thirteen, Nezu, Aizawa, Yamada, Kayama, Snipe, Ishiyama, Inui, Maijima, Kan, and Ectoplasm.

Midoriya had suggested Hakamata as being a possible cadidate, seeing as he is an alumni of UA, but at that point, it was just a waiting game to see who Nezu would call in to help.

The first thing they noticed was ten heroes they had never seen in

UA before.

Midoriya was right about Hakamata, as he was standing there idly.

He, and no one else, was expecting to see Tensei, Enigma, Moashi, Awata, Sirius and Sorahiko.

"Sir Nighteye is unable to make it today." Moashi stated apologetically, "He had some unexpected business today. He expresses his sincere regrets for not coming. He was interested in finding out more about him."

"Ah. That's alright." Nezu replied, "We're just down one hero. We can still conduct the tests and we'll just get someone to go two rounds."

Nezu glanced at the students, "Also! Welcome! We'll tell you your pairs now, and who you're fighting, and we'll be off to start! We also have some of our alumni and heroes helping out today, so be polite to them!"

Tetsutetsu and Kirishima were paired together, surprisingly enough, as were Kendo and Yaoyorozu. Hatsume and Iida were together, much to the later's chagrin, and Shishida and Sato were together. Shoji and Tokage were paired together, Bondo and Hagakure, Bakugou and Todoroki, Kamikiri and Kaibara. Jiro and Fukidashi were a pair, Tokoyami and Asui, Rin and Aoyoma, Ashido and Yanagi, Honenuki and Koda, Kodai and Sero, Awase and Kuroiro, Shoda and Tsuburaba, and Shiozaki and Ojiro.

Then Nezu announced that Kaminari and Komori were a team, as were Uraraka and Tsunotori.

Leaving Midoriya and Monoma.

"Oh, yes. Monoma, you're not allowed to copy quirks until you get into the arena." He grinned, and both Midoriya and Monoma's heart sank. "You were supposed to fight Sir Nighteye, but he's not here now so we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. Get out through the gate, knock the hero out, or cuff them. All the teachers and pros will be wearing weights to even it out, but even then, we won't go

easy on you!"

Midoriya was quirkless. Monoma was as good as quirkless, and they didn't even know which hero they were going to fight. This was going to be tough.

Hatsume was a riot, as usual. She had strapped herself and Iida full with Support Items, easily managing to get close to Enigma. But they had a problem. They didn't take Enigma's quirk into account, and she suddenly just expanded and blocked their path to the exit. She was so large that they couldn't even find a proper place to cuff her since the cuffs were *so damned small compared to her.*

Hatsume solved that problem with a ... drill? She didn't have one when they came in, but she stripped down her gear to their bare parts, and remodelled the entire thing in record time to work in tandem with Iida's engines. She used the rest of her gear to distract Enigma, and Iida managed to tunnel through the ground in record time, just in time to get past the gate.

Tetsutetsu and Kirishima were up against Ishiyama, and they started off being idiots and trying to punch through cement wall after cement wall after cement wall. After some time though, both of them realised that they were getting absolutely nowhere, and Kirishima took a page out of Midoriya's book, and told Tetsutetsu to keep smashing the walls as he climbed up a building, finding out where Ishiyama was, before dropping down on him like.. well... a rock.

Sato and Shishida were having problems with Sirius. She was to nimble, dodging their attempts to catch her as she flipped around. They couldn't even run off for the exit because Sirius was able to know exactly where they were, from the vibrations of their footsteps, even though they tried to be quiet. In the end, the managed to get out of it by allowing Shishida go on a rampage, distracting Sirius and not letting her detect Sato as he ran, letting him run off to the exit.

Kendo and Yaoyorozu were up against Aizawa. Aizawa bested them

in close combat, but Yaoyorozu eventually drenched him in water the second he blinked, taking into account that their poor teacher suffered from dry eye, and Kendo clamped her arms around him, not letting him move as Yaoyorozu cuffed him.

Midoriya and Shinsou were laughing at Aizawa, who just looked utterly miserable in his wet jumpsuit.

Uraraka and Tsunotori were up against Thirteen, with Uraraka using Thirteen's reluctance to hurt anyone to her advantage, and using Black hole to increase her speed and knocking Thirteen out. Tokoyami and Asui were up against Ectoplasm, and eventually, Tokoyami made use of Dark Shadow's reach to cuff Ectoplasm with the cuffs that Asui had swallowed, before she spat it out.

Sorahiko was up against Bakugou and Todoroki. Sorahiko was just, too, god, damned fast. He was here, he was there, by the time Bakugou blasted him, or Todoroki fired off his fire or ice, he was gone, and then, popped out of nowhere to kick them in the back. But he did start tiring after fifteen minutes, from all the weights he had on him, while Todoroki eventually set Bakugou on fire, upon the blonde's request, allowing him to build up a dangerous amount of sweat, before he combusted, blasting Sorahiko away while Todoroki defended himself with his ice, before he skied to the gate before either of them could recover, dragging Bakugou behind him, iced over to cool him down, but grumbling over how he wanted to embarrass Bakugou in front of everyone.

Shoji and Tokage were up against Yagi. Shoji was in no way physically stronger than Yagi, and the sheer force of Yagi's punches were able to knock Tokage away, whether she had split into parts or not. But it was surprisingly easy to get past Yagi, though, once they managed to figure it out. It did take a lot of time, though, when Shoji tried his best to restrain Yagi when Tokage shot past him in many smaller parts. Yagi had broken free and punched Shoji into a wall, before another punch blasted Tokage away from the gate. She was sent sprawling, reforming herself in pain, but Shoji had managed to get up and pounced on Yagi again, accidentally hitting his old injury from his previous battle with All for One a *tad bit too hard*, giving Tokage enough of an opening to dash past the gate, just in time.

Yagi got berated by Shuzenji even thought it wasn't really his fault, with Tokage and Shoji just being confused the entire time.

Kamikiri and Kaibara were up against Maijima. Kaibara's drill quirk was no match for Maijima when it came to drilling and tunnelling, and they were having a ridiculously hard time getting to the gate when holes on the ground kept opening up beneath their feet. They ended up trapped in one of the holes, and down beneath the ground, it was a freaking maze. Kamikiri eventually used his blades to ensure that Kaibara was drilling in the right direction towards the exit, and they managed to get out just in time.

Jiro and Fukidashi were battling Yamada. And it was going horribly, with Yamada rendering Fukidashi's quirk useless, and making Jiro's sensitive ears bleed from the sheer intensity of his voice. Until Jiro got desperate and blared her heartbeat through the concrete ground, vibrating the entire area and as if by sheer luck, loosening a few screws and causing support beam to drop on the trio. Yamada was able to evade them, but Fukidashi blasted the beams at Yamada with a few "BOOM!"s, and Jiro made her way through the gate.

Ojiro and Shiozaki were against Tensei. Shiozaki was unable to keep up with Tensei, and while Ojiro had fought Iida, before, Tensei's punches were much, much pore powerful, considering he was older, stronger, and his engines were on his arms. Until Tensei overexerted himself, unused to the (ridiculously) weights and tripped over Shiozaki's vines by accident, allowing her to cuff him easily.

Moashi was against Honenuki and Koda. Centipedes naturally burrow into the ground, so Honenuki's quirk was pretty useless, and Koda had a fear of bugs. So that was not of any use. And because it's a quirk and Moashi is still a human, at least mentally, Koda's quirk wouldn't even work on him, assuming he had the courage to try anyways. But it somehow ended up with Moashi chasing Koda around as the younger screeched and ran in fear, before Honenuki suddenly made the ground softer, and before either of them could react, both of them sunk into the ground and Honenuki was able to cuff Moashi while underground.

Bondo and Hagakure were up against Snipe, and they were having a horrible time. Bondo was using his quirk to catch Snipe's bullets, but with Hagakure without her gloves and completely naked and invisible (He was still weirded out by that), he had no idea where she was, and couldn't carelessly spread his glue about unless he wanted to restrain her by accident. They ended up making it through, with Bondo moving around and distracting Snipe, letting Hagakure get in close to cuff him.

Awase and Kuroiro had to battle Nezu. Nezu had ended up knocking over buildings, supports, pipes, and a lot of other things over, forcing both boys to keep on running and hiding before they were crushed by the falling rubble, courtesy of Nezu and his wrecking ball on a crane. But Nezu were merely whistling as he waited in his crane, for Kuroiro to use his quirk. Knocking everything down gave the boy a lot of black and shadows to meld with, and he just pushed his level as he sipped on a cup of tea, cackling to himself.

Kuroiro did eventually figure it out, and Awase used his quirk to constantly meld everything together so Nezu couldn't smash them apart so easily with his wrecking ball.

Shoda and Tsuburaba were against Kayama. They were having trouble getting close to her, and she had filled the area near the gate with her sleeping gas so they couldn't pass. Tsuburaba eventually made a small air barrier, and managed to compress it. With a Double Impact-ed kick from Shoda, they managed to blast all the sleeping gas away and stun Kayama long enough for Shoda to get in close with a few Double Impact propelled steps and cuff her.

Kaminari and Komori were up against Awata. Her bubbles were easily able to catch Komori's spores, and she used them to defend herself from Kaminari's electricity. But Komori and Kaminari ended up working together, using the spores to allow the electricity to arc and jump, avoiding the bubbles. Awata dodged the electricity, but her weights suddenly felt really, really heavy (Nezu, please, stop) and she lost her balance, giving Kaminari and Komori the opportunity to jump her.

Hakamata, albeit reluctantly, fought Kodai and Sero. But he was unused to the weights that kept changing, becoming heavier, lighter, then heavier again ("NEZU STOP!") well, all the teachers were, but he had much heavier weights, much like Sorahiko had, and ended up tired way faster than the others. (He swore Nezu did it just for shits and giggles) He still fought valiantly, managing to trap Kodai and Sero in his threads even as he was tangled in Sero's tape.

Kodai had quickly increased the size of the threads, loosening them around her, before she slipped free and ran towards him. In his surprise, he shot his hand out to tangle her in more threads, but his weights suddenly became ridiculously heavy and Sero pulled his arm away with tape letting Kodai cuff him by enlarging the cuffs and sticking it on his outstretched arm.

Kan was against Ashido and Yanagi, and apparently, getting around floating acid was easier said than done. Yanagi was having trouble controlling the liquid, but it was a great counter against Kan's blood as he tried to shoot them down. Ashido and Yanagi just intercepted them with acid, and pressed him back. Yanagi wasn't able to levitate him on her own, but with Ashido's help, they managed to lighten him enough and toss him away, before making a break for the gate.

Inui was against Rin and Aoyoma, as the laser user continuously fired off laser after laser, forcing Inui to dodge. They tried to hide in the forest, but Inui's sense of smell was much better than a normal human's, and he was able to hunt them down. But his sense of sight was also much, much more sensitive to sudden changes in light, and a stray laser blinded him, allowing Rin to hammer at him. Inui put up a good fight while blinded, his sense of hearing and sense of smell good enough, but Rin kept him occupied enough for Aoyoma to fire himself past the gate, albeit with a humongous stomach ache.

"Really, Nezu?" Hakamata sighed, "Did you have the make the weights so heavy? And you kept messing with it's weight!"

"Mine suddenly became heavier in the middle!" Moashi said.

Sorahiko was just lecturing Yagi, much to the amusement of the other students, but Midoriya and Monoma were still worried.

They still didn't know who they were fighting.

Mall

"So... um... who are we gonna fight?" Midoriya hesitantly asked. He really, really didn't want to go up against Yamada... or Kayama... or... oh gods... Yagi? Yagi would be the worse choice. The Number One hero, versus a quirkless person, and with a quirk that Monoma couldn't copy effectively due to it's stockpiling nature. That would literally be two functionally (Well, one literally) quirkless people up against the strongest hero who had the power of... eight people in total, maybe? And possibly six other quirks!?

Nah. Nezu wouldn't do that, would he? Was he sadistic enough to do that? At the very least, he would let Monoma copy some of the other people's quirks beforehand. That would be a literal beatdown.

"So... uh... who *is* fighting them?" Yamada asked.

All the teachers were equally lost.

"It was supposed to be Sir Nighteye. But then he couldn't come, according to Nezu." Moashi replied. "So really... I don't know. Sir said he was looking forward to this, seeing as Midoriya was the... uh... *vigilante*? And quirkless?"

"Well... Aizawa would be a good choice. Monoma is functionally quirkless, and Aizawa's quirk won't be effective on any of them. Just a full on quirkless fight." Snipe said.

"But that's not fair to Monoma." Kayama sighed, "Ecto is a good choice. Just fighting many at the same time is a good challenge for those two!"

"Maybe Jeanist?"

"Wait what kinda support gear does Midoriya have? Aizawa!"

"Just a lot of knives and blades as far as I know. No plasma cutters,

luckily. He wanted to build one before he and Hatsume were kicked out." Maijima replied.

Nezu was looking at his phone before he pocketed it.

Shinsou was sitting in Midoriya's lap as he sat on the ground, muttering out different heroes and how they could possibly take them down. Monoma was also at a loss, and everyone else was looking at them in pity for being so stressed out by Nezu and the other teachers who had also gotten into groups to brainstorm.

"Alright. I have decided." Nezu spoke up. "You will be fighting - "

"NEZU! SORRY I'M LATE!" The doors burst open, revealing a winged figure.

Aizawa sighed.

"So.. I got the call but I was beating someone up so i didn't listen and I thought there was another fight but apparently not so I just came over here!" Hawks grinned proudly.

"HAWKS!? THE NUMBER THREE HERO!?" Midoriya screeched, and Monoma was at a loss.

"How... but... why... what?!"

"Yo! These are the two?"

Nezu walked over to Hawks, telling him stuff that neither Midoriya nor Monoma heard because they were too busy panicking internally.

"Hey can you copy his quirk if you touch his feathers? Or must you touch him?"

"I don't know. I'll need to try."

"Hatsume! Do you have your tools!?" Midoriya yelled, worry evident in his voice.

"Yep! What do you need, Mido?"

"Just pass it over!"

Midoriya promptly took his bracers off, and after catching the stuff Hatsume threw in his direction, he started fiddling with his gear.

"Hawks is an aerial fighter. We can't match his speed, but he needs space to use his wings, his feathers can attack. Electricity... ranged attack... nets? But he's too fast but we can use his momentum against him and - Pass me the screwdriver."

Monoma just grabbed said tool, passing it over wordlessly as he tried to figure out how to beat Hawks as well.

"I'll give you five minutes! And Hawks won't be wearing any weights because we don't have any that fit him."

"That literally makes no sense!" Midoriya screeched, as Shinsou held two metal plates together as he screwed them together. "THE WEIGHTS ARE ADJUSTABLE!"

Midoriya and Monoma were let into the compound, and they were both silent, tensed up, waiting for Hawks to appear out of nowhere. They were listening out for the swish of the wind, the ruffle of feathers, anything to hint that Hawks was anywhere. They carefully made their way through the compound, in the direction of the gate, when suddenly, Midoriya pulled Monoma back.

"Aww, I wanted to surprise you. No matter." Hawks grinned, flying upwards as Midoriya tried to tackle him. Midoriya landed in a roll, whirling around midway, before aiming his bracers at Hawks before firing off a few blades. Hawks dodged them, before swooping down on Monoma, but Monoma managed to dodge in time, barely. He nicked Hawk's hand, and tensed up as he felt the familiar sensation of a borrowed quirk course through his veins.

He remembered the plan. Getting to copy Hawks quirk was a huge part of their most of their twenty or so plans, and he was not about to reveal his own quirk and mess it up. They were lucky they managed to copy it so early in the fight.

Midoriya was right about a lot of things though. Hawks happy go lucky personality, the high probability he didn't know Midoriya's other persona, or Monoma's quirk, all of that was taken into account. They had a way to beat Hawks, but first they needed to ground him.

Hawks shot feathers at Midoriya, but Midoriya jumped to the side, and leapt off a wall, forcing Hawks to fly even higher.

"Monoma! Go!" He yelled, as he ripped a knife out of its holder.

"Wait. I know you!" Hawks said in realisation. The fighting style, those green eyes, the blades, the way he held it. He flew closer to the ground, "Akatani! I saw you in that building!"

"Oh yeah!?" Midoriya growled. Monoma had already moved in the direction of the gate. Once Hawks was out of sight, he would activate the quirk and blast towards the gate, letting Midoriya distract Hawks while he did so.

"So, how ya doing, Kiddo? You weren't looking too hot the last time I saw ya." Hawks grinned.

"I'm fine now." Midoriya groaned. He knew Hawks wanted to meet, Aizawa already mentioned that, but now?! Having this talk now?!

"I can see that." Hawks replied, getting closer to the ground, "You're adorable. You and the kid."

"I'm not!" He replied indignantly. "And leave Toshi alone!"

"Nah." Hawks grinned, pulling out two long feathers and holding them out like knives. He charged at Midoriya, and Midoriya dodged, and kicked off a wall to get above him. He imbedded the blades on his shoes into the wall, using that as a grounding point for him to jump off the wall, over Hawks, before flipping over and firing a few more blades that were sparking with electricity.

Hawks swerved to avoid them, until he was slammed into by Midoriya, who pressed his hands that were somehow glowing with electricity onto his wings, causing him to lose control over his wings and the feathers that were detached.

They were sent tumbling onto the ground.

"Get off me, brat!" Hawks hissed, pushing himself up. He shook himself, feeling a numb feeling coming from his wings.

Shit. It would take some time for them to recover.

Hawks stepped back, trying to avoid a slash by Midoriya.

"So, who are you living with?" He asked, trying to distract the boy.

"Aizawa sensei, why?"

"Wait, he already has custody over you!?"

"Why does that even matter!?"

"Midoriya Izuku and Monoma Neito have passed the exam. Please head over to the observation room!"

Shinsou was being held in Aizawa's arms (After getting dry) as he grinned at the screen, watching Midoriya and Hawks fight. Monoma, another person he liked more than the others, had sprouted wings and was flying towards the exit, and he cheered when he passed the gate.

The screens went off, and Shinsou giggled, leaning down to reach for Nezu's tail as it swished about.

"Hitoshi, no." Aizawa tried to pulled Shinsou away, "Stop trying to grab the principal's tail."

"But it moves!"

"It's alright, Aizawa. He's not hurting me anyways." Nezu smiled, turning around and letting Shinsou pat his head.

"Zuzu is fluffy!"

And it was things like this that reminded Aizawa that Shinsou was still a child.

No matter how much he had been through, he just a kid, a toddler. Just a six year old. He was smart, sure, mature, yes, but he was still easily distracted, like any other kid his age should be. And liked fuzzy animals, like cats. And apparently Nezu.

"But you're too much of a handful for anyone!"

Everyone turned to the door that lead to the compound the last fight was held.

"Exactly! What makes you think you can even handle me!?"

"I'm really fast?"

"So!? Ingenium is really fast too!"

Hawks was picking Midoriya up by the collar as he carried him into the room, Monoma walking behind them looking totally lost. Midoriya was struggling, but they all know he wasn't really trying, or he probably would have broken Hawks wrist by now.

"Sensei! Tell him to stop harassing me!"

Hawks then stomped up to Aizawa, and by that time, Tensei, fearing for the chaos between the obviously protective Aizawa and the Number Three hero, started shooing all the students out of the room with Snipe and Kayama's help. But the ensuing argument was very easily heard.

"Excuse me? What makes you think you even have the right to take custody over him?"

"I'm the number three hero?"

"And how old are you even!?"

"Twenty two!"

It was ridiculously funny to look at them, and Nezu just had this grin on his face as he watched Aizawa, with Shinsou in his arms, and Hawks, holding Midoriya like a kitten, argue.

"You knew this would happen." Hakamata sighed, shaking his head, "Why do I even bother?"

Shinsou and Midoriya just watched the argument, not knowing how to intervene. Midoriya looked at Monoma pleadingly for help, but Monoma looked equally confused, dazed, and wide eyed as the both of them.

"It looks like it's going to escalate into a fight." Ectoplasm grumbled, making two more clones of himself in case he had to restrain the two heroes.

"Don't. Just watch." Nezu still had that giant shit eating grin plastered all over his furry face.

"Bad. No fight." Shinsou was in arm's reach of Hawks, due to Aizawa carrying him, and used that to tap Hawks on the nose, distracting both him and Aizawa, "Fighting is bad."

Until he caught sight of Hawks' wings, and his eyes lit up at the sight of the fluffy red feathers.

It was eventually resolved in a compromise, with Aizawa unofficially adopting Hawks as he watched the Number Three hero sit on the ground with Shinsou playing with his feathers, and Midoriya peering at a feather curiously as he bombarded the Wing Hero with question after question.

The news that they all passed was music to their ears. The camp, all of them were going. But then there was a major problem.

Malls.

They needed to get stuff for the camp. Insect repellant, sunblock, and probably shoes.

But the last time he had been to a mall was with Aizawa, Kayama, and Yamada.

And the time before that... he didn't even remember. He did

remember trying to get clothes for Shinsou, but he just ended up altering his old clothes that were way to small for him.

And he was supposed to go with his friends?

"Sensei! Please! Can I not go to the mall?" Midoriya was practically begging.

"Look, if it comforts you, I'll be tagging along. Inconspicuously, of course." Yamada sighed, "But going shopping is a normal thing. We all know that you've been deprived of little comforts like this. Shopping is a very natural thing to do, and I think you should make the most of this and try to hang out. Be a normal teenager."

"But - "

"Izuku." Aizawa spoke up, "Stop worrying. It's just a mall. Everything will be fine. Just relax for once."

Of course, everything was not fine.

It was never fine. He was a trouble magnet.

He had grouped up with Monoma, Kendo, Uraraka, Iida, Todoroki and Awase, but most of them had ended up forming their own groups and wandering off. Shinsou was with Yamada, somewhere in the mall, while Aizawa finished some paper work.

He went to the bathroom for a few minutes, and what did he see coming out?

Shigaraki, with his fingers around Monoma's neck.

Granted, he hadn't even met the villain before. But even though he no longer patrolled, the information ingrained in his head couldn't be removed so easily.

Shigaraki Tomura, man-child leader of the League of Villains. Responsible for the USJ attack, and probably those Nomu's at Hosu. Worked with (Or probably works under) All for One, the villain

with the ability to steal quirks. Yagi didn't have a successor yet, but they somehow agreed that he was probable the best person to go up against All for One. After all, he was quirkless. He didn't have anything to lose if he did end up meeting that two hundred year old villain. One for All was cunning, lying in the shadows, but Shigaraki?

Midoriya didn't know what he wanted, but Shigaraki merely grinned at him, before disappearing into the crowd.

Monoma slumped against the wall, breathing heavily. Midoriya immediately went up to him, patting him on the back.

"You okay, Monoma?"

"I... damn... so that's what it's like... huh?"

"What?"

"Being up... against... a real villain..."

"Monoma, are you okay?" Midoriya didn't understand, "Do you want to sit down for a second?"

"Actually... yeah..."

Monoma wasn't expecting a hand to clamp around his throat.

His breath hitched, and the man who grabbed his neck snickered, "Calm down. I don't mean to do anything. I just want to ask a question, since I saw you hanging out with the Midoriya boy. Also, you don't want anyone else to panic... or maybe die, do you?"

"What do... you want?"

"Stain's ideals are being broadcasted everywhere, despite the fact he was beaten by a high school student. All he did was make some kind of speech after he was cuffed and chained and being dragged into a police van to be transported to Tarturus. Why weren't the Nomu's effective then? They caused more havoc that the hero killer ever did, they destroyed buildings, but we, the League of Villains, ended up as the side story. Why are Midoriya and Stain the main thing now!?"

Monoma really, really wanted to be snarky, but after knowing that he was the one that set those damned creatures all over Hosu, he didn't want to risk messing up.

"Stain's ideals are clear." He tried to remain calm, "He wants a better society, and to do that, he killed heroes he deemed unworthy. He has the power to back it up, and he is respected for sticking to his ideals, even if they are wrong. Midoriya is strong, being a prominent figure in both the Sports Festival and then beating Stain. Because no one knows his quirk, since it hasn't even been seen before, it kind of sends a message in a way that quirks may not be as important as we think they are. All I know about you is that you seem to want endless destruction just for the fun of it."

Shigaraki fell silent, and Monoma was really hoping whatever he said would satisfy the villain so that he, and everyone else, could live to see another day.

"You know... that's why you're all so irritating. Midoriya, Stain. It's all to similar to All Might. To create a world without All Might, and cause enough destruction to show them all how fragile their justice really is. That's my conviction. Everyone smiles, everyone is so happy because of All Might. Because they think he's infallible. I will bring him down and show him just how "infallible" their hero is."

Monoma was silent the entire time as Midoriya dragged him to a nearby cafe, until Midoriya poked him on the shoulder and asked what he wanted. They eventually settled down with a soda each, Midoriya sipping his drink curiously.

"Never had a soda before?"

"Yeah. I just drank water. Or coffee. Or energy drinks. This is... actually nice."

Monoma just remained quiet.

"That was Shigaraki Tomura."

"Did you see him often? As your... other persona?"

"No. I was lucky enough to not meet him. My fighting style is

mostly close combat. I wouldn't want to fight him, given his quirk. You felt him clamp his fingers around your neck, right? Notice how he only used four fingers?"

Monoma tried to recall, but his brain was not retaining the information, and he shook his head.

"Figures. His quirk is like... Uraraka's. Or Kodai's. All five fingers need to make contact for activation." Midoriya held his hand out to show Monoma what he meant. "He usually holds his pinky out so he won't disintegrate stuff."

"Wait..." Monoma was still trying to reel his head around being a finger's touch away from being a pile of dust on the ground, while trying to process the information that the borrowed quirk from the contact gave him. "Never mind. I know what you mean."

"You're taking this awfully calmly."

"I guess. I mean... you know what you're doing. And he touched my neck. I copied the quirk by accident out of shock.. so I kinda know what you are talking about."

Monoma just forced himself to not hold anything as he activated it, letting the four minutes tick by as they sat in silence.

"I'm just... gonna file a report."

Midoriya ended up going with him, before going home with Yamada and Shinsou and screeching "I TOLD YOU SO!" at Aizawa.

Water Works

The bus ride to the camp was mundane at best and uneventful. Kaminari could not sing for the life of him, who told him he could?! And was that a Japanese song or was it English? He could not tell for the life of him.

Or maybe Midoriya was just grouchy because he hadn't slept a wink in the past few days. He managed to hide it from his classmates, but Shinsou knew after the first day he went more than twenty- four hours without sleeping. Aizawa found out after three days.

And it wasn't like he didn't want to sleep. He was tired. He knew he should be resting. Heck Aizawa, Yamada, and even Iida were reinforcing that all the time.

But he just had a bad feeling about this camp. A weird flame in his stomach, churning weakly. It didn't affect him at all, physically, but it left him wondering just what the heck was going to happen.

But just in case, he had made a few (a lot) more throwing knives, a ton of the bladed ammo he used in his bracers, and who knew where they were all hidden in his school uniform, bags, his secret compartments in his bag, and in his shoes.

He was supposed to be sitting with Todoroki, and Shinsou was sitting with Aizawa up front. But Midoriya was just unable to calm down at all. Todoroki had asked him in concern, but he just brushed him off. He tried to sleep, turning one way, then the other, but no matter how tired he was, how much he wanted to just push the pounding in his head that always came with not sleeping away, he couldn't do it.

He just grabbed the energy drink from his bottle and chugged it like an alcoholic drinking after years of abstinence. He wasn't going to let something like having no energy affect his performance in class.

They eventually made a stop at some cliff, and Midoriya was just looking around for any traps. Aizawa couldn't have made them, but it was just illogical to stop in the middle of nowhere, even if it was to stretch their limbs. Plus, 1-B wasn't even here, so there was definitely something wrong with that.

Midoriya stretched, twisting his head, sighing when he heard the popping of his joints on his shoulders, hands, and neck.

The doors of black car that was parked next to their bus popped, open. "Long time no see, Eraser Head!"

"The Wild Wild Pussycats?" Midoriya asked, before he looked at a boy who was too young to even be a hero. He looked about Shinsou's age, if his height meant anything, and Shinsou was also looking at him in curiosity.

"Eraser! I had no idea you had a kid!" Tsuchikawa laughed, walking over to the tired hero and getting a better look at Shinsou. "Finally got a girl?"

"He's adopted." Aizawa grumbled, holding Shinsou tighter to his chest, before turning to look at the students who were scattered around their rest stop, looking at the Pussycats curiously.

Aizawa just sighed, before saying, "These are the heroes that will be working with us over the course of this training camp."

"They're a four-person agency hero team that set up a joint agency! They're a veteran team that specialises in mountain rescues!" Midoriya grinned, before he pointed down the cliff to the stretch of forests below, "You guys own the land here, right?"

"Yup," Sosaki affirmed, "You'll be staying at the foot of that mountain!"

Upon the mention of that word, Midoriya realised what they were all standing on. Dirt, rocks, pebbles, soil. And then, he realised what Tsuchikawa's quirk was. And the very point of why they were stopping here.

Tsuchikawa had disappeared, but Midoriya had caught sight of her perching on top of the bus. He turned his attention away from her, and focussed his gaze on the black haired child who stood silently, aloof.

"It's nine thirty in the morning. If you're fast, maybe around noon?" Sosaki's claws glinted as she licked her lips, and Kirishima yelped, "Not good! Let's get back!"

"Back to the bus!" Ashido screamed, and all the students made a mad dash to the bus.

"Kittens who don't make it back by twelve thirty don't get lunch!" She grinned.

"I knew it." Midoriya grumbled, as he swung his foot into Tsuchikawa's fist before it made contact with the ground, stopping her initial ambush on the class.

Sosaki leapt at him, forcing him off Tsuchikawa, and the hero used that chance to smash her fist into the ground, setting off an avalanche of rocks and dirt that managed to sweep everyone off their feet and into the forest below.

"This is private land, so feel free to use your quirks as you see fit!" Tsuchikawa grinned, yelling down the cliff, and Midoriya looked at Aizawa with a betrayed expression.

"You planned this." He accused, "Dad, I thought better of you!"

"I.... What?!"

"You better take care of Hitoshi, or else, after I smash these earth monsters to a pulp, you're next!" Midoriya yelled, sticking his tongue out at Aizawa as he leapt down the cliff after his classmates, much to the confusion of the two heroes and the black haired child.

There was silence, until Tsuchikawa asked, "How did he know about the earth monsters? That was supposed to be a surprise!"

"WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?!" Kaminari screeched as he ran from one of the earthen beasts.

Midoriya leapt off the cliff, and landed on the beast with a solid thud, before digging out his newer, longer knives out of their sheaths in hidden compartments he had sewn into his pants specifically for this, and cleaved off the beast's head.

"Whew. Thanks."

Uraraka had gotten knocked to the ground trying to protect Iida from a particularly nasty slash, and had gotten her arm cut in the process. Blood dripped from her arm, and Midoriya hissed. He quickly smashed the beast to bits, and promptly yanked his tie off, wrapping it around Uraraka's arm tightly.

"Guys! Gather in a group, don't get separated from each other!" Midoroya yelled, still putting pressure on Uraraka's arm. "Jiro, Shoji, take the front! You guys have the best hearing, try to head in that direction! The camp is there!"

He pointed away from the cliff, and Jiro plugged her earlobes into the ground as Shoji transformed his extra ears into limbs.

"Gotcha. There's a man yelling. I think someone called him Tiger?"

"Yep. Another member of the Pussycats." Midoriya nodded. "These things are made from Pixie Bob's quirk. They're not animals, sorry Koda. They're strong, but their weak spots are the joints. Like the robots from the entrance exam. Unless you're a heavy hitter or fast, stay with the group!"

Bakugou ended up at the back with Todoroki. Neither of them liked it, but it made sense. Bakugou blew them up, and Todoroki froze them, but it left way too much debris in the way and they risked hitting the other students.

Sero was busy wrangling the flying earth monsters with the help of Ashido. Ashido could cripple them with her acid, and Sero just tied them together, and with Sato and Koda's help, used them to smash other earth beasts up.

Jiro and Shoji were busy making sure they were going the right way, cutting straight through the forest in a beeline for the camp. Asui was perched on Shoji's shoulders, tossing earth beasts away, and Shoji himself was multitasking between fighting, listening, and looking out for more danger.

Kaminari was wielding a makeshift version of his support item. Midoriya had a part in designing it, and was able to briefly describe the basics of how the support item was supposed to help him aim, while Yaoyorozu produced the item out of her back, ripping the uniform in the process.

She quickly ripped a metal pole out of her arm, smacking another monster in the face, and then she pulled a freaking machine gun out of her stomach and started raining bullets down the monsters.

Midoriya was fending off more beast, but while he had more stamina, his fighting style forced him to get in close with the beasts, and his uniform was starting to show where the beasts had tried to bite or slice him.

"Watch out!" Jiro yelled, as another beast literally popped out from under their feet, catching Shoji off guard and causing him to slam into Yaoyorozu. She yelped, losing hold of her weapon, when another emerged from right under her and caught her in its grasp.

Midoriya screeched, and slammed into the monster, but the monster had left its mark before it crumbled back into dust. A long, nasty gash was left on Yaoyorozu's leg, and Midoriya hissed. Shoji had caught her, but was unsure of what to do next.

Midoriya quickly grabbed the small bottle of rubbing alcohol he kept in a small, hidden compartment of his jacket, and ripped off another portion of his uniform, dumping the contents out. He pressed the cloth against Yaoyorozu's leg, and grumbled internally as she hissed in pain.

Why earth, of all things?! Bacteria, insects, all sorts of unhygienic and dirty things lurked, and in such a large wound?!

Midoriya promptly tore his jacket off, tying it around Yaoyorozu's

leg tightly. He jumped to the ground, and carefully took Yaoyorozu from Shoji's arms. Normally, if it was a broken foot or bone, he wouldn't suggest carrying anyone due to all the running and jumping he would be doing. But it was just a flesh wound, a rather deep one at that, but nothing major. And they needed their powerhouses to be running at full power.

He quickly put his arms under Yaoyorozu's thighs, and she weakly wrapped her arms around his neck, before he started running, keeping pace with the group, with Yaoyorozu occasionally loosening her grip to make more weapons and items the others needed and passing it to them.

They found Kan and Aizawa talking about something or another, 1-B standing next to them patiently.

"Hey! You guys finally made it!" Kendo waved, "We were all screeching when your teacher told us he threw you down a cliff, and ... Midoriya?!"

The students turned to Midoriya, the 1-A students still way too tired and too confused to figure out what was going on.

Then it clicked.

All the students knew that Midoriya was strong. He had shown them time again and again, that he was perfectly capable of holding himself in a fight.

They were not expecting him to be so ripped.

His uniform was singed, and pretty much in tatters, from dodging boulders, trees, claws, and the very occasional accidental friendly fire. His tie was wrapped around Uraraka's arm, and was that his school jacket wrapped around Yaoyorozu's leg?

His muscles were showing, his scars standing out against his pale skin. He carefully helped Yaoyorozu off his back, and they could all see his muscles flex as he did so.

"Holy... that's so manly..." Tetsutetsu gasped.

"Izu!" Shinsou grinned, breaking the silence, dragging a very, very unwilling Kota behind him, "I'm adopting him!"

"Hey! I didn't agree to this!" Kota protested, but Shinsou merely ignored him and pushed him at Midoriya, "Kota, say hi to Izuku."

"I don't wanna be friends with hero wannabes!"

Sosaki just laughed as Kota tried to shove Shinsou away, but it was obvious that he was already loosening up around the other child.

"Hey, Toshi, you do know some people don't wanna be adopted, right? You can't just force em." Midoriya said, looking at Kota's confused expression.

"To be fair, I didn't wanna be taken in when you first found me. Hypocrite." Shinsou huffed, puffing his cheeks out and crossing his arms. "And you still did."

Kaminari, Ashido and Sero had fallen to the ground in exhaustion and laughter at Midoriya's bewildered expression that Shinsou was talking back.

"You were like, one year old! I couldn't just leave you there!"

"And he's six! Same age! No difference!" Shinsou grinned.

Midoriya looked at Kota weirdly. He didn't notice it before, when Tsuchikawa knocked them off the cliff into the forest, but now that he had a good look at Kota properly, he looked familiar.

But he couldn't put his finger on it.

"Have I... met you before?" Midoriya asked, "You seem familiar."

"I doubt it," Sosaki sighed, energy seeping out of her, "You were probably thinking of his parents, Water Hose - "

"Water... Hose...?" Midoriya let out a strangled gasp, his brain desperately reaching out for his memories of the water based hero

team.

He was just twelve. He wasn't ready to take on all the high classed villains, but he was able to take down a few of the lesser villains.

His elementary school was having a two day trip, but he wasn't allowed to go due to him being quirkless. He didn't wanna go due to Shinsou, anyways, but he had the whole day to himself. Shinsou's school was having a field trip, and he did make the owner promise up and down to never let Shinsou out of his sight, at all.

Shinsou was excited for it. So while Midoriya wanted to explore a bit more, he couldn't go too far. So he had decided to visit one of the villages on the outskirts of Tokyo.

It only took him two hours to get there by hitching rides on trains. He had five or six hours to spare, to explore the area, to maybe figure out how it was so peaceful and quiet, yet so bustling with activity at the same tine, before he had to head back to pick his little brother up.

His hood was down, and he was just wandering around when a loud scream pierced his ears. He immediately flipped his hood on, fishing his mask out of his pocket, and putting it on, before he climbed up to the rooftop to figure out what was going on.

Muscular.

Midoriya hissed. He was, in no way, strong enough to take him down. He could see Water Hose, a team he had encountered before, pushing past all the screaming people, trying to get to Muscular. (They were really nice. They were one of the few heroes that knew he didn't have an ideal quirk, yet still encouraged him to shoot for his dreams. To be fair, they didn't know he was a vigilante.)

He made his way towards the battle, dialling for an ambulance and pretty much every other hero agency to send help to take down Muscular. Water Hose could control water, but water wasn't going to be very helpful against him.

But the Water Hose duo was severely underpowered. By the time he got there, which only took a few minutes, Muscular had already broke Kirai

Izumi's spine, leaving her lying helplessly on the ground in a pool of her own blood. He couldn't see her face, for she was lying face down, and he could hear faint gurgling sounds from her direction. Mikai Izumi lay in Muscular's grasp, his ribcage crushed from the sheer strength of the villain. Blood was seeping through Muscular's fingers, slowly, dripping down, dying the ground crimson.

In a rage, he had leapt forward, slashing at Muscular. It was enough to shock the villain into letting him go, but not enough to injure him.

He did notice that Muscular was missing an eye, though, and the socket was bleeding.

He hissed, dodging a hit from Muscular, before the villain had tensed up.

They felt the ground rippling, and Midoriya immediately jumped aside as a creature made of rocks busted out of the ground.

"We got a call! What's going - Hey! Who are you!? Wait!" He heard Tsuchikawa yell, but he didn't stick around to listen to her berate him, or to continue fighting Muscular.

Midoriya quickly turned around and ran, leaping up to the roof, scampering off to the train station.

He couldn't stand it. He had failed. Kirai and Mikai wouldn't be able to be heroes anymore even if they survived their injuries.

Didn't they mention before that they had a kid around Shinsou's age?

Midoriya swore to himself. He couldn't fail again. One kid was now orphaned because he was too slow, because he wasn't strong enough.

That night, as he checked the news with Shinsou sitting in his lap, an article caught his eye.

"Hero News! Water Hose duo found dead after fight with Muscular! They were brutally beaten by the villain, and... "

An image of the dead duo was shown on screen, though heavily censored, but Midoriya's still slammed his computer shut. Shinsou didn't need to see something like that, he didn't need to see that scene again.

His heart clenched, for Water Hose, for himself, for the poor kid who was left orphaned and stranded on his own.

"I... I'm so sorry..." He gasped, looking down at Kota who was looking at him confused.

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Kota snapped.

"I... I'm sorry... this is my fault.. I couldn't... I was there and I - "

"What do you mean, your fault?! And you were there? You couldn't have been there! The only other person there was a guy in a green hoodie who we deduced was Akatani and... Wait, you're Akatani?!" Sosaki was taken aback, her eyes widening.

Midoriya fell on his knees, and pulled Kota in for a hug, "I'm so sorry, Kota. This shouldn't have happened. Not to them, not to you."

And for the first time, Kota didn't push him away.

Because this was the first time someone ever said sorry to him. For losing his parents. Everyone else just said that he should be proud to have heroes as parents, that they were doing their jobs, praising them like heroes were gods.

No one stopped to think about how he felt, as a three year old orphan, who had just lost the two most important people in the world.

"Stupid Deku. Emotional shit." Bakugou grumbled, but he knew that it was just Midoriya. His dad didn't want him, his mom didn't care for him. All he had was Shinsou, and in a weird way, him, until he got into UA. Thinking that he was the cause of Kota's parents' death was going to be harder on him than on anyone else in his place.

"Okay, guys, go grab your stuff and see the rooms. We'll have dinner in two hours, so get moving." Aizawa announced, and everyone listened immediately to give the teenager and Kota some space.

Kota just stood there, letting Midoriya hug him, trying to rub the tears that were welling in his eyes away.

Training

Kota had literally been dragged to the table by Shinsou, and Shinsou was sitting between him and Midoriya. Neither of them said a thing, looking at each other awkwardly, as they ate. Midoriya's appetite had improved, not by much, but it was a lot better since the time they were taken in by Aizawa.

Monoma sat opposite Midoriya, Kendo next to him, and beside her, Koda.

Kota's eyes were slightly red and puffy, and he was just staring at his food forlornly.

"Is he okay?!" Koda signed, and to his surprise, it wasn't Midoriya that signed back, but Shinsou, albeit clumsily and missing a few signs here and there, *"Fine. Need cool down."*

Midoriya occasionally glanced over at Kota, concern evident in his eyes, before quickly looking back to his bowl and stuffing a vegetable in his mouth.

The air around them was thick with tension, and aside from the sounds of utensils hitting bowls and plates, no other sounds were heard from that table. Monoma glanced at Kendo, both wanting to break the silence, but neither knowing how.

Midoriya had been there when Kota's parents had died. He had seen them die. No doubt the guilt was eating him alive and his overprotective instinct wanted him to take care of Kota, but he didn't know how to do it.

Midoriya didn't seem to notice it, but Monoma did. The way how Kota also snuck glances at Midoriya when he thought the older wasn't looking, and the confusion swirling in his mind was so obvious, written clearly on his face.

Shinsou obviously had seen it. Kendo and Koda as well. He was

pretty sure that anyone else sitting at their table would be able to see it. Only the two emotional knuckleheads weren't able to see it.

Shinsou was mouthing something at him, pointing subtly to Midoriya with his fork. Monoma had no idea what he meant, and just stared at the purple haired boy like he had a screw loose, until Aizawa, being a psychic or something, came up, tapped Midoriya on the shoulder and said, "Go entertain Bakugou. He looks like he wants to kill Kaminari."

"He always looks like he wants to kill Kaminari." Midoriya muttered under his breath as he hastily picked up his bowl, before excusing himself from the table, and turned away. Aizawa used that opportunity to gesture at Kota with his eyes and a faint tilt of his head, before he pointed Midoriya in Bakugou's direction.

Kota visibly relaxed, and leaned forward, slouching. Shinsou pat him on the back.

And just like that, the tension surrounding the table disappeared.

"Is he always like that?"

"Huh?" Monoma found himself asking.

"How much of that was an act? How does he know exactly what you feel, and how to react to it to make you feel better?" Kota demanded. "How does he know it will make you feel better?! How much of that is just fake?!"

Oh. He thought Midoriya was acting.

"He's not acting." Shinsou replied. "Izu always cares."

"How can he care so much about someone he doesn't even know?!"

He remained quiet. He didn't know how to answer that, "He just does."

"Why?!"

Aizawa looked like he wanted to say something, but he was eyeing

Kendo and Koda weirdly. Monoma finally got the hint, and whispered to Kendo, "Mind leaving the table for a sec with Koda?"

He gestures in Aizawa's direction, and Kendo nodded, grabbing Koda by the arm, saying, "Come on. I heard you have a pet bunny at home. Kodai loves rabbits."

She dragged a confused Koda away from the table, and Monoma got up to leave when Shinsou somehow stood up on his chair and yanked his arm back, "You stay and listen."

Monoma obediently sat back in his seat. Not just because he didn't want to incur Midoriya and Aizawa's wrath if he somehow upset Shinsou, but the expression written on Shinsou's face was one that he had never seen him before.

This was serious.

"Kota." Aizawa said softly, "Izuku cares about people. It's in his nature. It's not my place to say, but he's very protective for a reason."

"How does he know exactly what I feel though?" Kota asks, putting his arms on the table, resting his head on his arms. "How does he know what to say and react to make me feel better?"

"Izu is Akatani. So.... uh.. um...." Shinsou seemed to have wanted to make a point with that statement, but he seemed to have problems wording it, but Aizawa could tell where he was going with this.

"What Hitoshi means in that as a vigilante, he had to be perceptive in order to take down villains that were three or four times his size. Even though he's not a vigilante anymore.... His ability to read and analyse people has been and always will be a part of him."

"But why would he care about me!?"

"He cares a lot. Especially for people facing similar problems as he did." Monoma sighed, "Growing up without an ideal quirk, yet trying to do good in the world isn't easy. It's in his nature to worry about people he cares about. It's nice, comforting at times, even though it may seem like paranoia, but a little worry goes a long

way."

"Why would a complete stranger like him bother with me!?" Kota was that close to yelling out of agitation.

Shinsou just stared at him blankly.

"Izu just cares. No one, not even he himself knows why." Shinsou tilted his head to the side, shrugging, "That's how he found me."

Kota just looked at him in confusion.

Oh yeah. He mentioned that he was adopted before dinner....

"Izu found me in the streets. My mom didn't want me cause my quirk is bad. Everyone didn't want me cause my quirk is bad. I... I didn't want anyone to take me because I thought my quirk was bad. Then Izu just came along, took me to his home, took care of me even though no one took care of him. He just cares about people. That's just who Izu is."

"My parents chose their jobs over me!" Kota hissed, "They cared about me. And they still left me alone!"

"Izu chose me over everything else." Shinsou slumped forward. "I.... I had a teacher. She.... She locked me in a cl...closet for the whole day. It was dark. I couldn't see anything." Shinsou looked like he was having trouble speaking, but he still pressed on, "Izu.... Izu came and saved me. But then... I couldn't sleep because it was so dark at night and there was no one at home that cared and it reminded me that I saw stuck in there in the dark and no one wanted to let me out and I couldn't move and couldn't get out and the door was locked and I was so scared and - "

He coughed, and Aizawa settled down on Midoriya's chair, carefully patting Shinsou's back. Shinsou looked close to tears, and pulled his knees up to his chin, trying to find some kind of grounding before he continued. "Izu knew. He quit being Akatani for me."

But Kota knew there had to be more to the story. He had literally seen Akatani on television, getting beaten up on live television before Sosaki or Tsuchikawa turned off the television, and another

purple haired kid.....wait a minute....

"Wait! You.. him..... Television..!?"

"He got hurt because of me..... I... I don't..."

Shinsou didn't want to speak anymore. He just curled up on his chair, and clutched his shirt, tears pooling in the corners of his eyes. He hastily wiped them off, and Aizawa took a sharp intake of breath.

Monoma quickly got up from his seat to fetch Midoriya. Aizawa gently ruffled Shinsou's hair, and Shinsou looked up at Kota.

"You're lucky. No one wanted me until Izu found me."

That statement just ended up leaving a bad taste in Kota's mouth.

What was right?

What was wrong?

Was being mad at his parents for doing their job right?

Was hating heroes because his parents died right?

Was hating Midoriya, and everyone else for wanting to be a hero wrong?

Kota didn't know anymore.

Kota gently pushed open the door to the room the boys were sleeping in. He quickly identified where Midoriya and Shinsou were, but when he tried to step into the room, he paused. Something in him, some small part of him that still didn't sit right with befriending Midoriya, stopped him.

He hated heroes. His parents were heroes. But they ditched him for their job. They choose being heroes over him. That was the stand he took.

But now, he no longer knew what was right, what was wrong.

He shut the door softly, and Midoriya carefully opened his eyes, peering at the door.

He knew it was Kota. He saw him. He wasn't able to sleep, and had tried to guess who it was.

It wasn't any of his classmates, or any of those from 1-B. They were all in the same room, and Midoriya hadn't been able to sleep at all since they shut off the lights. He just stayed as still as possible, not disturbing Shinsou, who was curled up by his side. None of them had woken up.

It wasn't Aizawa, for sure, based on the gait and the sound of the footsteps. They were too light to be an adult. Which meant it was a kid. And Shinsou was right next to him, so by the process of elimination, it had to be Kota.

He shut his eyes as Kota opened the door, straining his ears to listen to Kota breathing over the snores of his classmates. He was giving out an aura of confusion, and Midoriya really wanted to just rush over and help him figure things out. Losing his parents at such a young age definitely messed up so many things.

And that was his fault. He wasn't fast enough. He wasn't strong enough. He had been there, so god damned close, but yet, he failed.

Because of his failure, two heroes were dead.

Because of his failure, two parents were dead.

Because of his failure, Kota ended up as an orphan and had developed a jaded view of the world, and because they were his parents, he also had a cynical view of heroes.

Because he failed.

But he knew he couldn't do anything. Kota was uneasy around him. He could only wait for Kota to make the first move.

They were all woken up at five thirty in the morning the next day, all except for Midoriya. Midoriya had apparently been up since three in the morning, nursing a cup of coffee in the common room as Shinsou lay on a futon on the ground, sleeping on his lap.

It was chaos. Kan and Aizawa had just barged into the room, apparently, Aizawa just grumbling at the kids to wake up and Kan, being the more competitive one, had yelled at everyone to wake up.

Kaminari ended up shocking some people, Tokage had panicked and split into thirty parts, and Tsuburaba had accidentally created an air barrier and smacked his head into it when he bolted up to a sitting position. In the end, it was approximately six in the morning when they started to exit the building into the forest, only to find Midoriya drinking coffee with a completely tired and deadpan expression on his face, his eye bags even more prominent than usual.

Then, they revealed what they were going to be doing. They would be developing their quirks, pushing themselves past their old limits to make them stronger.

Bakugou was forced again and again to plunge his hands into boiling water, before creating explosion after explosion. Todoroki had to constantly use his fire and ice to regulate the temperature of the water in the tub he was sitting in. Tokoyami was stuck in a dark cave, with a rampaging Dark Shadow screeching, and Kuroiro was in the same cavern training the range of his quirk against Dark Shadow. Sero was stuck shooting tape out of his elbows continuously, and Iida was just running all over the place to improve his speed and stamina.

Rin, Tetsutetsu and Ojiro were fighting each other, and Kaminari was running his electricity through a large capacity battery so he wouldn't short out so easily. Yaoyorozu and Sato were eating as they used their quirks, Awase was welding everything Yaoyorozu made together at a breakneck pace, and poor Koda was trying his best to yell.

Aoyoma was firing laser after laser into the sky, and Uraraka was tumbling down a cliff in a giant inflated balloon like structure to try

and reduce the nausea. Asui was climbing a cliff face, Ashido was constantly firing acid and Jiro was strengthening her earphone jacks by hammering them against the cliff. Shoji and Hagakure were sparring to improve their quirks.

Tokage was constantly pulling herself apart and putting herself back together, and Kamikiri was forming blade after blade, hacking away at the vines that Shiozaki kept on making. Kaibara was hammering away at another cliff side, using his quirk. Fukidashi was constantly yelling out onomatopoeia after onomatopoeia, and Komori was growing fields and fields of mushrooms on everything.

Kodai kept enlarging and shrinking trees, rocks, and Tsunotori was hammering at them with her horns, breaking them into smaller pieces and giving Kodai more things to work with.

Bondo was continuously making glue, and Yanagi was trying her best to levitate as much of it as possible, passing it to Tsuburaba and letting him use his Air Prison to transport it to Honenuki, who softens the ground and mixes the glue in with it.

Shishida, Shoda, Monoma, Kirishima, Kendo and Midoriya were having a five way battle. Shoda practising the timing for his Twin Impact to deal the most damage, Shishida was trying to mow down the smaller and more nimble students. Kirishima was using his hardening to defend from both Shishida and Shoda, Kendo was practising her mobility with her enlarged hands and Monoma was just copying everyone's quirk and trying to lengthen the time he could use each quirk for. Midoriya was just dodging everything, practising how to attack and defend from a multitude of different opponents.

At last, at dinner time, they finally found something that Midoriya wasn't good in. Was downright horrible in, even. Studies, he was perfect. Quirk analysis, genius. Fighting, explementary!

But cooking?

Bakugou could only stare in utter disappointment as Midoriya burnt

the entire bowl of vegetables, again.

"How do you even do that?!" Bakugou demanded, pulling Midoriya away from the fire after he utterly burnt and charred the fifth bowl of broccoli. "It takes forever to even cook vegetables. How the f-... how do you even turn them into... charcoal!?"

"I can't cook!" Midoriya whined, as Shoji pulled him over to chop the carrots instead, "The last time I tried to make fried rice, the stove exploded!"

"The fuck, Deku!? HOW -"

Bakguou found a knife embedded in the bricks that made up their stove, and Midoriya grinning at him creepily, as he chopped up carrot after carrot without even looking at the chopping board, "Kacchan, what did I say about swearing?"

Muscled Out

Midoriya watched Kota walk away from the camp as they started eating.

Shinsou was also looking in the same direction, and Midoriya just shoved whatever he had left on his plate into his mouth, before he scooped up a slightly larger portion for Kota.

He quickly got up, and Shinsou picked up his half-finished plate, before they both walked towards where Kota was last seen, with just an alert from Aizawa for him to get back in fifteen minutes for activities.

The winding trail that they took was quiet, serene. He could see why Kota would come here when he needed to escape the chaos of the Pussycats.

He eyed Kota sitting by the edge of the cliff, looking at the scenery below, until the sound of Shinsou accidentally kicking a rock sent him whirling around in a state of shock, standing up, before he realised who was there and his features settled in a frown.

"You! How did you find this place!?"

"I mean no harm?!" Midoriya blurted out, nearly flinging the curry up into the air when he wanted to raise his arms as a sign of surrender to placate the angry child. "I mean.. I just wanna give you food? I thought you might be hungry."

"I don't need your pity." Kota snapped, but he was dragged over by Shinsou, "Eat with me!"

Shinsou's words from the day before echoed on his mind, and Kota didn't even bother trying to push Shinsou away.

Midoriya just placed the plate of curry down, before he backed off

to give the two children space, moving to sit down, leaning against the cliff.

Shinsou was busy saying something about Sero insulting Yaoyorozu and how Jiro and Kendo smacked him, but he was talking way too fast for Kota to make out any details.

He glanced at Midoriya, who was not making a single movement, almost like he was waiting for him to act first. He was glad for that. He wasn't ready to confront Midoriya yet, about how he operated, about his parents demise.

Kota carefully scooped up a spoonful of curry, placing it in his mouth. He actually was kinda hungry, he realised, eagerly taking another mouthful.

"Hey, I gotta go back for the night exercises. You'll be okay staying here?" Midoriya called out, standing up. Shinsou chirped out a reply, and Midoriya disappeared down the path that he came from.

The two children sat there in peace, watching the stars, until the forest burst into flames.

Midoriya was very bored.

1-B was stationed in the forest, and they were supposed to scare the 1-A students who were supposed to go into the forest, grab some tags with their names on it and return.

And there was the problem. Hatsume wasn't here because she was still in the Support Department, and there was an odd number of students. He was currently on his own, waiting for his turn.

Aizawa was with Kan and Tiger, planning something back at the camps.

Tsuchikawa sniffed the air, "What's that burnt smell?"

Everyone turned to look at the sky, the black smoke rising up behind the trees clearly visible against the blue night sky.

"Is there a fire in the mountains?"

The faint blue glow behind the trees lit up, and Midoriya sucked in a breath. He had met a person that used blue fire before, a few months back, while on his search for Shinsou.

A man in his early twenties, getting assaulted for who knew what. Midoriya had fended off the attackers, and had gotten a good look at the scarred man. Bright cyan eyes, black spikey hair, and most notably, the gnarled, wrinkled purple skin that covered his lower face and neck. He had gapped when he noticed how horribly scared he was, and in the darkness, had thought they were bruises. The man who called himself Dabi (an alias, for sure), had reassured him that the scars were caused by his own quirk from overworking, a blue fire flickering to life in his palm to show him.

He really hoped it wasn't him.

He tensed up.

Shinsou and Kota were still there, somewhere. On the cliff, that no one knew about.

All of a sudden, Tsuchikawa glowed red and flew backwards, and a sickening crunch was heard as her skull was wedged between the ground and a long, thick staff held by a person with long red hair and sunglasses, alongside a person with green skin and purple hair.

Midoriya groaned.

"Shit. That's Magne. They commited 9 armed robberies, 3 murders, and 29 attempted murders." Midoriya growled, stepping forward. "This is serious."

Sosaki immediately activated her quirk, sending it out to the students and teachers alike.

"Oh! The little boy knows his stuff!" Hikiishi laughed, "How are you this evening, UA High School?"

"We're the Vanguard Action Squad of the League of Villains!" Iguchi yelled.

"League of Villains? Again?" Ojiro hissed.

"What are they doing here?" Sato whispered.

"Should I crush her face?" Hikiishi mocked, placing a foot on Tsuchikawa's body.

"Don't you dare!" Sosaki hissed, getting her claws ready.

"Wait up. Don't be hasty. It just depends on whether having power over life and death follows Stain's tenets or not." Iguchi pulled Hikiishi back slightly.

"You're the ones his ideology brought!?" Iida demanded, but Kirishima pulled him back, "Not now, Iida."

"You! With the glasses! You were the one that helped bring about Stain's end in Hosu City! I apologise for the late introduction, but I'm Spinner! The one who spins his dreams into reality!"

"Get out of here." Sosaki ordered, "I sent out instructions. Vlad King and Eraser should be on their way, and Ragdoll should be helping them. Don't fight. Class Rep, you're in charge! Go now!"

"I need to go get Kota and Shinsou! I know where they are!" Midoriya called out, running in another direction, until he got to the cliff where Kota and Shinsou were.

Except he had to climb up two cliff faces to get there, or take the super long route instead.

Midoriya activated the blades on his shoes, and the claws on his gloves.

Thank goodness he managed to convince Maijima to let him and Hatsume finish that support item before the camp.

He walked backwards, before he started running, leaping into the air and landing on the cliff face, his claws and blades digging into the earth, before he leapt upwards again, scaling the cliff.

"We're being attacked by two villains! Pixie Bob's down! It's possible that there are more. Everyone get back to camp immediately! If you come across an enemy, don't engage and just retreat!"

Aizawa and Kan jumped up from their seats, and Tiger's ears perked when he heard what happened to his fellow Pussycat.

This wasn't another USJ incident where Midoriya could pop out of nowhere and play the all seeing god. They were on foreign turf, and they needed to know what was going on before they could figure out how to fix it.

They immediately rushed out of the camp, only to find thick black smoke filling the air above.

"Is your worry taking precedence?" A man with black hair asked, shoving his hand in Aizawa's face, blue fire erupting from his palm.

Aizawa quickly leapt into the air, and dodged the fire, before wrapping his capture weapon around the intruder, and smashing his face into his knee. He smacked the man onto the ground.

"Tell me your purpose, numbers, and positions."

"Why?" The man sneered.

"Otherwise, this would happen." Aizawa harshly twisted the man's arm, and a loud crack was heard as his shoulder was dislocated. "You're other arm's next. Let's do this logically. Breaking your legs would make transport more annoying."

"Are ya in a hurry, Eraser Head?" The man taunted.

"Aizawa Sensei!" Iida yelled, with Ojiro, Koda, Sero, Sato, Ashido in tow.

"As expected of a UA teacher. Hey, hero, are your students important?" The man laughed, as Aizawa tried to reign him in again, only for the man to melt into brown goop.

"I hope you can protect them to the end. See ya later!"

"Get inside!" Kan ordered, "Tiger and I will be here to stand guard.

"Hey, do you smell something burning?" Kendo asked, as she peeked out a bush.

"Now that you mention it... yeah.... " Honenuki replied, sniffing the air. "It's a bit smokey. Did we scare Bakugou and Todoroki that bad that they used their quirks...." His vision blurred, and he hit the ground.

"Honenuki!"

Kendo took a small whiff, and immediately covered her nose and mouth.

"Yui! Don't breath it in!" She yelled, immediately grabbing Kodai with an enlarged fist. "It's poisonous!"

She quickly tried to round up the other students, taking care not to let them breathe in the toxic gas, when a bunch of gas masks were thrown at them.

"Put them on!" Komori ordered, tying a gas mask over the passed out Shiozaki's face. Tetsutetsu was with her, with Shoda and Tsunotori.

"There are villains here. We should try to get out. I know she said we shouldn't engage, but the villains definitely won't let us run. We'll fight if we really have to." Yaoyorozu sighed, bringing back a few more 1-B students. "The students with long ranged offensive quirks should take the front and the back. Let's go as a group. Kendo, help me carry Honenuki!"

"We heard explosions on the other side! That's probably Bakugou and Todoroki!" Tokage announced. "I think Tsuburaba is somewhere there too! Shoji and Tokoyami should be in the forest as well! They went in before them!"

Shinsou and Kota backed away from the towering figure leaning over them.

"I'm so sorry Kota! I have no idea where you usually go off to! Shinsou is with you, isn't he? I'm so sorry I can't come to save you two! Come back as soon as you can!"

"I tried searching somewhere with a nice view, and I ended up finding a face not on the list. Nice hat you got there, kid. Trade with me for this lame mask. They made me wear this cause I'm new, saying they couldn't get the shipment in time or something."

Kota and Shinsou promptly turned around and ran the other way, but the cloaked figure just jumped over them, grinding his boots into the dirt as a show of power.

"Let me get a shot in to cheer up!"

Kota finally got a good look at the man as he lunged forward to hit them, and it was only pure luck that Shinsou had shaken out of his stupor in time to pull him out of the way.

Muscle fibres sprang out of nowhere, blonde hair flowing in the wind, the face, the eye, Kota knew them all. They were all ingrained in his head, the suspect from the news report from the day of his parent's death. He remembered from the report that the man was missing a left eye from the attack.

The man in front of him had mechanical left eye.

"Who are you?!" Shinsou yelped.

"My, my, direct to the point - " The man froze, his eyes dull.

"What... what did you do?" Kota asked, shaking on the ground, tears dripping down his face. He turned to look at Shinsou, wiping his tears, as the shorter boy frowned, sweat dripping down his face.

"Brainwashed him. I don't know... how long... I can hold him..."

"We... we should go now..." Kota stammered, eyeing the body of Muscular as he stood completely still. He tried to shake the memory

out of his head, the announcement of his parents demise, but the feelings he had held in for three years came rushing out, and he found himself unable to move.

"I... I don't know if there is a range.... If I get too far... he'll come after us... again..." Shinsou hissed, clenching his fists as he tried to focus on keeping his powers over Muscular. "I can... only keep it up for about three minutes... without ... getting a headache."

Neither of them were able to move. Kota, from his memories and emotions, and Shinsou, from the strain of trying to mentally restrain a man many times his size. His mind was chaotic, difficult to grasp onto. He was too afraid to even make a command, any single action by the villain was capable of squishing them into a pulp without any effort.

Time ticked by, and Shinsou could feel the headache pounding in his brain, like someone had taken a sledgehammer and was smacking it against his skull while he was being run over by a steamroller. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the earth shook, his control slipped away, and Muscular stood there in all his glory.

"You really are a curious one. I never thought a child would have the guts to do that."

Shinsou was lying on the ground, knocked down when the earthquake struck. He was panting from the usage of his powers, sweat soaking his shirt as the cool breeze made him shiver. He had never gone past three minutes whenever he practised, but he had kept the brainwashing ongoing for the past ten minutes, and his head felt like it was going to explode. His vision was spinning, blurring, and Shinsou no longer knew what was in front of his face.

Kota tried to help Shinsou up, just barely managing to pull him to his feet, when Muscular charged at them again. He quickly shut his eyes, bracing himself for the powerful impact.

Another figure leapt up the cliff, sliding across the ground, tackling Shinsou and Kota out of the way.

"Why..!?" Kota cried out, crawling to his knees, as Shinsou lay on

the ground, trying to look up but failing from the intensity of his headache, managing to catch a hint of green, "I...Izu..?"

"Don't worry. I'll get you guys out of here!"

"Hmm.... Midoriya Izuku. You were on the list." Muscular grinned. "Right at the very top, in fact."

Dammit. I didn't expect there to be a villain here. Midoriya hissed to himself, as he stationed himself between the two kids and the villain.

And of all villains, it had to be this shithead. The GPS signal here is pretty bad too, without the proper equipment. I can't hope for reinforcements like I did when I fought Stendhal.

It's just me. Just me against this villain, one of the worst matchups for me. Hitoshi already did what he could to buy time.

Now it's my turn.

Thank gods I brought my support weapons under my hoodie.

Midoriya stood up, grasping a knife in each hand from the holders on his legs, before aiming the blades at Muscular.

"I'm not gonna let you hurt them. Not again. I'm not going to fail again."

Muscular cackled, "You sound pretty pathetic, no? Admitting you failed? Honestly kid, I have no idea what you mean. We were told to take you alive, but honestly, I can just say you were weak and died. I'll be sure to torment you thoroughly!"

He tore off his cloak, and rushed at Midoriya, but Midoriya simply dove beneath him, kicking his ankles and making him trip. He sailed over the two kids, crashing into the cliff face.

He needed to get back to camp, fast. Shinsou was already worn out, and Kota was too emotionally drained to run. He could either carry them, or fight, but he couldn't do both at the same time.

Not unless he called for help.

But he couldn't call anyone while he was fighting, or carrying them.

Damn it.

He tried to get some distance away from Muscular, but the villain just pulled himself to his feet and leapt at Midoriya.

At the last second, Midoriya jumped, the blades of his shoes digging into the earth, and flipped over Muscular.

At the very least, he had to lead Muscular away from Kota and Shinsou. And that meant that he had to fight, and keep the attention on him.

Midoriya tried to jump again, but Muscular just grabbed onto his arm, and smashed him into the cliff. He hissed in pain as pain flared in his shoulder.

Muscular shot another punch at him, but Midoriya managed to sidestep it this time and activate the blades on his bracers, slicing a bit of muscle away as he tumbled aside.

"Oh! You have toys as well!" Muscular laughed, before lunging forward again, kicking Midoriya straight in the ribs and smashing him into the cliff. Midoriya pushed himself out of the crevice he created in the cliff face, hitting the ground unceremoniously.

I'm so weak.

"Blood! This is what I wanted! This is so fun!" Muscular cackled, as Midoriya pushed himself up, blood dripping from his temple and down his face. He shot forward, dodging a punch from Muscular, and nailed a hit in Muscular's gut, but the muscles around his stomach prevented him from taking any real damage.

Muscular grabbed his arm, right around the bracer.

Now.

Midoriya activated his bracer, and the blade shot out of it, through

the muscles on the villain's arm, up until it hit the bone.

"You still have tricks up your sleeve!?" Muscular grinned, picking Midoriya up with his injured arm and bashing him into the ground. Muscular's arm was bleeding, blood trickling down from where it was sliced, but the muscles just started knitting themselves back together, until you couldn't even tell he had been hit if not for all the blood on his arms and on the ground.

Midoriya pushed himself to his feet, wiping the blood off his brow, before he stepped back as Muscular shot towards him. He ducked, and winced as a few rocks hit his head when Muscular hit the cliff face behind him.

He quickly dove out of the way as Muscular brought his arm down, digging out a large portion of the earth in the process.

"Don't do that!" Midoriya protested, "You'll bring the entire cliff down on us!"

Kota had his arms wrapped around Shinsou, trying to help him get up, but Shinsou was just leaning on him completely. His head felt like cotton was stuffed in it, and he wasn't even sure what was going on. "Hitoshi, come on." He waved his hand in front of the other's face, getting no response.

Come on... it's just exposed muscles.... I'm sure I can... muscle... contractions...?

Electric impulses....

That could work.

Muscular swung at Midoriya, who leapt off the ground and stepped onto the cliff, before turning around midair, his hand sparking slightly with electricity. Muscular threw another punch, but Midoriya just grabbed onto his arm, using it to change his direction, before pressing his palm onto the exposed muscles on his biceps.

"Muscle contraction is triggered when an action potential travels along the nerves to the muscles."

He remembered reading that in a science book, so, so long ago.

All the muscles that Midoriya touched contracted at once. And because it was Muscular, there were *a lot* of muscles.

Before Muscular could do anything, the muscles in his bicep contracted, forcing his arm to jerk back, his fist now facing himself, and he was unable to stop the fateful collision between his fist and his face.

Midoriya landed in a tumble, and turned back to check on his handiwork.

"Smart move kid, I'll give you that." Muscular sneered. His nose was bent out of shape from the impact, and the left side of his face was bleeding, the mechanical left eye sparking in the socket.

But it wasn't enough.

Muscular rushed forward, kicking Midoriya in the chest, before slamming him into the ground chest first.

"You're good, but you're no hero. You can't even save yourself!" Muscular taunted, stepping down on Midoriya's arm, "Be honest with yourself, brat."

Midoriya winced as Muscular put more pressure on his arm, and he heard something snap.

Hopefully it's just the radius or ulna that's broken. Please, just not the humerus. At the very least if the humerus is intact I can still do a bit of damage.

A rock hit Muscular's head, and the villain paused in his actions, turning around to face a crying Kota, and Shinsou, who was lying down some distance behind him.

"Water Hose...Papa.... Mama... did you torment them like that too, before you killed them?!" Kota yelped, tears running down his cheeks.

"Water Hose? Your parents were heroes?! Oh, this ought to be fun!"

Muscular rubbed his hands together, before stepping on Midoriya's back, pinning him to the ground. "First I kill the parents! Then I kill the kid! It's perfect! What do you think, little Midori?"

He turned back to Kota, "Water Hose... it's thanks to them that my left eye is artificial."

Midoriya was trying his best to get Muscular off of him, to no avail. Muscular was just too strong and heavy, and with his broken arm and in a horrible position to push himself up, Midoroya was still stuck under Muscular's foot.

"That's your own fault!" Kota yelped, "It's because ... of people like you... that it always... always turns out like this!"

"Kids are always shifting the blame like that." Muscular sneered, putting even more pressure on Midoriya, "That's not good. It's not like I have a grudge or anything, ya know. I just want to kill, and they got in my way. We just did what we wanted, and that was the result."

"You're a god damned fu.. freaking nut job." Midoriya seethed, his arms trembling as he still desperately tried to get up, managing to catch his swear in time in front of Kota and Shinsou.

"Oh you just amuse me. Trying to threaten me, yet trying to censor a swear? I do know what you were originally going to say, kid." Muscular just laughed, and bent down, smashing his fist into Midoriya's back, lodging him into the ground, before deeming him as not a threat.

"Doing what you want, that's not wrong at all. What's wrong is wanting to do something you are unable to do! You're just all bark and no bite. Your parents were just like that. And what better way to end that little lip service from your little Water Hose parents by killing you?!"

He turned around, and stalked towards Kota.

Kota flinched, unconsciously taking a step back, and Muscular got closer, towering over him completely.

"It will be so much fun when I finally break you to bits!"

"Heroes risk their lives to make lip service into reality, idiot! Plus, villains keep on doing their stupid monologueing and keep on failing, aren't you being a bit hypocritical!?"

Before he could move, something shot at him from behind. Muscular immediately moved to dodge it, a blade flying past his nose, before Midoriya nailed him in the eye, his fist sparking with electricity.

In his left eye, to be exact.

The device embedded in Muscular's left socket started smoking, and Muscular screeched in pain as it started heating up, clutching his eye as he stumbled about.

He attempted to punch Midoriya, but Midoriya managed to dodge in time. The punch was embedded in the side of the cliff, and Midoriya heard a rumble.

Muscular let out an ear piercing howl as the eye in his socket exploded.

Midoriya rushed over to check on Kota and Shinsou, the former having fallen backwards in fear.

"Not bad. But I'm done playing around!" Muscular roared, more muscles forming around his arms as he bulked up, expanding even greater in size.

Shit.

Muscular launched at Midoriya again, who ducked under it, and tried to aim a slash at Muscular's stomach, but the sheer amount of muscles there made it almost impossible for him to harm him.

"Kota! Grab Toshi and get out of here! I'll hold him off!" Midoriya yelled, as Muscular grabbed him by the neck and bashed him to the ground. A punch was aimed at his ribs, and Midoriya bit back his hiss in pain.

Kota just stood there, close to tears as he watched Muscular beat Midoriya down.

"I...Izu...." Shinsou choked out weakly, trying to get to his feet, but fell down again before he even managed to push himself off the ground. He wasn't faring any better, wearing his sweat drenched shirt from the overuse of his quirk. He was shaking even more violently, and had curled into a ball in an attempt to conserve some heat.

"Izu chose me over everything else."

"He quit being Akatani for me."

"He got hurt because of me..."

Kota felt his heart clench. This is what Shinsou meant. Midoriya was risking his life, risking everything he had ever worked towards, just so he could buy Kota and Shinsou time to escape. He was doing everything he could to keep Muscular's attention on him.

How could he have been so blind!?

"I'm going to be honest, Midoriya. I didn't expect you to still be conscious. Oh well, I guess I'll have to force you to use your quirk now." Muscular grinned, as he picked Midoriya up and bashed him into the ground again.

"Kota, about your mother and father... Water Hose... It's true they ended up leaving you behind... But there were definitely lives saved because of what happened to them. I'm sure that someday, you'll meet someone, and then you'll understand. Someone who'll risk their life to save you, someone who'll be your hero."

Water smacked into Muscular's face, and he stopped his assault on Midoriya to turn and face the source of the liquid, "Water?"

"St-stop it! Leave him alone!" Kota yelped.

"You're so eager to die!? Later, okay!? I'll kill you later, just - "

Suddenly, the rumbling sound grew louder, and the ground started

to shake.

Out of the corner of his eye, Midoriya spotted a rush of earth, flowing down the side of the cliff, right where they happened to be.

"Watch out!"

He tackled Kota and Shinsou out of the way, ignoring the throbbing sensation running through his body, before he rolled out of the way and away from the incoming landslide.

The rushing flow of dirt smacked straight into Muscular's chest, knocking him to the ground. The impact triggered another landslide on the cliff they were standing on, smashing Muscular all the way down to the bottom of the cliff, but Midoriya was lucky that he managed to get enough headway, and that the landslide was only large enough to engulf the villain.

Midoriya panted as he sank to the ground. He wasn't sure if Muscular was still conscious, or was even still alive from that. He really hoped that he wasn't able to come after them. His body ached, his ribs hurt like crap, his arms felt like they were gonna drop off. But he couldn't let his guard down yet. Kota was fine for the most part, but Shinsou very clearly wasn't. He needed to check on Shinsou.

"I.. Izu?" Shinsou weakly muttered, and Midoriya promptly put his hand to Shinsou's forehead, as the younger whimpered at the contact and shivered even more.

"Shoot. He's burning up! Hang on, Toshi." Midoriya quickly took his hoodie off, wrapping it around Shinsou's body, and cradled him in his arms, even though his arms were screaming at him to stop exerting so much effort.

"Kota, can you hang onto me. I'm sorry, I don't have enough hands to carry both of you at once. Hitoshi needs to be looked at, and we need to put out the fires. Your water quirk can do that. On top of that, they may not just be after me. We need to get back to camp, and with Muscular here, we can't afford two trips."

Kota wordlessly climbed up Midoriya's back when the teenager squatted down, and wrapped his arms around Midoriya's neck, as the older started jogging back to camp, trying to stop the tears that were welling up in his eyes.

Out

Aizawa burst into a clearing, coming face to face with Tsuchikawa lying on the ground, bleeding from the head, and Sosaki trying her best to evade both Hikiishi and Iguchi at the same time. She was bleeding from the arm, as she tried her best to dodge the two villains.

Aizawa quickly erased Hikiishi's quirk before she could use it on Sosaki, and kicked them in the jab, sending them crashing into a tree.

He jumped, dodging a slash by Iguchi, before he stumbled back, trying to get in close. Hikiishi had gotten up again, and Aizawa flinched as he felt himself pulled back in her direction. He quickly turned around, trying to use the momentum against Hikiishi, but Hikiishi dodged the attempt. Aizawa erased her quirk, and used that split second of confusion Hikiishi had to kick her to the ground.

Hikiishi scrambled to get their weapon, before they disappeared into the forest.

"No! The students are in the forest!" Sosaki hissed.

"Tell the students to use their quirks! I'll take full responsibility! The students are the targets. As of now, they need to survive, and to be able to match up against villains who are willing to kill and have much more experience, they need to use their quirks! I met a man with a blue fire quirk, but he melted into sludge so I'm pretty convinced the real one is causing the fire, and they have another person with a cloning quirk!"

"I'll handle this guy! Go get them!" Sosaki yelled, dodging a hit from Iguchi, before she performed a cartwheel to gain some distance, "Go!"

"Almost.. There...." Midoriya muttered, until he suddenly stopped, leaning against a tree, as he hacked out some blood.

"Izuku.... Are you okay?" Kota couldn't help but ask.

"Yeah... I'm fine.. He got my ribs.." Midoriya coughed again, "Come on. We need to go."

"Everyone! We have been alerted that the students are most likely the targets of this attack. Classes 1-A and 1-B, in the name of pro hero Eraser Head, you are granted permission to engage in combat! Repeat! In the name of pro hero Eraser Head, you are granted permission to engage in combat! He should be in the forest now, trying to get you all. There is a fire user with blue fire and a villain with a cloning quirk as well!"

"Damn. Something must have happened." Midoriya took a sharp breath, before he headed in the direction of camp again. He was going to cut straight through the area where the night activities were being held. Hopefully, Sosaki was able to handle both Hikiishi and Iguchi.

But she had met with Aizawa for her to broadcast that message, so it should be fine.

He finally managed to make it into a clearing, only to find it empty. Tsuchikawa still lay prone on the ground, but she wasn't in any immediate danger.

He coaxed Kota into shifting into another position, before he set off into the forest, determined to find his friends and his teacher.

"What the fuck is this!?" Bakugou roared, as ice appeared in front of him and warded off the attack.

"Don't run carelessly into anything!" Todoroki hissed, Tsuburaba on his back. "We're the targets. We should get back now."

"I have to follow... I have to do my job...." Moonfish muttered, his elongated teeth making it harder to talk.

"I don't give a damn without anyone says! And you think his fuck face will just let us leave?!" Bakugou roared, charging forward with an explosion, but Moonfish merely shot more blades in his direction.

Todoroki promptly fired off his ice quirk, but Moonfish just dodged his attempts and disappeared into the woods.

"Damn it. He knows how to use the terrain with his quirk." Todoroki sighed. "Even though he physically doesn't look like much."

Moonfish stabbed his teeth into the ice, lifting himself upwards, over the students.

"Show me your flesh!"

"Fuck you, bastard!" Bakugou sneered, but Todoroki just yelled in warning, "Don't use large explosions. You'll set everything on fire and we'll all die."

"Die, IcyHot!"

"And there's also gas, so we can't retreat. They're trying to drive us into a corner. It makes sense though, seeing as we're the targets."

"Just set it on fire!"

"And we'll all burn to death. I thought you had a bigger brain."

Monoma popped out from a tree, tumbling gracefully to the ground. "You think I should copy his quirk?"

"And drool and stab your teeth everywhere?! You're annoying enough, Blondie!"

"And you're as charming as ever." Monoma rolled his eyes.

"Did you hear that, Kendo?" Tetsutetsu yelled, "We have permission!"

"Wait! But we're targets as well! We should prioritise getting our classmates out of here and only fight when necessary!" Kendo ran after him, "Do you even understand the gas?"

"You're saying it's dangerous, right? I'm not dumb!"

"Mandalay's Telepath didn't say anything about gas." Kendo hissed, "She's met Aizawa Sensei, but no one knows about the gas. That means it's probably concentrated around this area since its flowing in one direction instead of diffusing. And it's a little denser here than before."

"So what you're saying is that it's probably someone's quirk?" Tetsutetsu asked.

"Yep." Kendo nodded. "It's probably swirling around the source. Because it gets denser, we'll have less time."

"So let's charge through it and punch them!" Tetsutetsu roared, before he leapt in the direction of the denser cloud of gas and charged forward, Kendo right behind him, "Shiozaki and the others suffered because of this! I hate it! It pisses me off! Let's do our best!"

"Yeah!"

Tetsutetsu could barely make out a person standing in front of him, and he immediately leapt forward, "Got you!"

"You're still human, no?" A man with a helmet and a gas mask said, taking out a gun.

"Oh wait. I remember you from the UA Sports Festival. You can harden yourself."

Tetsutetsu hissed internally at the bullet ricocheted off his metal face, cracking his gas mask into two.

"A gun doesn't work. But I guess it doesn't matter. It's just a matter of how long you can hold your breath in this gas."

Determined, Tetsutetsu charged forward, only for the gun to be aimed in his direction and fired again.

"Even if you can harden yourself, you're charging straight in? Give me a break. You go to a prestigious school! You're smart, aren't you? Use your brain a little! If you don't you're not worth my time!"

Tetsutetsu saw the gun being cocked in Kendo's direction, and immediately dashed in to deflect the bullet. It hammered against his forehead, cracking it and drawing some blood.

"Two against one with one of you hiding for a surprise attack? That's such a weak plan! This gas is being produced and controlled by me! It's telling me your movements with its fluctuations! You can't hide from me! Why can't you figure that out!? You go to UA, don't ruin my image of it! That's why you're being attacked like this now!" Mustard started releasing more gas, clouding the area around the two students to the point that they could barely see in front of them.

"It's no good. You're bleeding. Let's retreat." Kendo hissed, but Tetsutetsu just charged forward, only to get smacked in the head by Mustard. He tumbled to the ground, hissing in pain.

"Why, aren't you softer than before!? Is it mental fatigue or something? You can't breathe either! You really can't brace yourself anymore? Does your hardness depend on your stance?"

A metal bullet smacked Tetsutetsu in the arm. He curled up, trying to take the impact with the least amount of damage.

"For simple guys like the ones that just harden themselves, you guys usually end up in a test of endurance, right? You just rush in without thinking about stuff like that.

Another bullet made it mark on Tetsutetu's back.

"You guys are gonna be heros when you grow up, no? I think it's strange."

Another bullet ricocheted off Tetsutetsu's arm.

"A world where someone with a one track mind like you is fawned over just because of where you went to school, it's not right, is it?!"

Mustard kicked Tetsutetsu harshly in the chest, and shot him again. Tetsutetsu tried to get a breath of air, before forgetting that this was Mustard's domain, and that he couldn't breath.

He felt his vision getting blurry, turning black and white.

"Tetsutetsu!" Kendo yelled, rushing at Mustard, but he just sidestepped her.

"Didn't I tell you I can tell how you're moving from the flow of the gas - "

Kendo's hand enlarged, smacking Mustard right in the face, "That doesn't matter!"

"I can't believe you look so triumphant with a pitiful quirk like that." Mustard hissed, but Kendo merely enlarged her hands and swept them around, dispersing the gas.

"You're the stupid one! Carrying a gun like that is saying you're not confident in a fight! Above all, for those at UA with a one track mind - "

Mustard didn't even get to listen to her finish her statement ad Tetsutetsu planted his fist in Mustard's gut, knocking the man out.

"It's dispersing..." Kendo sighed, as the air around them cleared. Tetsutetsu took a large breath of air, and panted, lying down on the ground next to the downed Mustard, "You'll pay for ruining out camp."

"A gunshot?" Midoriya mumbled, as Kota flinched at the sound and pressed himself closer to Midoriya as he ran.

He needed to find at least another person. Shinsou and Kota weren't burdens, but in this state, he wouldn't be able to help them escape and get out. Shinsou couldn't move, Kota was tired, and he couldn't help them if he was stuck fighting someone.

He rushed through the forest, until he saw something coming at

him. He swiftly dodged it, but rammed his shoulder against a tree. He stifled his cries of pain, until he felt someone grab him as they dodged another attack.

"Shoji?"

"Midoriya. And Shinsou, and Kota, is it?" Shoji sighed, shifting his grip to account for the two other children, "He doesn't look good. He's pale."

Shoji moved, accidentally jostling Midoriya's broken bones, and he hissed in pain.

"You shouldn't be moving with those injuries." Shoji lightly berated.

"Wasn't that... Dark Shadow?"

"Yes. We were ambushed by villains and I covered us. But it triggered the quirk he tried so desperately to hold back."

Midoriya hissed, "So to get out of here, we need to deal with Dark Shadow as well!"

"Get away from me! You'll die!" Tokoyami yelled. Dark Shadow screeched and attempted to attack, but Kirishima came out of nowhere and punched it, Kaminari right behind him.

"What's going on!?" Kaminari asked.

"Shh. Quiet." Shoji hissed, leading them behind a bunch of trees to hide them from Dark Shadow's view. Midoriya had shifted in Shoji's grasp, so that he was facing both Shinsou and Kota. Kota had slammed his hands over his mouth in an attempt to keep quiet.

"We got the warning. A villain came out of nowhere, and we managed to get out at the cost of losing a bit of my arm. It's just a duplicate, so it will heal, but I don't think he took it well."

"Righteous indignation and regret are strong emotions. Coupled with a sentient quirk..."

"Yep." Shoji nodded, "It's attacking indiscriminately, reacting to any

kind of sound. Getting fire, or finding Aizawa should help."

"Do any of you have a torch or something?" Kaminari asked.

"No."

"Damn.

"Where's Kacchan? I thought he went before you're group, and Kirishima's group went after you and Tokoyami." Midoriya asked. "Kacchan's explosions and Todoroki's fire should help too."

Shoji paused, "I heard a few explosions before, but that was before I ended up chased back."

"We should find them." Midoriya nodded, "They're closer, and we may need Dark Shadow in case we run into more villains."

Kaminari nodded, "Alright. So... how do we find Bakugou?"

"Follow the noise of explosions." Kirishima grinned, before his face fell, "We should keep an eye out for Jiro and Hagakure too. They went before Bakugou and Todoroki. Oh, and Uraraka and Tsu."

"Gotcha." Shoju put Midoriya on the ground, and he moved so he was carrying Shinsou properly. "Kota, can Shoji carry you for a while? We can move more efficiently."

Kota clung to Midoriya's leg, looking hesitantly at Shoji, who was looking back at him curiously, before he nodded. Shoji lowered himself to the ground, allowing the smaller boy to climb up his broad back, using his limbs to hold him in place so he wouldn't fall off.

It was then Kirishima realised how much blood Midoriya was covered in, and Shinsou clutched in his arms.

"Oh geez! What on earth happened to you guys?"

"Toshi overused his quirk, and lost too much body heat." Midoriya hissed, and Shoji noticed how he didn't even bother talking about his own injuries, worrying more about his little brother. He was

pretty sure Midoriya had a few broken bones.

"Let's go. The faster we lure Dark Shadow to Kacchan, the better. I'll get its attention. Prepare to run."

The four teenagers slowly crept along the path, careful to avoid making any sound.

Until Kaminari stepped on a branch.

Alerting Dark Shadow to their presence.

"Shit! Run!" Kirishima yelled, dashing forward.

With a rabid screech, Dark Shadow raced after them, claws swinging. Trees flew all over the place, and it was only sheer luck that neither of them were injured in the chaos.

"Hold him for a second!" Midoriya yelled, carefully pushing Shinsou into Kirishima's arms, "Kaminari, follow me!"

He grabbed Kaminari, and ran back, directly towards Dark Shadow.

"No!" Kota yelped.

"No... what... are you doing?!" Tokoyami choked out, tears pooling in his eyes.

"Electrocute me!"

"Midoriya are you nuts?!" Kaminari yelped. "You'll get hurt!"

"Just do it or we'll all get hurt!" Midoriya snapped, activating the blades on his bracers. They burst out, and Kaminari released some electricity.

The electricity arced, racing towards Midoriya, before it jumped and crackled in the metal blades.

Midoriya quickly swung them in Dark Shadow's direction, stunning the quirk. Tokoyami desperately tried to reel in his quirk, but it was still way too strong for him.

"Come on. We have a few more minutes!" Midoriya yelled, grabbing Kaminari and running back towards Kirishima and Shoji.

They continued on, trying to listen out for Bakugou's explosions, and another screech pierced the air behind them.

"Shoot! He's up!"

A set of blades rose up, high into the air in front of them, and Kaminari shrieked, "WHAT IS THAT?!"

"No one here has a quirk like that! Must be a villain! Change in plans!" Midoriya yelled, "Lure Dark Shadow towards it!"

Dark Shadow screeched again, and Midoriya kicked a rock at it, "Follow me, you chaotic little birdie!"

That probably pissed the quirk off even more, and Dark Shadow rushed at Midoriya. He twisted on his foot, dodging it, and Dark Shadow crashed into a tree, screeching in indignation.

An explosion caught their attention, and an ice spire rose into the air, high above the trees.

"DIE, MOTHERFUCKER!"

Another explosion rang out, and the ground trembled, a deep pulse vibrating the ground and almost making them lose their footing.

Shoji burst into a clearing, coming face to face with a shit ton of ice, fire and explosions.

Bakugou leapt into the air, blasting a man who was being held up by the ridiculously long blades emerging from his mouth, but a blade suddenly split into two, one heading right in Bakugou's direction, forcing him to use another explosion to dodge it.

Jiro had plugged her earlobes in the ground, carrying an invisible figure with clothes, sending her heart beat out through vibrations in the ground.

Monoma was firing ice out of his arm, alongside Todoroki, trying to

fend off all the blades that Moonfish was somehow able to control all at once.

"Shoji!" Jiro yelled. "Watch out!"

A blade swept down again, and Shoji was barely able to dodge, getting a long nick along his arm.

Kirishima tanked a hit with his back, trying to protect Shinsou, and Kaminari leapt aside in time, as Midoriya parried away a few blades that had converged on him.

"Ohhhhh... tasty... so many targets..." Moonfish mumbled, and Todoroki hissed, blasting him with fire, only for him to dodge.

Suddenly, a loud shriek tore through the air, and Dark Shadow tackled Moonfish, sending him crashing to the ground.

Dark Shadow kept on attacking Moonfish, despite his best attempts to defend himself. The blades that emerged from his teeth were promptly broken by the rampaging quirk, and Dark Shadow finally sent Moonfish flying, crashing into tree after tree, until he came to a rest, sprawled on the ground, bleeding from the mouth and the other wounds he got from Dark Shadow's relentless assault.

Bakugo promptly blasted Dark Shadow, and Monoma and Todoroki both set their hands on fire, the later careful not to burn Tsuburaba. Dark Shadow shrieked, as it slowly weakened, before with a final pitiful wail, it retreated back into Tokoyami.

"I... I'm sorry..." Tokoyami panted, as he sank to the ground, and Kaminari pat his back comfortingly.

"Hey, not all of us have perfect control over our quirks." He grinned, and Kirishina passed Shinsou back to Midoriya.

Shinsou coughed weakly, and unconsciously pressed himself closer to Midoriya, whimpering.

"Shoot. I think he's getting worse. Where's Aizawa sensei?!" Midoriya growled.

"Not here. We haven't seen him." Jiro shook her head, Hagakure still in her arms, "Hagakure's here. She was knocked out by some gas before I managed to drag her out."

Monoma rubbed his arms, "Shit, IcyHot, how the heck do your arms not fall off?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Your body adapts slightly to adjust to the quirk you copied, but it's not as resistant to the quirk as Todoroki is." Midoriya interrupted. "We need to head back to camp. He said there were more targets here. We're just sitting ducks now."

"Yeah." Todoroki nodded, "We will deal with everything else later. Tokoyami, Bakugou and I should stand at the side to protect the group. Jiro, Shoji and Monoma in the middle. You guys can't fight in this state."

"Yeah." Monoma coughed, some faint burn marks already forming on his arms, "I don't think I can fight like this."

"Carry Toshi. He likes you. I'm sure he won't mind if he wakes up." Midoriya carefully passed Shinsou to him, and Monoma tried to warm up his body with the rest of the time he used Todoroki's quirk without harming himself.

"Camp's that way. I hear Vlad King and Tiger!" Jiro pointed with an earlobe, and Shoji confirmed it.

"Alright! Let's go!"

With Jiro pointing the group in the right direction, they made their way forward, until suddenly, they heard a cry from Kota.

They quickly whirled around, just in time to see Bakugou and Shoji disappear into two small, cyan, marble-like capsules, with Kota yelping in surprise as he was held up by a masked man.

"Who are you! What did you do to them?! Give them back!" Midoriya yelled, tensing up, ready to spring forward.

"My my, my name is Mr. Compress!" The man giggled, "And I think not! One target in the bag, two hostages. And oh my, I never expected to run into a group with three people on the list!"

Midoriya hissed. He was definitely on their hit list, according to Muscular. Either Bakugou or Shoji was another target, and Midoriya was betting that either Todoroki or Tokoyami was the third.

"Let him go!" Kirishima yelled, "He's just a kid!"

"Why should I?" Sako mocked, before he shot forward towards Jiro, hand outstretched.

Kaminari pushed her out of the way, and upon contact, he was also turned into a cyan marble. Sako leapt backwards, away from the group.

"Shit. He's using those capsules to compress them! That's his quirk!" Midoriya yelled.

"Smart, aren't ya?" Sako grinned, before he leapt over the group, heading straight for the woods, Kota still firmly in his grasp, "Let me go! Izuku!"

"After him!" Kirishima yelled, as Midoriya dashed forward, hot on Sako's trail.

Asui stuck her tongue out, trying to catch the blonde who was after Uraraka, but she just leaped over it, slashing her knife across Asui's tongue.

"Kero!"

She reeled in her tongue, ignoring the metallic taste of blood in her mouth.

"Hi! I'm Himiko Toga!" The blonde grinned, throwing a knife at Asui. Asui jumped to dodge it, but Toga threw another knife, and it caught her by the hair, and she slammed into a tree.

"Let's be friends!"

"Friends don't try to kill each other!" Uraraka yelled, charging in, trying to kick Toga. Toga just dodged it, before she rushed Uraraka with a knife.

"That means we're friends, right?!"

Uraraka grabbed her by the wrist, and used the maneuvers she learnt while at Gunhead's agency, and flipped Toga into the ground, dislodging the knife from her grasp.

Suddenly, Uraraka was kicked off Toga.

"Toga! Are you okay?" Sako asked.

"Yep!" Toga righted herself, "I made some new friends too! Oh my god, you have a kid! He's adorable!"

"Let go of me!"

"Compress! Get back here, you butt head!" Midoriya shrieked, but Sako ducked as he sailed over his head,

"Is butt head even a swear?"

"Not the time, Kaminari!" Kirishima yelled.

"We got a target. Let's regroup." Sako grinned, and Toga smiled back.

"Okay!" She grinned, "But I want the kid! He's adorable!" She snatched Kota right out of Sako's arms, before running into the forest.

Kaminari and Kirishima shot off after Toga, "We'll get her! Deal with Comprestation or whatever his name is!"

"Kota!" Midoriya yelled, as Kota cried out at the horrible way Toga held him, and in fear. With that distraction, Sako's hand shot out, encapsulating Todoroki, before he shot off, leaping into the air, leaving Tsuburaba's unconscious body to fall to the ground.

"Shoot! Todoroki!" Tokoyami hissed.

"Uraraka, can you use your quirk on Tokoyami and I? Release your quirk when I tell you to. And Tsu, can you throw us? Monoma, Jiro, get them back to camp, and get Hitoshi treated!"

"Got it." Monoma replied, cradling the child to his chest.

Both girls nodded, and Uraraka activated her quirk. Asui immediately wrapped her tongue around them, and threw them in the direction she saw Sako jump.

Midoriya could see Sako clearly. They were high enough... at this speed, they should be able to get him...

"Uraraka! Now!"

They felt gravity take hold once again, and they barrelled directly into Sako, and they were sent tumbling to the ground.

"Ahhhhh!"

Sako's hold on his capsules loosened, and they rolled out of his grasp, right in front of a shoe.

Aizawa headed straight for the heart of the fire. He had already knocked Hikiishi out, and had already run into Kendo and Tetsutetsu, who had already taken out Mustard, and told them to get back.

He didn't see anyone else. He didn't know where they were. He needed to stop the fire, because there were still more students in the forest. He couldn't afford to let them get caught up in this.

He made it into a clearing, and he paused, when he caught sight of two people. One man in skin tight bodysuit, and the other was an eerily familiar scarred man.

"Dabi! Can we go now? We must have patience!"

"Hold up, Twice. We're supposed to meet Toga, Mustard and Compress.

"The gas is already gone. Mustard probably got taken out. He's so weak."

"He's weak to his own quirk. What did you expect."

"He's a genius!"

Aizawa hissed, before lunging, erasing Dabi's quirk and knocking him to the ground. Bubaigawara immediately made two clones of Dabi, and Aizawa winced as the fire burnt his arm.

"Guys! I found an adorable kid! I wanna drink his blood!" Toga grinned, holding Kota by the neck as he struggled.

"Kota!" Aizawa hissed, "Let go of him!"

"No! He's mine now!" Toga pouted, as Kirishima and Kaminari came barreling out of the forest, "Sensei?!"

Just a few seconds later, a scream rang out, and Kaminari and Kirishima dove to the side as something smacked against the ground.

Three marbles rolled up to his feet, and he eyed them warily. They looked harmless, but in a world full of quirks, they could be anything ranging from grenades to just toys.

"Let them go!" Midoriya hissed, shoving his foot into Sako's face. Tokoyami was lying on his legs, trying to get up.

Sako kicked the dazed Tokoyami off him, before he reached up to grab Midoriya's leg, twisting it harshly.

A loud crack rang out, and in a moment of instinct, Aizawa activated his quirk.

He immediately jumped away when Shoji suddenly appeared right where he stood, shooting up out of nowhere. Bakugou and Todoroki appeared right next to him, all three of them equally dazed and confused.

"My my, Eraser! I did ask if your students were important, but I

didn't actually think you'd manage to re-acquire two of our targets."

Midoriya looked up from his position on the ground, clutching his broken leg, and his eyes zeroed in on the scarred villain.

Dabi.

He did not realise he had said that out loud.

Dabi turned towards the green haired boy. He had his suspicions when they first saw the list of targets, but hearing his voice, seeing him face to face, he had no doubt who this was.

Akatani.

Dabi forced himself to look away. He couldn't afford to bring more attention to Midoriya. He was already number one on Shigarkai's hit list, and heck did he owed Midoriya his life.

He may be a villain now, but he sure as hell had morals, unlike some flaming garbage shit called Endea-fucking-vor.

But Bubaigawara noticed him immediately.

"Ohh! Dabi! You're famous! I know you! Who are you!?"

"Shut up. I don't even know him."

"You piece of shit."

Dabi immediately turned to Aizawa. "Three targets are here. And we have none of them. A pity."

"But we have this cutie!" Toga clutched Kota close to her chest, and he struggled in protest, shrieking, "Let go of me!"

"Kota!" Midoriya ignored the pain in his leg, as he lunged at Toga. However, he was caught by Bubaigawara, who grabbed him by his broken arm.

"Damn, kid." Sako muttered, "I broke your leg, and you can still jump?"

Midoriya hissed in Bubaigawara's grasp, before he lashed out with his good leg to aim a kick at Toga.

He got three stab wounds in the leg for his attempt. He snarled, harshly swinging his foot to nail Bubaigawara in the side.

Bubaigawara hissed, and dropped him on instinct. Midoriya landed in a crouch, wincing as blood flowed down his leg and hissed at the pain the pressure on his broken leg caused. He did his best to stand, and lunged at Toga again, but this time, Bubaigawara retaliated, kicking him harshly in the chest and creating a copy of Dabi and Sako.

Aizawa immediately used his quirk on Bubaigawara, causing the clones to turn to sludge, but Sako engaged him in combat, forcing him to turn his attention to the villain.

Midoriya activated the blades on his bracers, struggling to stand as he felt his ribs crack, as Bubaigawara created two more Dabis.

Shoji and Tokoyami were battling a Dabi, the cloned fire user weakening Dark Shadow too much for it to be of any use. Dabi's fire was also way too hot for Shoji to get in close, until Bakugou barged in, blasting the fire away, but Dabi just dodged his explosion.

Iguchi had also come in out of nowhere, and Kaminari and Kirishima were doing their best to hold him off. Meanwhile, Midoriya was trying to evade Bubaigawara, dodging his measuring tapes, but he knew he couldn't last long.

Aizawa was doing his best to keep Sako occupied, but his fighting style required close combat, and he couldn't keep his quirk up forever. Sako could, and the second Aizawa's hair fell down to his face, Sako rushed in. Aizawa hastily dodged, ignoring the burning sensation in his eyes, and hissed as a large rock was suddenly dropped onto him.

Toga grinned, and Dabi took Kota from her. Kota shot out some water from his palm, spraying it on Dabi's face, but Dabi just looked at him, unamused.

Suddenly, a pitch black portal appeared, and everyone turned to see what happened.

"Well, we're done here." Dabi announced, as he walked back into the portal.

"Wait up, fuck face!" Bakugou roared, as Iguchi, Toga and Sako disappeared into the purple mist.

Midoriya hissed, dodging a hit by Bubaigawara, but his broken leg finally gave out, and Bubaigawara slashed him with his tape measure and kicked him straight in the chest.

He was sure he heard his ribs crack.

Midoriya was sent flying, coming to a rest at Kurogiri's feet.

Shoji heaved the gigantic rock off of Aizawa, and helped him to his feet, not noticing what was going on.

"Well, I guess this wasn't a total waste of time. Primary target acquired. Bakugou and Todoroki would be a bonus, but oh well." Kurogiri drawled, picking Midoriya up, "I found Muscular trapped under a landslide. You really gave him a run for his money."

Midoriya tried to fight back, but he simply wasn't able to do a thing against the intangible man. His entire body was aching, and he could tell he was starting to have trouble breathing.

"Deku!" Bakugou roared, trying to blast his way to Kurogiri, but Bubaigawara smacked him with his tape measure, before leaping into the portal.

"Izuku!" Aizawa straightened up, ignored his bruised back and dislocated shoulder, as blood trickled down his face. He tried to wipe the blood on his sleeve, and looked up to activate his quirk on Kurogiri, but the second he opened his eyes, the mist villain was gone.

All they could do was stare helplessly at the forest that was set alight with cyan blue flames.

We lost.

The air at camp was gloomy.

Everyone was looking at each other, not saying a word. Most of the students had made it back, either found by Sosaki on her way back, or made it back to camp on their own.

Some were unconscious from the gas, like Bondo, Hagakure, and Kaibara, but Tetsutetsu and Kendo had taken Mustard out relatively quickly, and those who were exposed to barely enough gas to pass out, like Tokage and Rin, were already starting to wake up.

Shinsou had already been treated by Kan and Tiger, being diagnosed with mild hypothermia from being in a cool environment with damp clothes, as well as quirk exhaustion. But being brought through an area that had faint traces of Mustard's knockout gas hadn't helped his condition. He was lying on a futon in the common room, along with all the other students who had passed out, with Monoma sitting right next to him.

Those that were awake the entire time were huddled by the door, with hope shining in their eyes.

The only people who were missing were Aizawa, Kirishima, Kaminari, Shoji, Tokoyami, Bakugou, Todoroki, Midoriya, and Kota. All of them were strong in their own right, and with Aizawa to aid them, they should be back. At the very least, if all of them came back alive, everything would be fine.

"Die, IcyHot!"

"Just shut up for one second, would you?"

"Hey, it's Bakugou!" Ashido squealed, and rushed to open the door. Some students, like Yanegi, Monoma, Fukidashi, Jiro, Kendo, Uraraka and Sero rushed out to greet their friends.

They counted seven people.

They were missing two people.

"Where's Midoriya?" Monoma asked.

At the mention of Midoriya's name, Aizawa and the six students practically deflated. Aizawa's shoulders drooped more than usual, there wasn't a hint of a smile on Kirishima or Kaminari's face. Bakugou wasn't exploding anything, for once, and Tokoyami and Todoroki just looked so miserable. Shoji's face was downcast, obvious even though he had covered most of his face with his mask.

"Where's Kota!?" Sosaoki yelped, as she made her way to the door, Kan right behind her.

Aizawa slumped down even more.

"No...." She covered her mouth, trying to stop the sobs that were making their way up her throat.

"Iz... Izu...?" Monoma turned, only to find that Shinsou had flipped over somehow, and was trying his best to push himself up, but to no avail. His eyes were still clouded, and he was pretty sure that the poor child was still disoriented and confused.

Aizawa pushed his way past the students, and crouched down in front of Shinsou. He pulled Shinsou up into a hug, "I'm so sorry, Hitoshi."

"Where... Izu?" It seemed that Shinsou didn't really hear him, and he yanked on Aizawa's capture weapon weakly. "... I..Izu?"

"I'm so sorry Hitoshi." Aizawa sounded like he was choking, and clung onto Shinsou tightly, resting his chin on the toddler's fluffy hair.

".. No... no...?" Shinsou had tears pooling in his eyes, "Izu..? Not.... Here....?... Ko..ta..?"

"They got him, Hitoshi. Him and Kota. I'm so sorry."

Shinsou was barely in the right mind to register what was being said.

No matter how cloudy his head was, how much the room around him was spinning, how his head felt like it had turned to mush, how he felt light headed and woozy.

But he understood.

They got Izuku and Kota.

And Shinsou promptly shut down.

Tracker Out

[image]

A/N A bit of self promo, check out my Youtube Channel! The latest video I uploaded is right up there ^^

Now, back to the fic XD

Nineteen students, two children, six pro heroes.

Six students avoided the entire fiasco.

Twenty two students exposed to the knockout gas, seven students knocked out by it.

Most of the students had made it out of this nightmare, with mostly minor injuries. The worst one was Yaoyorozu, with a minor concussion.

All except for one.

Midoriya Izuku, kidnapped by the League of villains.

And one Izumi Kota, taken as well.

Shiretoko had also gone missing, presumably taken by the League as well.

UA's reputation, surprisingly, hadn't been hit. Due to the well resolved USJ incident with the very same group of villains, they believed that they had noticed the buses leaving UA on their lengthy journey to the home of the Wild Wild Pussycats, and as such, left it as that.

To them, UA was still the safest place on earth. Everyone believed that if this had taken place in UA, it would have turned out differently. Even though some of them were still sceptical, there wasn't much they could do anyways.

And Midoriya Izuku's parents weren't complaining, so *everything* must be fine, right?

Ishiyama had promptly started building the dorms when UA got the alert. Kayama, Snipe, and Ectoplasm immediately helped with the furniture, trying to do anything they could to get their minds off this grave situation.

Midoriya was gone. Shiretoko and Kota as well.

They knew, all the teachers knew that Midoriya, Todoroki and Bakugou were the three primary targets. Kurogiri had literally said so. They were probably targets because of the Sports Festival. Tetsutetsu had mentioned that during his interrogation, when he fought Mustard.

And that was because they were all powerful in their own right. Bakugou had raw strength and excellent battle instincts. Todoroki kept his cool, and his quirk was unique and powerful, even if the user couldn't use it properly. Midoriya was a battle strategist, a quirk analysis, being able to see the weaknesses in fighting styles and exploit them, and was also good with weaponry.

But Aizawa and Yagi knew that it didn't just stop there. The League of Villains was associated with All for One. A man that stole quirks.

Something that Midoriya didn't have.

If they found out he was quirkless, what would they do? Kill him? Hold him ransom? Try to make him join them?

And what of Kota and Shiretoko? Would they be killed too? Used as leverage against them?

Out of all the kids that made it out so far, Shinsou was in the worst condition. He was lucky his case of hypothermia was minor, and had gone away in a day.

But he was absolutely devastated.

He just curled up in a ball, under the blankets, and never said a word, his eyes hollow, absent of the signature light and excitement. He only ever reacted to Aizawa, Yamada, Bakugou and Monoma, but even then, it was just clinging to them as he continued to suffer in silence, drowning in his pain and misery, never saying a single word.

All hero course students were required to stay in UA, for their protection. Pro heroes were stationed outside, as Nezu and other heroes worked on upping the security once again. All the injured students were fine, and those that were still passed out from the knockout gas were resting, the others waiting for them to wake up.

He was fine physically. But mentally? He was horrible. The added fact that he had separation anxiety, and that he had been forced away from Midoriya for an entire day was probably driving him crazy, but he knew that asking for him wouldn't help anyone. He knew what had happened to him, but they didn't know when the would get him back.

But he never said a word. He didn't drink or eat anything. Shuzenji had to force him to use an IV drip, alongside his medicine that she decided to give him when she heard that he had been carried around all night with hypothermia.

All the students were quiet, the air around them was heavy, filling them all with dread. They were all sleeping on futons, waiting for something, anything to happen.

They wanted to know if Midoriya was okay. He clearly wasn't, he was at the hands of villains. Kurogiri said that he had beaten Muscular, but at what cost?

All hope wasn't lost yet, but it was dwindling, until Yaoyorozu suddenly spoke up, a day after the kidnapping.

Yaoyorozu was thinking. Her head was swarming with thoughts,

with molecular formulas for a variety of things. But there was something important that she knew she was missing. Something that could change the tide of everything.

And it came rushing back to her.

The tracker.

She suddenly shot to her feet, blanket falling off her lap, as she stumbled, running to find Aizawa.

"Hold on!" Jiro yelled, as Shoji held her back gently, "We'll go get him."

"Get all the other heroes as well!" She yelped, "Yanagi and I put a tracker on the lizard guy!"

"Oh... so that is what it was." Yanagi muttered. Aizawa, Sosaki, and the other UA teachers burst into the room, and the students opened a path for them to make their way to Yaoyorozu.

"I... I made a tracker. I asked Yanagi to put it on the green lizard guy... as I distracted him. That's how... I got a concussion. When it's in range, it should have a signal."

"Alright, so can we access it?" Aizawa asked.

"Yeah.... Can I eat something?" She asked. It didn't take long for Lunch Rush to whip up a dish full of carbohydrates and lipids, and Yaoyorozu wolfed it down.

She put her spoon down, and opened her palm, before closing her eyes, as a phone-like device emerged from her palm. "It's not just a tracker... I think I also added a microphone function... but I'm not sure..."

She quickly took hold of it, and pressed a few buttons, before a loud yell rang out through the device.

"Izuku!"

At the first mention of the name, Shinsou, in Monoma's arms,

perked up.

Sosaki's eyes widened. That was Kota. he was fine. He was alive.

Nezu had reached out a paw to take the device, but his paw froze, almost like he wanted to listen at what was going on right now. This could be an opportunity to hear their plans.

"My my, such a strong resolve. Might be easier to work on you, no? How old are you, child?"

Aizawa sucked in a breath. They were threatening Kota. What did they want with him!?

"No! Leave .... Leave him alone .... you freak!"

A choking sound was heard, and they all winced at how bad Midoriya sounded.

"He's .....just a kid! He doesn't ... deserve this!"

"Izu!" Shinsou yelled, leaning forward. Yamada quickly grabbed a hold of him before he fell, and he was just struggling against Yamada, as if that would allow him to get closer to the source of Aizawa's voice.

"Well, since you aren't cooperative, we have no choice, you know? I'm pretty sure it won't take long to coax a scream out of the little one."

All of them gasped. They were threatening to hurt Kota to get to Midoriya!?

"You ... leave him alone!"

"As long as you're a good boy, the child won't have to suffer your fate."

Shinsou froze.

They heard a breath hitch, and a faint rattling of metal. They could hear someone panting, and a quiet, almost unnoticeable wheeze in pain. It went on for a good five minutes, of someone who they presumed was Midoriya holding his breath.

A loud crash startled them out of their thought of what was going on.

"I wanted to test this out first. It seems like it hasn't done much. Then again, it wasn't a very powerful quirk in particular, but seeing you so beaten up ...I'm honestly surprised you're still conscious. Wanna try the next one?"

"Izuku!"

Kota sounded like he was close to crying, and the chains were rattling a lot more closer than before. Iguchi was probably next to Kota for the sound to be that loud. Iguchi wasn't harming him, at least, not in a physical way, but they couldn't help but hate the green skinned man for forcing Kota to go through something like this.

"Ah. This one is perfect for you. Ready, Midoriya? I really want to hear you scream in pain."

They couldn't stop themselves as they heard Midoriya's breath hitch, as the sound of metal chains clattering together rang through the tracker. A loud crack resonated out, and there was a sharp intake of breath, before the sound of metal hitting the ground was heard.

They realised this entire time, Shinsou had been silent. They carefully turned to face him, so as to not startle him.

He was pale. Deathly pale. Like he had he listened to it, and his mind was supplying him the entire scene, like it were playing out in front of him.

"No.. no no no! Stop! Don't hurt him!" Shinsou cried out, as if they other party could hear them, with tears welling up his eyes. His desperate cries for the villains to leave Midoriya alone broke their hearts, and they all felt so, so regretful that he had been kidnapped.

"Interesting... it looks like they didn't do much..... Tell me, Midoriya, how do you feel?"

A loud bang was heard, scaring them all."

"I asked for a reply. Or did I break you already? You were pretty broken when you got here, with a broken arm, a broken leg, and half your ribs were wrecked. Muscular smacked you into the ground, didn't he? You were no match for him in terms of physical prowess."

Aizawa gave a sharp intake of breath. Midoriya had all those injuries, and he was still flinging himself all over the place!? What was wrong with his problem child!?

"I am surprised how you managed to stay alive so long while quirkless. Tell me, Midoriya. How do you feel? Your dream of being a pillar for those with weak or villainous quirks, or even the quirkless, shattered, right here, right now. Fifteen years of work, all down the drain. This was a... let's say...a gift, from way back. It makes you more sensitive to pain. A lot more sensitive."

A crash was heard, and they all held their breaths in anticipation.

"Let's see how much this would hurt, the body changing to suit its needs. You know, only a handful of people who survived this, and they all ended up as Nomus.. But you... you're quirkless. This is interesting. So interesting. How much more can I do before you break?"

"They're gonna what?" Uraraka gasped. "They can't -"

"No! Midoriya!" Iida yelped. "What are they doing to him!"

A sharp gasp of pain was heard, and everyone promptly shut up as they listened, straining their ears to try and listen to what was going on with Midoriya. They heard a soft whimper in pain, and then, a sharp bark of laughter, that Monoma immediately identified as Shigaraki's.

"Izuku! No! Stop it! Leave him alone! Stop it, please! Stop hurting him!"

Kota's heartbreaking pleas broke their hearts even further, shattering the broken shards to ash and dust.

They could hear choking sounds, harsh intakes of breath, metal hitting metal, until it finally died down, leaving only the sound of empty, hollow breathing.

The air was tense with anticipation, everyone silent as they waiting anxiously for someone, anyone, on the other end to speak.

What had happened over there?! Was Midoriya okay!?

"Oh my, this certainly is interesting. You're still conscious! And you barely made a sound! This is going to be so much fun. I am so looking forward to breaking you."

All of them heaved a huge sigh of relief. Midoriya was alive.

He was still himself.

He wasn't a Nomu.

They could still get him back.

But how much time did they have? How long were they going to torture the boy? How long were they going to be entertained, before ultimately deciding to kill him?

Nezu managed to snap himself out of his stupor first, carefully taking the device from Yaoyorozu. He cleared his throat, but looked like he was at a loss for what to say.

"This will definitely help us get him back faster."

Yagi left the room, in search of one Togata Mirio. He didn't like the vibes that they got from the interaction on the other side. And frankly speaking, He did not know how to deal with emotional teenagers. He would let Aizawa and Kan take care of their kids, and provide support from behind when needed.

He could feel a fight coming, and he wanted to light the next match before his torch was to be potentially blown out.

Aizawa and Kan were left in the room, and the second the other teachers left, they broke.

Some students, like Uraraka and Tokage, had broken down in tears. Tetsutetsu and Kirishima were sparring, yelling at each other in frustration. Bakugou was currently blasting air, as profanities filled

the air.

Some others were more calm. Shishida, Tokoyami and Todoroki, though they still looked very shaken, were sitting quietly on a futon. Shoji and Sato were staring at nothing, and Asui seemed to be deep in thought. Jiro, Yoayorozu and Kendo just looked at each other, disappointment and regret shining clearly in their eyes.

Monoma was sitting quietly by himself, arms wrapped around Shinsou, like he himself couldn't process what had just happened.

"No. No no no.." Shinsou mumbled, as he clung to Monoma, burying his face in his shirt, before he stopped moving completely, freezing in Monoma's arms.

"Hey, hey, Shinsou. Snap out of it."

Monoma shook Shinsou, and he just looked at him with those haunted, dead looking eyes. There wasn't the energetic sparkle, or the usual intelligence he had come to associate with the child, just emptiness and darkness.

Shinsou tucked into a ball again, hiding his face in his knees, before he let the darkness take over, as he sunk back into his mental void, letting himself sink deeper and deeper.

It was too much for him to handle.

Monoma pulled Shinsou in, resting his chin on the younger's head, trying to ignore the tears welling up in his own eyes.

Tracker In

It was dark.

That was all he knew at that time. His head was hazy, and the shadows were twisting, turning, churning, as he tried to look around and recall what happened.

Midoriya had saved him and Shinsou from Muscular.

They found more students, and he was grabbed by someone.

He was passed to another person, then another.

He saw Midoriya get beat up again.

Then it all turned to black.

He curled up in a ball, just noticing the chains around his wrists, clicking together ominously as he moved.

There was a grunt next to him, and Kota flinched, turning his head hastily to identify the sound.

He saw Midoriya's emerald green eyes gazing up at him, dazed.

"Ko... Kota?"

Kota let out a small whimper. He shouldn't be scared. He shouldn't. They beat Muscular, he got crushed by a landslide and fell down a cliff.

So why was he so scared?

"Hey..... Kota." He didn't even notice that Midoriya had sat up, and saw the visible wince on his face, before he pulled him in for a hug. His head bumped against something metallic, and he looked up, eyeing the heavy metal collar around Midoriya's neck cautiously.

"Careful." Midoriya hissed, as Kota accidentally pressed against him too hard. "My ribs are busted - ow..... Shoot... sorry... I'm fine, Kota."

He knew Midoriya won the Sports Festival. He knew he took down Akaguro.

Was this why they seemed so eager, so desperate to catch him?

He was distracted from his thoughts when the door to their cell opened, and the lizard guy came in.

Midoriya hissed at him, protectively wrapping his arms around Kota's trembling form, even though he knew he wasn't making his broken ribs any better.

He tugged on Midoriya's chains gently, "They're coming to check on you soon. I'm supposed to sedate you, but you seem pretty banged up and shackled properly. No need for it."

Midoriya wasn't sure if this guy, *Spinner, was it?* was trying to help or not. Or trying to trick him. He'll figure that out later. But for now, he was not the threat.

Soon footsteps echoed down the hallway, and Kota huddled even closer to Midoriya, afraid. Midoriya put his arms around Kota, shifted into a kneeling position, and snarled when Shigaraki and an unknown man walked up behind him.

"You!" Midoriya hissed, before he coughed, and Shigaraki merely sneered, "We finally got you in our grasp. Tell me, kid, what do you think we're gonna do to you?"

"I don't ..... know, steal..... steal my ..... quirk?" Midoriya tried to snap, but his coughing fits which resulted in the expulsion of blood was not helping, "P-piss off..... shithead."

"My my, a rude one, no. You mentioned this was the one that escaped?" The man with a mask asked.

"Yup. Akatani. We bugged Stain as he left and we managed to catch that bit about him. It got smashed when they started fighting,

though." A purple haired man replied.

Midoriya eyed the man warily.

Purple hair. Purple eyes. Exactly how Shinsou described him.

"You! You ..... were the one that..... kidnapped -" Midoriya received a kick in the face, and his breath hitched. His back hit the wall, and he let out a quiet hiss in pain, glaring venomously at the man. If his ribs weren't broken before, he was damn well sure that they were broken now...

"No. It is not kidnapping when I'm taking back custody of what belongs to me. Though his views no longer aligned with mine so he needed a little more... convincing."

Midoriya didn't have time to process the statement, as a hand shot out to touch his forehead. He felt something sifting through his thoughts, invading his personal privacy. His quirk, maybe?

"Interesting. No one wanted you. Your parents abandoned you. Your old classmates hated you. Even now, your current peers still don't know how to handle you."

"What -"

"Did it hurt, boy? When All Might told you that you couldn't be a hero?"

"I don't .... know." He coughed, "I honestly..... don't remember. And I'm pretty.... darn happy now .... so why .... why the heck do you care?! What... what do you want?!"

"Join us." He stated, "Join us, and we'll overthrow the heroes that have wronged us, suppressed our abilities, forcing us to be someone we don't want to be."

"Well you'll be a .....god damned tyrant .....if you were allowed ... to rule. I'm glad you're not..... ruling the world."

Midoriya doubled over to hack out some more blood, but wasn't able to do so as the masked man put his hand on his face again.

He waited, and waited, for the masked man to crush his skull, to dislocate his jaw, to gouge out his eyeballs. He waited for something to happen.

Nothing happened.

He felt a faint feeling, a phantom poke here, a prod there, as if someone was looking for something in him. Very similar to how Aizawa's quirk felt when he was looking for the... oh...oh...Oh...

He realised just who this was.

"You're..... you're..... All for .....One?!"

The man pulled his hand back, and Midoriya was sure he was snickering just under his mask.

"You really do surprise, Midoriya Izuku. Not only do you know my name, but you got this far, bested your peers, defeated Stain, all the while quirkless?!"

"Oh ... yeah?! Wanna .....try me?!"

"I will, child. This will be even more fun than trying to kill All Might. Let's see how much you can take before I break you! I saw you wanted to prove the world wrong, didn't you? Be a pillar for those with weak or villainous quirks, or even the quirkless?"

Midoriya grit his teeth. "So ....what?!" He spat, before pain suddenly flared through his system, and Midoriya bit his tongue, trying to prevent himself from making any sound.

"Now now, boy. You don't want me to, I don't know, *accidentally* give you a quirk, do you?"

Midoriya's blood ran cold. He worked so hard, so god damned hard, to keep up with the others. To make up for a lack of a quirk.

Ten years ago, maybe he would have been happy to get a quirk. To finally be able to fit in, to be a hero, to be loved and cared for.

But he found Shinsou. He got Bakugou back. He found a family in

Aizawa, in all his friends in UA.

He didn't want a quirk at this point.

"You know, how rare it is to find a quirkless person now? All my experiments, all the Nomus, they originally had quirks. Most of the quirkless population are dead, or elderly. That just wouldn't do. I do wonder... how a naturally quirkless person would react to being given a quirk?"

"You ..... sick -"

All for One lunged at him, forcing his head against the wall. His arms were being weighed down by the cuffs, pulled down by the ridiculously short chains, leaving Midoriya unable to struggle to free himself from the villain's grasp. He wasn't able to struggle anyway, his injuries were far too serious for him to actually do any damage, especially while chained up.

Midoriya felt a pressure in his head. Like something was pulsing, feeling foreign, cold. It started off as a dull presence, poking, prodding, until it became more powerful, forcefully shoving its way into his head, down his veins, through his blood.

Midoriya resisted. He pushed back, shoved with all his might. He was at a stalemate with the offending presence, and he was determined not to lose.

Kota watched in awe, his shock forgotten, as Midoriya engaged in the mental battle. As he struggled, pushed back, not even giving an inch. His brow furrowed, sweat and blood dripping down his body onto the ground.

Midoriya focused, pooling all his mental reserves, forcefully pushing against it, pushed against All for One, and shoved him out of his body, out of his head, with a feral roar of, "Leave ... leave me alone!"

Midoriya lurched backwards, out of All for One's grip, leaning against the wall as he panted, sliding down the wall until he was sitting on the cold hard ground, forcing air back into his lungs. His

injuries stung. His broken bones were screaming at him, and waves of pain washed over him, crashing into him again and again.

All for One looked at his hand in awe.

This was the first time someone said no to taking a quirk.

This was the first time someone resisted.

This was the first time someone ever succeed in fighting back.

Shigarki was watching in interest, his eyes glinting as he eyed his mentor.

"Izuku!" Kota yelped, and let out a whimper as the chains pulled away, dragging him away from Midoriya, courtesy of Kurogiri. He tried to reach out, but he wasn't strong enough to pull himself back. He couldn't do anything as he was dragged closer and closer to the masked man.

"My my, such a strong resolve. Might be easier to work on you, no?" All for One said, ruffling Kota's hair as Shigaraki picked Kota up by the collar of his shirt.

"No! Leave .... Leave him alone .... you freak!" Midoriya spat, struggling to his feet and failing due to the short chain on his collar. He choked against the collar for a second, before he managed to lean back against the wall, "He's .....just a kid! He doesn't ... deserve this!"

"Well, since you aren't cooperative, we have no choice, you know?"

Midoriya's eyes widened, and he promptly froze, asking desperately, "You ... leave him alone!"

Kugutsu bent down to grab his collar, and Midoriya just let his body go limp. He yanked Midoriya back into a kneeling position, and Midoriya was no longer fighting back as he kept his eyes on Kota.

"As long as you're a good boy." All for One purred, letting Shigaraki put Kota back on the ground before placing his hand on Midoriya's head again, "The child won't have to suffer your fate."

Midoriya felt that familiar sensation, and tried to ignore that feeling. He tried to stop himself from pushing it away like he did before.

If I do it, Kota gets hurt.

He grimaced, holding in his screams of pain as his entire body felt like it was set on fire. It burned. He felt too hot, his surroundings freezing.

Why was it all so cold!? What did they do to him!?

His body felt drastically different, like it was on fire. His heart burned, his blood churning in his veins, and he felt the very strong urge to throw up. He felt like his body was turned inside out, his insides ripped out and replaced with nothing but fire. His head spun, and his surroundings were nothing more than a kaleidoscope of colours as they blurred and focused continuously.

All for One finally pulled his hand away, admiring his handy work, ignoring the fact that Midoriya had literally crashed into the ground, looking at him in a pained daze.

"I wanted to test this out first. It seems like it hasn't done much. Then again, it wasn't a very powerful quirk in particular, so I'm honestly not surprised."

All for One looked at him, Midoriya panting as he lay on the floor, suppressing any noise he felt he may make. He shuddered. It was cold. *So cold.* He was sure the temperature in the room hadn't changed at all, *so why?!*

"Izuku!" Kota managed to get to his feet, rushing over to Midoriya's side, but Iguchi held him back, careful so that he wouldn't hurt the boy, but firm enough so Kota couldn't do anything but struggle.

"Ah. This one is perfect for you. Ready, Midoriya? I really want to hear you scream in pain."

All for One pressed his hand onto Midoriya's face again, and if he was to say that what previously happened was bad, this was infinitely worse.

He felt that his skin was changing, that he was being ripped apart from the inside out. Pain flared through his entire body, and he sucked in a breath on instinct, and almost threw up as he began to choke on his own blood.

He lurched backwards, slamming his head against the cold brick wall, a loud crack ringing out from the impact. But he didn't hear it. All he could hear was his ears screaming, his body screeching in agony, his lungs hissing from the stress placed on it. His ribcage was on fire, his muscles burning and spasming as he tried to hold in his screams of pain. He didn't even know how much time had passed, just that the world was turning into a blurry vision of pain as his insides felt like they turned to ash.

The pain finally died down, and Midoriya quickly inhaled, trying to bring oxygen back into his battered lungs. He inhaled sharply, as he accidentally moved, and a rib poked his lung. He coughed out more blood, before lying limply on the ground, warily eyeing All for One as he looked him over.

"Interesting... it looks like they didn't do much..... Tell me, Midoriya, how do you feel?"

Midoriya didn't even have the energy to reply, until All for One picked him up by the collar and slammed him into the wall, "I asked for a reply. Or did I break you already? You were pretty broken when you got here, with a broken arm, a broken leg, and half your ribs were wrecked. Muscular smacked you into the ground, didn't he. You were no match for him in terms of physical prowess."

"I am surprised how you managed to stay alive so long while quirkless. Tell me, Midoriya. How do you feel? Your dream of being a pillar for those with weak or villainous quirks, or even the quirkless, shattered, right here, right now. Fifteen years of work, all down the drain."

All for One chucked, as Midoriya squirmed in his grip. His fingers morphed into needles, and he stabbed Midoriya in the neck, before they changed back.

"This was a... let's say...a gift, from way back. It makes you more sensitive to pain. A lot more sensitive."

Midoriya hissed as All for One slammed him into the wall, and he was sure All for One was grinning maniacally behind the mask. He supported the boy with one hand, his other one raised in front of him.

"Let's see how much this would hurt. The body changing to suit its needs. You know, only a handful of people who survived this. But you... you're quirkless. This is interesting. So interesting. How much more can I do before you break?"

Kota watched in horror, as All for One's fingers started growing, turning into long sharp, blue points, and stabbing Midoriya in the chest. He yanked his fingers out, leaving Midoriya to gasp sharply and fall forwards.

His muscles convulsed, he felt like his body had turned to mush. Pain snaked through his limbs, down his spine, much stronger than before, and he let out a small whimper in pain. He clenched his fists, and grit his teeth. His body felt like it was shifting, sliding against other parts, constantly changing, pushing past his skin. He was an outsider to his own body, and he couldn't do anything, only watch, and feel the blood rushing to his head, listen to Shigaraki cackle like a maniac. His eyes ached, and they felt like they were going to explode, and he quickly closed his eyes, trying to ignore the feeling that his skull was going to blow up as the pressure behind his eyes grew even greater.

His ears ached, a strange force pressing down on him, and he desperately curled into a ball, trying to suppress the pain that was racing through him. Everything hurt, everything was screaming in protest, it was too loud, yet it was too soft. He couldn't hear anything, but the shrill cries of pain that flared up from all his muscles couldn't be ignored.

He thought he heard screaming, but that was probably a figment of his imagination. He was barely registering any thing that was happening, as he dully felt something move, piercing his skin. He couldn't breath, it was like a snake had wrapped itself around his

lungs, harshly constricting and preventing him from taking in the oxygen his body so desperately needed.

Finally, the tremors that wracked his body died down, leaving Midoriya lying in a pool of his own blood his face and his body was caked with sweat. A tingling feeling crawled under his skin, through his veins, throughout his entire body. He could feel something, akin to a beast in hiding, waiting for their prey before pouncing out, but it was weak, restrained. His head was fuzzy, filled with static, and he clung to himself desperately, trying to ignore his shudders as he wrapped his arms around himself.

It was him, but it didn't feel like him. It wasn't him anymore. What was he even now? Was he still Midoriya Izuku? Or was he a mindless being, a wandering soul, and this searing sensation of pain was just an illusion.

He didn't care. He couldn't care. Pain was still overriding every single thought, every single nerve. He couldn't even twitch, couldn't even shiver without feeling pain rush through his entire being.

"Oh my, this certainly is interesting. You're still conscious! And you barely made a sound!" All for One chortled, as Midoriya flicked a dull emerald eye at him, "This is going to be so much fun. I am so looking forward to breaking you."

Iguchi carefully released Kota as All for One exited the cell, and he was careful not to come in contact with the pool of red that was growing larger by the second.

Kota didn't care.

He rushed towards Midoriya, who was lying there, looking at nothing with a blank, dazed expression. He carefully nudged Midoriya, and the dull, emerald eyes moved to look at him. Midoriya tried to lift his arm, but gave a small hiss as his arm refused to move.

Kota sank to his knees, and tried to make himself as small as possible, tucking himself against Midoriya's chest gently, and cried.

Chains

Dabi sighed as he carefully wiped all the blood off Midoriya, and bandaged all the open wounds he had. Iguchi had already cleared out the cell, clean of all the blood, and was currently holding onto Kota.

He kept his arm pressed against Midoriya's, trying not to feel guilty that he was partially responsible for Midoriya's condition. If they had just gotten out with Bakugou...

He didn't want to hurt his little brother, or the teen that had saved his life.

But here he was, the boy at his feet, as cold as a corpse, his head way too warm compared to his body, his heartbeat too fast, too faint, for it to be healthy. His eyes were clouded with pain, and he was twitching every other second, his laboured, shallow breaths being accompanied by the occasional blood-filled cough.

Dabi carefully looked around, checking to see if Shigaraki or Kurogiri were watching. They would kill both him and Iguchi if they realised what they were doing.

But they weren't as bad as his father. He was still guilty about leaving Todoroki alone to face his father's wrath, but he couldn't take it anymore. And now, there was another kid, his brother's age, lying down in this cold dark cell, and he couldn't help himself.

He wasn't able to help Todoroki, but at least he could help Midoriya.

He carefully procured a syringe, gently pressing it into Midoriya's arm, before pushing the plunger, injecting the contents into Midoriya's blood stream.

"What did you do?!" Kota hissed, as he tried but failed to punch

Iguchi, who placed him beside Midoriya.

"Don't worry about it. Just some pain killers and some mild sedatives to clear his head." Dabi sighed.

It took a few minutes for it to take effect, and the haze cleared from Midoriya's eyes slightly, and he leaned back against the wall, his breaths evening out slowly.

"You feeling better now, kid?"

"I.. think so?"

His speech was slurred, but it was still coherent enough for them to hold a conversation. Midoriya gently wrapped his arms around Kota, not wanting to break anything else by accident, "Are you ... hurt?"

Kota shook his head, wrapped his arms around Midoriya's side.

"We need to talk to you about something. In two days, during UA's press conference, somethings gonna happen, something big. We can try to use that distraction to get you out, but only one of you."

"Huh?"

"Don't be silly. We're villains. You think I didn't notice the little tracker your creation friend and levitation friend put on me?" Iguchi rolled his eyes, "I would have removed it, if it were anyone else trapped here. But it's you. I wouldn't mind the heroes busting in here to save your ass."

"No swearing."

Dabi and Iguchi looked at Midoriya, who looked at them confused until he realised what he had said, "Sorry... habit.."

"There's a reason I gave her a light concussion instead of, I don't know, knocking her out for weeks. Depending on who we ended up nabbing, a broken tracker wouldn't help anyways."

"Anyways, back to the point, assuming the heroes do get here, we

can only help one of you get out. They definitely -"

"If.. if you're gonna... get anyone out... let.. him go." Midoriya coughed, and Dabi gently patted his back to aid with his coughing fit.

"He shouldn't... go through this.. none of them do. Let Kota go back."

Dabi sighed, "Still the same old selfless brat."

Iguchi snorted, "There's a reason why Stain called him a true hero."

"There's a difference between being selfless and a reckless idiot."

"Excuse ... me? Are you... insulting me?" Midoriya hissed, the foreign feeling of something crawling beneath his skin had started up again, and he didn't like it.

"If it were anyone but you... I would be content letting them rot in here. You saved me back then, and I still have morals, thank you very much."

"Yet you're... a villain?"

Dabi rolled his eyes, before shackling Midoriya and Kota again, albeit gently. "You're quirkless, apparently. No idea why they're cuffing you in quirk suppressing cuffs but whatever. I have no idea what they did to you, but they wouldn't do it with no reason. I'll come back later, Hand Man wants to talk."

He moved to exit the cell, Iguchi right behind him. They didn't notice that the light in Midoriya's eyes had faded, as Kota curled up against him, wondering why it suddenly felt colder.

He attributed it to the shackles.

The day after tomorrow. They just had to wait it out.

The students just stared at the newly created device in Yaoyorozu's

hand. Aizawa didn't want to involve them any further, but both he and Kan knew how worried they were of Midoriya. Allowing them to listen in wouldn't do any harm.

They were expecting to somehow hear them trying to hurt Midoriya, to hear Kota screaming in protest.

Instead, they somehow heard that the fire user Dabi, and the lizard man, Iguchi, were willing to go behind the League's back to help Midoriya, and they were acting like a bunch of friends instead two villains and a former vigilante student.

Not out of the goodness of their heart. Because one revered Akaguro, who called Midoriya worthy. Another one is repaying Midoroya for saving his life.

Midoriya's kind, selfless personality gave him this chance. This glimmer of a chance that he could get out alive.

Getting out unscathed was thrown out the window long ago. They already hurt the boy, and threatened Kota.

Yaoyorozu felt dread. The tracker had only worked because Iguchi allowed it to. He knew it was there, and knew how to remove it. That defeated the whole point of having a tracker. Maybe next time, she should stick the trackers on people that are dumb and hide them where people won't think to search for it.

Aizawa noted that they said two days. The specific day they would hold the press conference.

Of course, that was the original plan. They watched the Sports Festival, there was no doubt they would watch the press conference as well. They were planning to distract them with the conference, and jump in to save Midoriya and Kota, asking they managed to find the location. Nighteye had also gotten lucky, and found the location of a nearby Nomu factory when he bumped into a villain when he had a headache, accidentally activating his quirk and somehow being fortunate enough to find that clue.

But knowing they also had something planned on the same day was

worrying. They were going to make use of the press conference too?

Maybe he should ask the Big Three to stay back and help protect them, just in case.

Shinsou had relaxed slightly. Not enough to be significant, but he stopped clinging to Monoma so tightly, allowing Yamada to pick him up to try and lift his spirits.

But all in all, the overall mood of the hero course students was lighter. Midoriya was still alive, he was getting treatment (painkillers, at the very least), and the villains were helping him by trying to let Kota return.

They didn't like that Midoriya was suffering, that he was getting hurt, but it was only because it was him, that they were getting more help than expected, from the most unexpected place.

The next two days were not good for Midoriya at all.

Midoriya didn't know what to feel, when he Shigaraki kicked him into a wall. He knew that he should be feeling something, maybe anger, hate, or just something, but he just felt empty inside, hollow, dead.

Must be whatever Facepalm injected me with.

He stayed quiet, and endured Shigaraki's childish tantrums. He couldn't make a sound anyway, even as he felt his ribcage crack again.

He had threatened to hurt Kota, and Midoriya knew that no matter what, he could not let that happen. The only time when they could hurt him was over Midoriya's dead body, but he was sure as hell going to find a way back to prevent that as well.

He knew he had a fever. Running around in the cool air, being dumped in an unsanitary cell, and bleeding profusely while lying on the cold hard floor probably made him sick, and it made him wonder what sickness he had caught. He doubted that he would get

treated for it, these villains weren't doctors by any means. They wouldn't know how to treat it, and even if they did, they'd probably not treat him and let him suffer.

Shigaraki was mad with Midoriya, and Kurogiri suspected that Shigaraki was still bitter over the USJ, where they were utterly humiliated when all the students escaped and they were being wrecked by a boy who hacked into the USJ.

He had wrapped Midoriya in chains and electrocuted him in saline water. He had stuck him in a freezing ice bath, which probably ended up giving him hypothermia.

Midoriya decided that he really, really hated bars. Alcohol messes with your senses. It didn't matter if he liked the taste or not, he just hated how confused and woozy he got, how blurry everything was, how none of his senses were cooperating with him.

This time, he was currently being chained up in the bar, while Kurogiri wiped down his glasses after he very politely asked Midoriya to taste test some of their alcohol. He wasn't that bad, and stopped asking when Midoriya shook his head tiredly, after Hikiishi shoved a can full of the horrid drink down his throat, but Shigaraki, oh, he was horrible.

Shigaraki just grabbed an oddly shaped bottle from who knew where, popped it open, and shoved the bottle into Midoriya's mouth, forcing the horrendously bitter citric liquid down Midoriya's throat. His throat felt like it was burning, the acidic sour liquid trickling down, and his stomach was churning like the waves in an intense storm, not sitting well with the liquid that he was a hundred percent sure was not supposed to be edible.

"Are you nuts?!" Dabi yelled, ripping the bottle out of Shigaraki's hand, "What is wrong with you?! This is car battery acid! Are you trying to kill him?!"

Midoriya felt like he was on fire, and he couldn't stop himself as he lurched forward and retched. He didn't have anything in his stomach, and didn't drink enough of the nasty acid for him to puke. He ended up lying on the ground, curled up in a fetal position as he

dry-heaved, clawing at his throat, his entire body on fire, choking and gagging.

Iguchi forced him into a sitting position, pulling Midoriya's hands away. He poured some water into Midoriya's mouth, and forced him to swallow it, ignoring Midoriya as he tried to push Iguchi away, scratching and clawing at his arms.

In the end, they had to end up knocking Midoriya so that they could pour water down his throat without any resistance to try and dilute the acid that Shigaraki introduced into his system.

"He's a prisoner! He's supposed to listen to us, you're not supposed to listen to him!"

"Shigaraki, this is irrational. I was merely offering a drink. And he's not a prisoner, you know he wants to recruit him."

"Yes, we gave him a gift. And he's so ungrateful!" Shigaraki snapped, before he stomped out of the bar.

Kota just tried to snuggle up to Midoriya. He was awfully cold, and he wrapped his arms around Midoriya's freezing hand, and leaned against him, trying to take comfort that he could still hear Midoriya's heartbeat.

The poor boy had also gotten several stab wounds from when Shigaraki tried to kill Kota, and Dabi and Iguchi were banned from getting any more medical supplies to patch Midoriya up.

"Let Tomura have his fun. He won't kill him." All for One had said.

"Yeah, right." Dabi scowled, "That's only cause the kid is a determined piece of shit." He had already noticed that in the three days Midoriya had suffered at the hands of the villains in extreme pain, that a small portion of his hair was turning white. Toga liked to braid it as she stabbed him.

Even when he was free, there was no doubt that he was going to be plagued by nightmares and night terrors. The kid didn't show it, but the way he cradled Kota protectively, glancing around him like they would be attacked any minute was obvious. Given what he had

been through, and what he heard of the younger Shinsou's kidnapping, it was obvious that he was paranoid.

Bubaigawara and Himiko had also spent a large chunk of time messing with Midoriya, which often resulted in Midoriya gaining new stab wounds on his arms and torso, and on his back.

It was not until Shigaraki had disintegrated Midoriya's shoulder right up to the bone, that Kurogiri finally got tired of it, and told him that they still needed Midoriya to be presentable and functional.

Shigaraki just gave a childish huff, and stomped away. Midoriya just looked dead the entire time as he took Shigaraki's abuse. His face did scrunch up in pain, but the determined lights in his eyes no longer lit up. There wasn't a hint of any emotions on his face, not happiness, sadness, not even anger.

Kurogiri just assumed that the pain was overriding everything. After all, he didn't have a proper face. It was hard to read his own emotions too. Why should he bother with how other people express theirs?

The press conference was coming up soon. And UA will fall by their own hand.

If that didn't go as planned?

Well, UA would never be the same again.

And whatever Bubaigawara and Toga did? It's bound to traumatise the two kids forever. The Midoriya and Kota they would meet would no longer be the same people they knew.

"We're terribly sorry for everything that has happened. If not for the initiatives taken by the students, I'm afraid that this would have turned out even worse." Aizawa apologised.

It was true. If Yaoyorozu hadn't created the gas masks, more students would have fallen to it. Kendo and Tetsutetsu would not

have been able to take out Mustard. Midoriya had taken out Muscular, saving Shinsou and Kota. Bakugou, Todoroki, Kirishima, Kaminari and his problem child had used Dark Shadow to defeat Moonfish, before subduing the quirk with its known weakness.

Who knew how many more would be hurt if they didn't do so?

"It pains me greatly to say that even though most of our students came out with injuries that were easy to fix, one was taken. One student, one child, and one pro hero. I do believe that, despite this, we will get them back, and this will not ever happen again. For now, please accept ours, and the Pussycats apologies for our incompetence."

He couldn't even describe how much it hurt. He had adopted them. One of his kids were kidnapped and practically getting tortured, and the other one was shutting down, mentally and physically. The separation anxiety wasn't making it any better, and any progress they made so far was completely erased, and they were pushed back ten steps for the two they made..

He knew he was also breaking down, deep inside. But he had go stay strong. He was Eraser Head, the man famous within UA for pulling logical ruses, being a ruthless judge of potential, and not letting his emotions get the better of him. He needed to be there for his students, to be the pillar of support that they needed, one that they could rely on when they all felt broken.

Once the heroes saved them, once he got Midoriya back, reunited with Shinsou, alongside Kota, who he was also fond of, then he could cry. Only then, could he lock himself in his room, and cry. He could be weak, hidden behind a locked door, where no one could see him. Cry in anger, in frustration that this had happened, sob in relief that his kids were safe and alive.

If they were even alive.

No. They're alive. Izuku is a stubborn little shit. There's no way he'll die so easily.

He's just a kid. A teenager. He's not a pro hero. He doesn't even have his

provisional license.

Shut up.

He smacked himself mentally for these thoughts, as he bowed, alongside Kan and Nezu.

The blasted event was finally coming to a close, and Nezu and Kan let him go back to UA first, seeing as he had been addressing the crowd most of the time. They were answering the rest of the media's questions, as he rubbed the horrible hair gel out of his hair, and changed into his regular jumpsuit and scarf, when his phone suddenly vibrated as it sat on the table.

He carefully reached over, and tapped it to see what the message was.

Ecto: We have a situation on campus.

Ecto: The purple haired man who kidnapped Shinsou, and a black bird.

Flight

The alarms blared, and all the students looked up from the television to look out the window.

"Should we... stay inside?" Kirishima hesitantly asked. Most of the students were awake, save for Hagakure, Kaibara, Tsuburaba and Honenuki. Shiozaki and the others had already woken up, and while they were still suffering some of the negative side effects like nausea and bouts of dizziness, they were mostly okay.

"Oh no. Please, come right out. I want you to see this." An unfamiliar voice blared through the loudspeakers, "Failure to do so will result in one child called Kota to be no more. I do expect to see thirty-five students, one toddler, and three pro heroes stationed here."

He knew. This person, this villain putting Kota's life on the line, he knew. He knew how many were still unconscious from Mustard's gas, and how many teachers were here.

Snipe, Kayama, and Ectoplasm shared a look, before they nodded, and kept an eye on the hero course students as they trudged out, onto the fields.

The field was dark, but Ectoplasm pressed a button on his phone, and suddenly, the entire area was flooded with light, brightening up the entire area.

"My my, we're in the spotlight now." A man with purple hair, much like Shinsou, was seen, standing there, all alone. Bakugou was carrying Shinsou in his arms, the alarms having shaken the younger out of his near dissociative state, and he just stared at the man in horror.

"Who are you? And who are you associated with?" Ectoplasm asked, but the man just turned to Shinsou, ignoring the pro hero completely.

"Hello, Hitoshi. Happy to see me?"

Shinsou froze, and Bakugou could feel him tensing up. He tightened his grip on the child, and snarled at the man, "Who are you?"

"Greetings. I suppose I should introduce myself, as I see that I am trespassing. My name is Shinsou Kugutsu. I should like to reacquire what is mine, but sadly, I have other priorities right now."

He raised his hand, and swung it downwards, and a loud screech was heard as a black figure descended from the sky.

"We're terribly sorry for everything that has happened. If not for the initiatives taken by the students, I'm afraid that this would have turned out even worse."

Midoriya wasn't even listening to what was being broadcasted by his teacher and surrogate father, as he sat in the corner of the bar, chained to the wall. His heart was still pounding, his muscles felt like they were filled with lead and his head hurt.

Kota was wrapped in his arms, trying to ignore the pool of blood that was steadily growing from one of Bubaigawara and Toga's more elaborate "pranks".

The rest of the League had kept their eyes glued to the television, laughing and joking amongst themselves at their victory.

"Hello? Pizza Delivery, Kamino store!"

The wall behind Iguchi suddenly exploded, and Yagi burst into the room. The door was flung open, the wood from Nishiya's arms growing and expanding as they spread out, wrapping each villain up in the plant-based hero's tendrils.

Dabi's signature blue flames started showing, but Sorahiko leapt in, jumping off walls and crashed into the Cremation user, knocking him into a daze.

"During the press conference? Already?!" Sako yelped.

"When one goes on the offensive, they lack defence the most." Kamihara muttered, opening the door to reveal a squad of police men.

Nishiya looked around, to ensure that he had caught all the villains, until he laid his eyes on the wounded figure in the corner of the room.

"Shit." Nishiya whispered, horrified, as Yagi turned to Midoriya.

The collar around his neck and wrists looked heavy, and his arms were covered in burns, slashes, knife stabs, and the signature broken and cracked wounds that came from Shigaraki. His emerald eyes were no longer shining and bright, but dull and dark. His gaze was half-lidded and unfocused, as he stared at the heroes at hand, his face emotionless and expressionless.

Kota had buried his face into Midoriya's chest, shaking in fear as he clutched at the black shirt the teen was wearing, tears forming in his eyes.

Yagi made his way over, and Midoriya just looked at him as he came closer. Kota turned around, and whacked Yagi's hand away, crying, "Go away! Don't hurt him!"

"I'm sorry, Young Midoriya, and Young Kota. I'm sure you were scared."

He held his hands out in a placating gesture, but Kota just glared at him. Yagi reached out and gently tried to unlock the cuffs, under the gaze of Kota, only to find they were quirk suppressive cuffs, and he wouldn't be able to break them without risking Midoriya and Kota's health even further.

"It's fine now, young one. We'll get you out."

"You guys really came?" Shigaraki started, "You fools!"

"You're the ones trapped here. Who are the fools now, Shigaraki Tomura?"

"Kurogiri! Get the Nomus!"

Kurogiri tried to open up a portal, but failed, "I'm sorry. The Nomus at the fixed location are no longer there!"

"This is the end!" Yagi declared.

"The end? Don't be silly. Justice... peace.... I'll destroy this garbage heap that you put a lid on with such vague ideals. It's for that purpose that I set All Might apart, and started gathering people for my cause." Shigaraki stood up, despite Nishiya trying to force him down, and continued, "Don't be ridiculous. This is just the beginning. Kurogiri!"

Kamihara promptly transformed and pierced Kurogiri, knocking him out.

"Didn't I tell you to stay put." Sorahiko snarled, "Atsuhiro Sako, Shuichi Iguchi, Toga Himiko, Bubaigawara Jin. With little information and time, the police officers worked to determine your true identities. Do you understand? There is nowhere to run now."

Kamihara made his way over to Midoriya, to break the cuffs.

"Where is your boss, Shigaraki?" Yagi asked, but before anyone could reply, Midoriya muttered, "Nomu Factory. Black mask. Ambush."

"You fucking brat!" Shigaraki screamed, when all of a sudden, portals made of black goop appeared out of nowhere, Nomus emerging from all of them.

"Edgeshot! What about Kurogiri!?"

"He should still be out cold! He couldn't have done it!"

"Kamui Woods! Don't let them go under any circumstances!" Yagi ordered, as more black goop was expelled from Midoriya's mouth. He hunched over in pain, as the same happened to Kota, and all the other villains, engulfing them and disappearing into thin air.

"Midoriya! Kota!" Yagi yelped, as he tried to get ahold of the duo, but the black goop fell right through his fingertips, leaving only the shackles hanging in midair before they clattered to the ground.

"NO!" Yagi screamed.

"Endeavor! We need backup!" Nishiya yelped, only to find that the streets below were crawling with Nomus as the heroes tried to subdue them.

"All Might! Tsukauchi here! We got Nomus that emerged from black goop! The same one that Midoriya reported to have kidnapped Shinsou, but the user was found dead. It's him! Jeanist, didn't you take control over there!? Jeanist?!"

Hakamata trapped several Nomu with his string, as Takeyama grabbed ahold of a few and Sakamata crushed a few more. Chatora cradled Shiretoko protectively, as Takeyama whined, "Urg. Are these things really alive? Is it really okay for this to be so easy, Jeanist?"

"Don't think about difficulty and importance together." Hakamata replied.

"Don't see anything suspicious up here!" Hawks said, over the comms, as he flew around in the sky, *"Anything you want me to look out for?"*

"Make sure Endeavor doesn't burn people." Hakamata mumbled.

"I heard that."

"Is she your teammate? She's still breathing. I'm glad." Sakamata looked around, trying to identify the footsteps that he heard from somewhere.

"But her conditions... what did they do to you?"

"I'm sorry, Tiger. She always had a good quirk. It was the perfect opportunity, so I took it. Just like with that poor boy."

"Are you in the League? What are you talking about?" Hakamata hissed, as Chatora ordered someone to get a light.

"Oh, the green haired child, of course." The man continued, "He

lacked the gift that most of you possessed, so I may have given him a gift or two. After my body turned to this, I depleted a lot of what I'd stocked up."

Hakamata promptly restrained the man, but the ground started trembling.

"Watch out!" He promptly latched onto everyone with his fibres, before flinging them out of the way, just as the man's hand flickered with black and red electricity, and a loud explosion rocked the entire area, knocking them to the ground. Hawks was sent flying a flew blocks from the blast.

"As expected of the Number Four Hero, Best Jeanist. To be able to manipulate everyone's clothes and pull them aside in an instant, that quick decision making and skill, you must have nerves of steel."

Hakamata struggled to get up, but suddenly, he felt a strong force bash him, right in the guts. He felt his bones shattering, his muscles being torn apart, and promptly collapsed.

"Your quirk is the strength from a large amount of practice and practical experience. I don't need yours. It doesn't go with Tomura's deposition. Just like the two quirks that I no longer possess."

Black goop appeared out of nowhere, spitting the villains and the two children out, hacking and coughing, much to the surprise of the heroes that were starting to push themselves to their feet.

"That.." Kugutsu gasped, "Was disgusting."

Midoriya promptly fell on his butt, supporting himself with one hand as his other was wrapped around Kota protectively. He coughed out a mouthful of blood, head reeling from the sudden teleportation, as his heart pounded.

His body much warmer than before. His skin felt prickly, and his arms felt different. The smells were too strong. The sounds were too loud. It was too bright. Everything hurt, his muscles, his heart, his bones. Everything crashed into him with the force of a tsunami, and he was left on the ground, trying to process the fear, the anger, all

the emotions that he did not feel in his time as a captive.

"Midoriya! Kota!" Chatora yelled, as he covered Shiretoko with his own body.

"Sensei. They came much earlier than we anticipated." Shigaraki apologized , "But I believe we can still put the plan in motion."

With a rush of adrenaline, Midoriya shot to his feet, startling Kota, not noticing that his were burning with hot, angry flames, and snarled, "You! What are you -"

All for One slammed his hand into Midoriya's face, "Be a good boy, for now. You'll have your turn later." His hand glowed red, and the flames died down. Midoriya's body slacked, and he dropped Kota, the boy tumbling harshly to the ground.

Kota looked up, as All for One removed his hand, and could only stare in horror that Midoriya's eyes were no longer emerald, but were blood red, his body crackling with red electricity, before they died down.

"Do it. Even if it fails, do it over as many times as you need to, Tomura. That's why I'm here. It's all for you."

Kota tried to scramble away from the scene, and Iguchi picked him up gently, shushing him. He tucked a small piece of paper in the boy's pocket, and whispered, "Give it to the heroes when you get out of here."

"Now go. I believe your equipment should be wired in already." His hands turned into jagged, red spikes, and they stretched over, piercing Kurogiri's unconscious body. "Get out of here before that blasted Symbol of Peace gets here and ruins the plan."

"Wait, if you can warp, then can't you get us out of here?" Hikiichi asked, starting to panic.

"I got it recently, Magne. It can only teleport short distances and I can only bring people to or away from me. I can also only send them to someone I am familiar with. Kurogiri can do it, and I believe the Puppeteer and Midoriya have a little..... gift, on their

hands for UA."

"Hey!" Iguchi yelped, as Kota was suddenly ripped from his grasp, fibres connected to his clothes, as he tumbled in the direction of Hakamata, before he suddenly changed direction and flew into the arms of Sakamata, who just managed to push himself up.

"Jeanist. You really have outdone yourself, no? You're still conscious?" All for One stated.

"Kota!" Chatora reached out, "Are you okay?"

Kota took one look at Shiretoko, who was still passed out on the ground, before he let out an ear piercing shriek, and pushed Chatora away. "Go away! You fake!"

Sakamata managed to get a firm grip on Kota before he tumbled out of his grip, and turned his body so that he could no longer see Shiretoko, as Chatora's face fell when he saw Kota act so adversely to Shiretoko.

"She's a fake. She hurt him. She's bad" Kota cried, before the adrenaline that filled his system drained out of him, and he passed out in Sakamata's arms.

"Kota... what did they do to you two...." Chatora gasped, looking guiltily at the child that lay in Sakamata's arms, wondering how, how could they have let this happen in the first place.

"We'll deal with this later." Sakamata reassured Chatora, as he looked forlornly at the unconscious Kota.

"Oh damn! What was that!?" Hawks demanded, as he swooped down on the two heroes, "Was that Izu-kun I saw?"

"Yep." Chatora nodded solemnly, gesturing to Shiretoko and Kota, "They need medical attention, fast. It's too dangerous here! Treat them gently, we're still not sure of Ragdoll's state. Kota collapsed from exhaustion, as far as I can tell."

Hawks immediately scooped Shiretoko with an arm, Kota in the other, "I'll get them to UA. Then I'll come back to help."

"No... Don't." Hakamata muttered over the comms, *"I... they mentioned .... UA... I think... go.. Help them ..."*

Hawks just chirped an "okay" in response, before he took to the skies.

Two portals opened up, and Kugutsu pressed his hand on Midoriya's head, before the both of them walked into one portal, the rest of the villains into the other, Sako and Toga dragging the unconscious Dabi behind them.

A rush of wind started up after the portals closed, and All for One turned to face the source of the wind.

"I'll have you return everything, All for One!" Yagi roared, emerging from nowhere, smashing his fist into the villain.

"Will you kill me again, All Might?" All for One mocked, catching Yagi's hand.

The figure dove down, their black plumage making them hard to see in the dark, swooped at Ojiro.

No! Ojiro! I don't wanna hurt you! Stop!

Ogiro barely managed to dive out of the way as the bird barreled past him with a loud squawk, before they rightened themselves and flew up. They crackled slightly with red electricity, and dived down again, this time aiming at Tokage, but she just split into pieces and avoided the attack.

Stop making me hurt them!

They sparked red again.

However, the two attempted attacks allowed them to make out what the creature was. A large, human sized black bird, with red glowing eyes.

Kayama hissed. The easiest thing to do was to knock them out, the

bird and Kugutsu. Her gas could the trick, but they were too close to the students. And this thing had wings, and if it was smart enough, there was no doubt it would be able to blow the gas right back at them.

They flew at Todoroki, but he created an ice wall in front of it, and it swerved, almost crashing into Monoma, but with a loud, painful squawk, it veered past him, before it managed to catch its balance as it turned around and flapped its wings, coming to a halt in front of Bakugou, looking at him and the child in his arms.

Like hell I am going to let my body do this to them! They're my friends!

Kugutsu snarled, as he raised his hand, "Still fighting? You're a fucking pain in the ass!"

I hate you! Leave Toshi alone! Leave my friends alone!

The bird screeched, turned around, and glared hatefully at Kugutsu, before the red electricity appeared again. The bird gave screech, dropping a few centimetres, before they caught themselves and took to the skies once again.

Ectoplasm snarled, as he created more clones to cover the students. The bird was no ally of this villain, just a poor unfortunate soul unlucky enough to be caught up in this. They couldn't use force on them, as they did nothing wrong. Being controlled was not a nice feeling. Being forced to do something bad against their will.... To hurt people... it was horrible.

In that instance, even though he was terrified, Shinsou saw those red eyes turn emerald, but he didn't know if that was his imagination or not.

Midoriya opened his eyes, after the searing sensation in his brain finally died dow, leaving a dull throb in its wake.

He could see All for One in front of him. He could see Dabi and Kurogiri knocked out, Toga, Bubaigawara, Kugutsu, Sako and Hikiichi standing around, Iguchi holding Kota carefully, not at all

like Toga did it at the training camp.

He tried to turn around, to get another vantage point.

His body didn't move.

"What is this!?" He growled, "All for One, what did you do!?"

A voice echoed in the back of his mind, and he turned around, only to find a dark void of black.

"Nothing, really. Just keeping you occupied and trapped here."

All for One's voice echoed, and Midoriya turned back around, watching things happen in front of him like he was watching a movie.

He watched as All for One stabbed Kurogiri with his quirk. He watched as Kota flew out of Iguchi's arms, and screeched with worry and anger and fear and so many other emotions that he couldn't control, his hands burning with red and black flames and -

His body didn't even move.

"I can control you, basically. Also, don't even bother trying to break out. The last person that managed to break out, and I let him, just to see what would happen, was stuck in a coma for a month before he finally died from an aneurysm."

Midoriya could make out that the man was *laughing*, as Kugutsu tapped him on the head, strings wrapping around his arms and legs, tied around his neck, and he was forced to watch himself walk through a portal... that led into UA.

"Now, let's see you transform."

What?

Before he could even voice the question to the god damned voice of All for One in his head, he felt something in him shift. Like a switch had been flipped. Similar to how Aizawa looked him over that time, looking for a quirk, but now, instead of an outside influence, it felt

like he was the one flipping the switch.

And that there was actually a switch this time.

Midoriya felt the prickling feeling come back again, and watched in horror as his legs bent the wrong way, his arms started sprouting dark, black feathers. His fingers elongated, the muscles stretching out, pressing against the threads that were the work of Kugutsu.

The threads fell away, letting his wings continue to expand. He could feel a tail emerging, but he couldn't see it. Feathers emerged from everywhere, shooting out of his follicles, and his wounds did not like it at all. Blood dripped down his black plumage, getting trapped in the feathers. His nose, wait, no, beak, now itched, the horrid, metallic scent drifting deep into his nostrils, but he wasn't allowed to somehow scratch his beak with the sharp, clawed talons that were now his feet.

He resisted the urge to throw up. He couldn't do so anyway, there was thread tying his beak up, and he was still not in control of his body. He couldn't open his beak anyway.

With a flick of his finger, Kugutsu had Midoriya up high in the air, soaring through the sky, wind ruffling his feathers and aggravating his wounds. He could only watch himself climb higher and higher, the exertion on his muscles tearing his wounds open, blood slowly starting to trickle out.

"Put me back down! You're gonna kill me at this rate!" Midoriya hissed, trying to look around for something, anything he could try to hit to weaken All for One's hold on him. If he could just turn back....

He watched as Kugutsu spoke into a microphone on his collar, the door to the UA buildings opening, the students and teachers flooding out. He was too high up to make out who they were, though, but it seemed like most of his friends were fine.

He did a mental count. Thirty five. Around five teachers, but three of them were Ectoplasms, as far as he could tell, so there were only three.

"My eyesight is good. Yes, but it isn't this good." He muttered to himself, ignoring the creepy chuckling of All for One echoing in his head.

His body suddenly felt tight, the strings pulling him downwards, and Midoriya felt his body get forced downwards. His wings straightened out, as he saw himself dive down, right towards Ojiro.

"No! Ojiro! I don't wanna hurt you! Stop!"

He bashed his fist against the screen, the transparent wall that separated his mental state from reality. It cracked red under his attack, the crimson electricity flowing through his system, but he persevered, ignoring how his hands burned from the contact.

His hand made it through, and he seized control, pushing back against the force that was trying to shove him back.

He opened his eyes, and Ojiro was right in front of him.

He let out a panicked squawk, and forced himself to bank right, flapping his wings hard, and just barely missed colliding with Ojiro.

He heaved a sigh of relief internally, but in that instance, he was blasted backwards, once more trapped in his mental void.

"Stubborn child." All for One admonished, *"Don't even bother trying. You'll end up killing yourself."*

"Shut up!" Midoriya roared, the impact from landing aggravating his wounds further. He wasn't sure if his real body was suffering from anything he received in this inky black void, but he sure as hell did not want to risk it and try. His little stunt in trying to avoid hurting Ojiro had torn open one of the injuries he had gotten earlier, and it hurt a lot, stinging as the cool air rushed past it despite all the feathers.

He was forced to dive down again, this time at Tokage, but he wasn't particularly worried for her. Her quirk was perfect for this, her reaction time superb, and he could already see her starting to split apart when he was two metres away from her.

That didn't mean he wasn't angry, though.

"Stop making me hurt them!" He roared, punching the screen once again in frustration, to no avail.

"Just give up and become my servant."

Midoriya raced forward, wings outstretched in Todoroki's direction, and he heaved a sigh of relief when Todoroki made a gigantic ice wall, Kugutsu's strings forcing him to swerve to aside.

He panicked again when he saw he was going to crash right into Monoma. He shoved himself at the wall again, electricity flaring, and seized control again, letting out an angry screech of, "Like hell I am going to let my body do this to them! They're my friends!"

He quickly twisted his wing, veering past Monoma as he attempted to dodge the speeding avian. Midoriya managed to catch himself in time, carefully adjusting his position midair so he wouldn't accidentally hit Bakugou and Shinsou.

All for One did not immediately seize back control, and he heard a snarl, "Still fighting? You're a fucking pain in the ass!"

Midoriya whirled around, the threads wrapping around his body too tight for him to change back, if he could even figure out how to do that in the first place. Even turning his head was painful, as the threads dug into his neck and tore the feathers apart, leaving lacerations on his skin.

He noticed Shinsou flinch from the corner of his eye, and hissed, "I hate you! Leave Toshi alone! Leave my friends alone!"

Of course, mentally, it sounded like coherent words, but the sounds that left his beak was definitely an unintelligible screech that no one could understand.

"Just stop fighting me, brat. This is for your own good."

Midoriya hissed in pain as his head flared with pain, causing him to lose control once again.

"Just stop this!" Midoriya hissed, whirling around. "This is my head, and my body! You don't get a say over what I do!"

"Too bad, then. If you don't want to listen to reason, then you're just a vessel. You're smart, but your stubbornness is your downfall. I suppose I should just turn you into a Nomu after we're done here."

Midoriya flinched, taking a step back.

A Nomu?

No.

He didn't want to be a Nomu.

He didn't want to hurt his friends.

"We still have the child. We can just kill him now that you're useless."

Midoriya paused.

Oh gods, whatever had happened to Kota?!

He felt so guilty, he had been selfish, thinking about himself this entire time, and hadn't even spared a thought to think about whatever poor Kota was going through right now.

He had seen Kota get flung over to Chatora. But he didn't put it past All for One to somehow get him back. With unlimited quirks at his disposal...

He couldn't think anymore, as he slammed his fists against the transparent barrier, throwing his entire body into it, trying to somehow break through, wincing as pain flared through his body when he forced himself to veer off course to avoid hitting another student.

"Give up already."

"Never!"

"I guess I don't have a choice." All for One sighed, as Midoriya hissed as pain flared through his entire being. He grit his teeth, as his blood burned, his muscles spasmed, his heart beating so erratically it felt like it was going to explode.

He could do nothing as he collapsed into his mental void in pain, but watch as his body was forced to attack his friends over and over again.

He closed his eyes, and tried to keep his tears to himself, as he heard the cries of terror of his friends ringing in his ears.

This "game" kept on going. The bird would keep on swooping down, targeting a student, and for no reason, would crackle with red sparks as he narrowly dodged.

As far as Kayama could tell, their power was not electricity. Their quirk was a bird, and Kugutsu was controlling their every movement.

That still didn't explain the sparks though. Kugutsu's quirk was thin, fine strands of thread that was barely visible, wrapped around different parts of the body to control them. They had finally managed to find a match to Shinsou's description after so, so long, after they checked the list of deceased people.

The students were still confused, but they had managed to regain themselves, and those with weaker quirks had huddled into groups by several teachers. Some students, like Tokoyami, Todoroki and Tokage could easily fend the avian off, and Snipe was trying to shoot Kugutsu.

Of course, any time Kugutsu thought Snipe was going to shoot him, he forced the bird to fly between them, which took that directly out of the question.

But Kayama could tell that something had changed. The bird was now continuously sparking red, and no longer tried to avoid hitting students. Shiozaki had narrowly managed to dodge, and the bird

had crashed into Kirishima and Tetsutetsu, but lucky for them they didn't get any damage due to their quirks.

Kayama rolled out of the way as they barrelled past again, as Kugutsu thrust his hand upwards, and the bird spiralled into the sky.

"That's it. I'm tired of playing."

Against the night sky, the avian was barely visible, but they could all tell they were up there, as their eyes flickered between the bird and Kugutsu, waiting in tension for one to attack.

"Go get the kid for me, will ya?" Kugutsu grinned evilly, throwing his hand forward.

Bakugou hissed, and took a step back, his hand outstretched, popping with mini explosions as he looked around, trying to pinpoint the location of the avian.

The bird swooped down from behind him, flying eerily silent as they tucked in their wings and spun into a barrel roll, their velocity increasing exponentially, and metres before they hit the ground, they straightened out and zoomed towards Bakugou.

Bakugou turned his head around, eyes widening as he realised *just how close they were.*

He placed his hand over Shinsou's shoulder, and tried to brace for impact.

Shinsou looked as the rapidly approaching avian, looking right into the eyes of the creature that terrorised them this entire time. But he caught it this time. He looked at them, but all he could see was fear, anger, sorrow, guilt, pain, dread.

Everything he had seen in Midoriya's eyes a year ago when he had been kidnapped.

And Shinsou couldn't help himself.

"Izuku!"

The bird's eyes snapped open, alert. They lifted their head slightly, eyes burning red, and with a loud, angry sounding screech, electricity exploded from their body, dissipating into the air, right before they jerked and tilted ninety degrees, barely missing Bakugou and Shinsou by a hair's breadth and veering horrendously off course as they smacked into the ground harshly with the sound of bones breaking being heard.

They all flinched as the creature dug a huge trench in the ground, students jumping out of the way as the bird skid past. They crashed into the side of the UA building with a loud, ominous crack that echoed in the night sky, dust and dirt being kicked up upon impact.

Under the spotlight, a long trail of blood could be seen, and black feathers as well as thing, silvery threads littered the soil. The trench was around half a metre deep, and at the end, lay the downed bird as they struggled to get up.

Kayama winced as she saw their bloody, broken wing, the one that had made contact with the ground when they tried so desperately to avoid hitting Bakugou and Shinsou, and cautiously eyed the bird as it rightened itself, blood dripping off multiple wounds, most of which should not have even be caused in UA due to not being hit by anything at all.

The bird tried to stand up, using the wall as a support, their good wing pressed against the structure in a very human like manner. The bird winced, looking confused, disorientated, as they gasped for breath, looking unstable on their legs that were covered in gashes and lacerations. They looked up, and immediately locked their eyes on the figure of Kugutsu.

"Damn it. The strings must have come off from the skidding." Kugutsu hissed, flexing his fingers experimentally, just as the bird shot forward, faster that any of them had ever seen them, despite their broken wing, tackling Kugutsu before any of them could react.

I'm too weak. I can't even protect my friends. I couldn't protect Kota.

Midoriya couldn't bear to watch himself hurt anymore people, as he curled up in his void and tried to fight through the pain he was in, both mentally and physically. His old wounds were reopening. His mental scars of being so, so helpless, being torn right open. He felt like some mad person was tearing him up with a scalpel, making cuts everywhere that hurt, and ripping them apart with maximum precision that made it hurt the most.

"Izuku!"

Midoriya snapped to attention.

He was headed straight towards Bakugou and Shinsou, and neither of them were in any position of move or dodge in a way that wouldn't get them hurt.

"LEAVE THEM ALONE!" Midoriya shrieked, as he started to panic. He put all his body weight into his attack, and smacked against the screen with all the strength he had. Angry, red flames danced on his shoulders, combating the red electricity that ran through every fibre of his being.

But he didn't care. He didn't feel any pain. He was just so, so angry, that they wanted him to hurt his friends. Angry that Kota had been hurt because of him. Angry that Shinsou was suffering, that all his friends were suffering, and he was here adding to that pain by terrorising them, albeit unwillingly.

He could feel the wall, the barrier, the one god damned thing that kept him like this, that forced him to watch himself hurting everyone, tensing up, growing stronger as he fought, but he pressed on, doing anything he could to push it back.

"You're gonna kill yourself, kid." All for One's voice resonated in his head, but he also sounded strained.

"Leave me alone!" Midoriya roared, as the wall finally cracked, and shattered.

He reached out, and snatched control back, forcing himself to swerve off course as he desperately tried to avoid colliding with

Shinsou and Bakugou. He hissed as he felt his wing bash into the ground, and it felt like his skin was ripping off his bones as he skid against the ground.

He crashed into a wall, and he groaned, the world spinning around him as he tried to regain his bearings. His vision was blurry, the metallic scent of blood lingered in his nostrils, and he tried to steady himself as he stood up on his talons.

His wings ached, and he shook his head, trying to clear his mind, and focused on the one person on his mind.

Kugutsu.

He got his mind back. And he was somehow able to use his body.

He didn't care why or how he had gotten control back. What he needed to do was to take Kugutsu out before he decides to control someone again. And if the villain ended up bloodied and bruised because Midoriya couldn't control himself?

He would deal with that later.

He charged forward, ignoring the pain that seared up his arm. He rushed at Kugutsu, tackling him, smashingsmacking into the man's chest at breakneck speed.

Kugutsu was thrown back several metres, smashing into the wall that surrounded UA, as Midoriya flew back into the air.

He's knocked out, Midoriya noted, *He can't hurt them... he can't...*

The injuries he suffered from the past few days finally caught up with him, and Midoriya felt everything hit him at once. Pain seared through his veins, and with a pained squawk, Midoriya fell from the sky as everything turned back.

Ectoplasm stared, horrified, as the bird dropped to the ground. All the students and teachers were way too far to do anything, and Kayama had already dialed for Shuzenji's help.

Suddenly, a figure with red wings swooped down, deposited an

unconscious Kota with Monoma, Shiretoko with an Ectoplasm clone, before he was flying back up to catch the bird.

"Why is everyone unconscious?" He asked, "Man, you sure are light. Lighter that Izu-kun, and he's hella light." Hawks carefully brought the bird down to the ground, where Shuzenji had been fetched by Iida, when he realised that the bird was not just a bird.

A mop of dark green hair with a small white highlight could be see, as feathers slowly shrank down and buried themselves under his skin. His wings folded in, the muscles twitching and changing, slowly shrinking back into human arms.

He carefully lay the child on the ground, as the rest of the students apprehensive approached, and they all stared horrified as the rest of the feathers disappear, as the boy coughed up blood even while unconscious.

"Deku?" Uraraka gasped.

"Izuku!" Shinsou shrieked, pushing himself out of Bakugou's grip as the older boy stood there, shellshocked. Shinsou pushed himself up, crawling over to Midoriya's body, reaching out for his hand. "Izu? Izu? Izu - No!no Nno!"

He curled up next to Midoriya, his small body wracked with sobs, as he cried, clutching one of Midoriya's ice cold hands.

Midoriya's body was littered with open wounds, blood flowing profusely. One of his arms was twisted in the wrong direction, his chest covered in stab wounds, his wrist and shoulder partially disintegrated. If not for the fact that he had practically been a bird and had been flying around, not to mention his chest was moving faintly, they would have thought he was dead.

Shuzenji quickly took his temperature, and hissed, "His body's too cold, but his forehead is burning up. Ectoplasm, help me get him to the infirmary. Shiretoko too. Monoma, Bakugou, bring Kota and Shinsou."

Two

Monoma, Bakugou, and Shinsou had literally been locked outside the infirmary as Shuzenji worked. Shinsou had ended up crying himself to sleep, sobbing into Monoma's shirt, but Bakugou and Monoma weren't much better off. They were sitting on the ground, leaning against the wall. Shinsou was pressed between Monoma's knees and his chest, as the older boy hugged the smaller boy, trying to comfort Shinsou while trying to calm his own beating heart. Bakugou had dozed off, when Aizawa ran into the hallway, having been filled in by Kayama when he was halfway to the school gates.

"WHERE IS MY KID?!" Aizawa screamed, as he almost ripped the door off its hinges as he barged into the infirmary. "Who are you!?" He glared at the red haired woman that had her hand on Midoriya's shoulder and on Shuzenji's arm, and was about to attack her when Yamada ran in, grabbed Aizawa, and tried to lug him out of the infirmary to let the two women treat Midoriya in peace, "Hold up! Shou!"

"Sorry Recovery Girl!" He yelled.

The red haired woman was an old friend of Shuzenji's , someone who used to work with her, to aid her as she tried to heal Midoriya. Her quirk allowed her to assess the physical bodies of people or objects through contact, making her perfect for reconnaissance and information gathering. She was no doctor, but if she was in contact with someone else, she could relay the information to them.

Shuzenji thought he was already in a bad condition. She was horrified when her old colleague showed her the true extent of his injuries.

His torso, chest, legs, arms, and even his neck were covered in injuries. Stab wounds, lacerations, and some parts were very badly disintegrated. His stomach lining was a mess, corroded, while his throat and mouth looked like someone had dumped acid on them. His bones were cracked. Like someone had shattered them, and

super glued them back together to form a human skeleton. His heartbeat was weak, his breath shallow, and she feared that if they had gotten him any later, he would have died.

Again.

His broken arm was the least of their problems at the moment.

She couldn't use her quirk to treat him, he had already been pushed past the limit, and had no energy left to spare. She could only hope that he could make it until morning, when she could call in another friend for their healing quirk. She was working in another hospital now, and wouldn't be off his shift for an hour or two.

They were lucky that Midoriya was a fighter. His heart had given out two times during the night, and Shuzenji's other friend had managed to get to UA in time for her to heal Midoriya sufficiently enough for him to be out of the danger zone.

She still kept a close eye on him. His vitals were out of the danger zone, yes, but it was nowhere near safe. But it gave her a short amount of time to check on the other two patients to ensure they had nothing similarly devastating.

Kota had collapsed from exhaustion, mostly. Malnutrition and dehydration as well, but it was only for three days so it wasn't too severe. Shuzenji mused that he should wake up in a few hours, at the maximum, a day.

Shiretoko was mostly fine as well. She seemed mentally stunned, but given a few days, she would recover. She didn't get any injuries, surprisingly, but Chatora mentioned something about All for One saying that he took her quirk, and Shuzenji sighed.

While checking on him, Shuzenji had found a piece of paper in his pocket. She opened it up, finding a few words like "Heartburn", "Avian" and "Modify" written on it, and she tucked it into her pocket.

Shiretoko was a good hero. Her quirk, Search, was essential for the Wild Wild Pussycats, allowing them to find victims and assess their

injuries so they could figure out the best way to save everyone.

But Midoriya, he was still in a horrible state.

"How is he?!" Aizawa demanded.

"Stable." She muttered wearily. "Took some time, but he's stable now. He's not on the verge of dying anymore."

Aizawa gulped, gripping his scarf in anger and frustration, guilt and regret.

His problem child had almost died. Again.

Because he was weak. Too weak to even protect his kids.

He had seen Midoriya get taken. But he had been stupid, and ended up trapped under a freaking bolder.

This could have been avoided if he had just -

Kayama smacked him on the back, shaking him out of his thoughts.

"Think later. Listen now."

"He had bruises and stab wounds all over, those are stitched up. The parts of his skin that had disintegrated are also fixed with minor skin graftings. His stomach and throat are absolutely wrecked, like someone poured acid down his throat or something! After he wakes up, if I can't heal them up, he's going to be on a liquid diet for a long time.

"Besides from his arm... his bones are surprisingly intact. But that isn't the concern now." Shuzenji huffed, and took out an x-ray, showing the x-ray to the rest of the staff. "I'm telling you, this is not a normal human skeleton."

The rest of the teachers could see Midoriya's skeleton, with faint cracks running all over his bones, but they couldn't find anything wrong with it.

"It looks normal!"

"Shouta! She's a doctor! She should be able to tell the difference."

"First, I should tell you that I have the medical records of the students. Midoriya has records a full body check up he did here because he never had one before. His medical file was literally empty when he applied here." She said, "Look at this, and this."

She took out another x-ray, and continued, "This was his skeleton before he was kidnapped. And this is his skeleton now. As you can see, some of the bones are slightly different. They're hollow. Midoriya was forty five kilograms before he left. And if I take into consideration that he suffered from anemia, dehydration and malnutrition, he should be around forty at the minimum."

She tapped the x-ray again, frustration in her voice, "He's around twenty five kilograms now. I can't measure it properly while he's still passed out and so heavily injured, but he's around that weight. He's not supposed to be so light."

"Would this affect him in any way?" Ishiyama asked.

"He would have to take some time to get used to being lighter. He may end up using too much power when he jumps and runs, and may end up injuring himself." Shuzenji nodded, "Other than that, we will just have to wait until he wakes up. Oh, yes. Nezu, I found this in Kota's pocket. It looks important, but I can't make heads or tails of it."

She procured the paper out of her pocket, and passed it to Nezu.

Nezu looked at the paper carefully, eyeing the words on it, before he nodded, "I'll try and see what I can get out of it. Aizawa, stay with Shinsou in the infirmary. I don't think he's going to be happy. The rest of you, try to deal with the media and tell the students."

With everyone's attention on the press conference, what had happened in UA was not well known to anyone. They could play it off that a villain had decided to attack UA while it was "vulnerable", but he had been apprehended and that would be the end of it. Plus,

none of the other students had been hurt.

The faint beeping of machines filled the infirmary. Kota and Shiretoko lay on two different beds, with the pro hero connected to a heart rate monitor.

Kota groaned, as he opened his eyes, flipping over slowly to his side. He could see Aizawa, dozing off as he sat on a chair, one arm curled around Shinsou, who was curled up on his lap.

He sat up, and eyed his surroundings. He caught sight of something green, and he shifted his position slightly to see what it was.

To his horror, Shiretoko was lying prone on the bed next to him, and he did what came naturally.

He screeched, tumbling off the bed in a panic, waking up Aizawa and Shinsou. Shinsou shot up, looking around wildly, before Aizawa grabbed him tightly with one hand and lowered himself to the ground.

He reached out to Kota with his other hand, gripping his shoulder, "Kota? Kota!"

Kota whirled around, his eyes wild, filled with fear and anger and suspicion, but the second he laid his eyes on Aizawa and Shinsou, he calmed down, taking deep breaths as he tried to calm his racing heart.

"Shh. It's okay, Kota." Aizawa pulled Kota in for a hug.

"Where... are .. " He croaked, his throat parched from the three days in captivity.

Shinsou grabbed his water bottle and gave it to Kota, who gulped the contents down gratefully.

"Where... are we?" Kota asked.

"UA." Aizawa replied, as Kota placed the empty bottle of water on

the ground.

"Where... where's... Izuku...?"

"He's fine. Recovery Girl is keeping an eye on him, but he's fine. He'll be fine. It's Izuku, after all, he's strong."

Kota didn't know if Aizawa was trying to console the kids or himself, but Kota didn't care.

Midoriya was alive.

He wasn't dead.

He was here.

They were safe now.

No more worrying about Shigaraki. No more fear, waiting for Toga and Bubaigawara to strike again. No more being scared of All for One, or anyone else.

Kota felt his eyelids droop, and Aizawa pulled him and Shinsou into his chest, wrapping his arms around them.

Yamada found all three of them asleep on the ground when he came to check on his best friend and kid.

He grabbed the blanket off Kota's bed, and draped it over the two sleeping kids and pro hero, before he carefully walked out and gently shut the door.

Aizawa hadn't slept once ever since Midoriya's kidnapping, taking short five minute naps before he startled himself awake, and resumed whatever he was doing.

Yamada was glad that he was finally sleeping properly, even if it was on the floor of the infirmary.

Nezu tapped his chin, deep in thought.

He had done his research on the few words scribbled on the paper, and the handwriting was horrible. It took him some time to decipher it, but once he did, and did his best to dig up any information he could get his paws on, he had come to the realisation that these were a bunch of quirks.

And next to each quirk name, was a word. "Give" or "Use."

He didn't think too much about it. He needed to find out more about the quirks

Heightened Pain was self explanatory. It caused the victim to feel more pain than usual, and wore off in two days at the maximum. It belongs to a villain called Kutsu, who's dead body had been found fifteen years ago in an alleyway, and he was presumed to have died of suicide at the age of twenty five.

Nezu hissed.

"It makes you more sensitive to pain. A lot more sensitive."

This quirk had been used on Midoriya. And his situation was already bad enough, and yet he was forced to feel even more pain.

At least the quirk had already worn off.

Mind Containment was also pretty self explanatory. It allowed to user to contain the victim in their own mind, allowing them to see what was going on but not letting them get control of their body. Much like Shinsou's Brainwashing, but Mind Containment gave the user general control over the victim's body. They could walk, but they couldn't speak, or control minute body functions like writing. It belonged to an elderly psychologist called Motsu Kokoro, who died of a heart attack at the age of sixty two.

The victim could fight back, and it usually resulting in sparks of red electricity.

Much like the sparks of electricity that Kayama, Snipe and Ectoplasm had reported.

It made Nezu's blood boil that Midoriya, poor Midoriya had to

suffer at the hands of the villains for so long, and was even forced to attack his own friends. The principal was not a forgiving mammal, not by a long shot, but seeing what the vile humans had done to Midoriya...

If he wasn't a hero, he would have wanted to hunt them down and kill them.

Avian was a quirk that allowed the user to transform into a bird. Their arms and legs would morph into wings and talons respectively, and the quirk granted the user the gift of flight in partial or full bird transformations. The feathers were stiff, but light, and the user gained an enhanced sense of hearing, smell and sight. It belonged to a teenager called Tori Hane, who went missing twenty years ago, his deceased body found a month later.

Nezu found it weird, since there was no species of bird that possessed enhanced sight, hearing, or smell, but he just pegged it down as the quirk having picked out the best of everything.

This one was obvious in how it was related to Midoriya. Midoriya had been given this quirk. Nezu knew the boy was quirkless, that he wanted to prove that quirks weren't everything. He worked his way up, literally from the bottom, only to have fifteen years of hard work torn up and thrown away in one move by All for One.

It was despicable. All for One knew that Midoriya wanted to prove a point, and specifically did the one thing that would ruin it. Giving him a quirk was one thing, but giving him a flashy quirk, a transformation quirk at that, was just too much.

Adaptation was straight forward as well. It forces the body to adapt to suit its surroundings or new conditions. For example, if a person in a place with high altitude and the quirk was used, the person would develop more alveoli in order to get more oxygen. It also allowed a person to adapt to bodily changes, such as losing a limb or getting paralysed by healing wounds and making new nerve connections. However, the bigger the change, the more pain the entire adaptation process takes.

Nezu thought about it long and hard. Midoriya had broken bones

from his fight with Muscular. Shuzenji mentioned that his bones were cracked... with a different body structure....

This quirk had been used on him. To force him to adapt to his new Avian quirk, changing his body for him to use it most efficiently, making him lighter and changing his skeletal structure.

The last one was a huge unknown.

Heartburn was a fire based quirk. It allowed the user to give off flames of a wide variety of colours based on their emotions. The flames they gave off were harmless for the most part, and only hurt people when the user wanted it to hurt someone. It was the quirk of a thirty seven year old woman called Shihiro Kanjo, who had been kidnapped thirty years ago and had not been found. She had been presumed dead.

Heightened Pain, Adaptation and Mind Containment containment were quirks used on the boy. The word "Use" next to them made sense now.

Both Heartburn and Avian had the word "Give" next to them. Going by the same logic so far, Nezu came to a conclusion.

All for One gave him two quirks. Heartburn and Avian. But Adaptation had been used on the boy after the two quirks had been forced into him, if he was taking what he heard over the tracker into account.

So what were the effects of Adaptation on Heartburn?

And more importantly, could they be reversed?

And if so, at what cost?

Wake

Yagi panted, as he surveyed the damage done to the area during his fight with All for One.

It was a pretty even fight, All for One using the multitude of quirks he possessed to counter the sheer amount of strength that One for All had stockpiled.

He had been sparking with red electricity a couple of times during the fight, and Yagi just assumed that he was charging up some sort of attack.

All of a sudden, the villain hunched over, gripping his head in pain as Yagi stood back, careful not to let the crimson strikes of electricity hit him. He could only watch as All for One shook, before the electricity finally dispersed, leaving him dazed and shocked.

Yagi took the opportunity to knock him out with a well placed punch.

He had no idea what had happened that caused All for One to suddenly lose track of the fight, but he just counted his blessings. If he had been forced to exert himself any further, he may end up revealing his true, weakened form to the world when he deflated.

At least, this gave him that one extra minute so that he could effectively hand All for One over to the authorities and make his escape.

"How is he?!" Uraraka asked, the second Kayama stepped into the room. Bakugou and Monoma had been sent back earlier, and were bombarded with questions. Neither of them knew anything about Midoriya's state, and seeing the expression on their faces, they had stopped, and decided to wait for one of the teachers to break the

news to them.

Sosaki and Tsuchikawa were temporarily staying in UA, as investigations at their hideout took place, trying to find out how exactly the villains knew when and where to strike. They were the ones looking over the students as the rest of the teachers talked.

Chatora was with the remainder of the heroes that had gathered for the rescue mission, getting checked over from the aftermath of Yagi's battle with All for One.

Hakamata had gotten the most serious injuries, but even he was well on the way to recovery, so no one was too worried at that point.

"Is Midoriya okay?!" Kirishima asked, as the rest of the students crowded around Yamada and Ishiyama, all of them asking about Midoriya's wellbeing.

"He'll be alright. Recovery Girl said that he's fine. We'll have to wait until he gets more energy and stamina to completely heal him, but he'll make it."

Some sighs in relief were heard, as the rest of the students perked up in happiness that Midoriya was alive.

"BUT SINCE WHEN COULD FUCKING DEKU TURN INTO A GOD DAMNED BIRD?! OR MAKE ELECTRICITY?!" Bakugou roared, explosions popping on his palms in frustration, "HE'S QUIRKLESS! WHERE ARE THE SHITHEADS THAT DID TO HIM?! I'LL FUCKING KILL THEM!"

The rest of the students clammed up, processing Bakugou's statement, before they turned to the teachers for an explanation.

"Honestly, we don't know at this point in time, but I'm sure Nezu and Recover Girl will figure it out." Yamada replied. "Also... there's something we need to talk to you guys about."

Yamada and Ishiyama broke the news that they were building new dormitories, to maximise security. They weren't making it compulsory for all the students, but they mentioned that they would

need their parents permission to do so.

Aizawa, Kan, Yagi, and Ishiyama would spend the next few days speaking to their parents, to try and convince them to let the students stay in the dorms.

As such, they would finally be allowed to go home. Todoroki didn't look happy about that, but he didn't say a thing.

"No."

Nezu just looked at Shuzenji with an unreadable expression, as Aizawa tried to process what was going on.

"Hold up. You're saying that All for One gave Izuku two quirks, based on that piece of paper and what we heard. But you're saying he doesn't?" Aizawa asked.

"Quirks give off energy, and each one is of a different wavelength. Given than you're telling me about two quirks that are nowhere near each other, I should be able to pick up energy signals of two distinct wavelengths." She held up a scanner, as it showed one line on it, "It only senses one quirk."

"Then where did the second one go?" Aizawa hissed, "We all heard what happened over the tracker. We can't tell much by the sounds that Izuku made, since he tried to stifle everything, but based on what All for One was saying, he tried to give Izuku a quirk three times. He resisted it the first, and after being threatened with Kota's wellbeing, he gave in."

"Alright." Shuzenji nodded. She had been attending to other students at the time, and hadn't heard what was over the tracker, "What other quirks have been used on him?"

"Heightened Pain, that should have worn off by now. Mind Containment, that -oh. That's why we never saw any traces of Heartburn." Nezu groaned, "Under the effects of Mind Containment, he is unable to express his emotions, so we couldn't see him use any fire at all even if he had the ability to do so. And in the end, he's

probably been pushed too far past his limit to do anything else. And Adaptation. I believe that is the quirk that forced Midorya's body to change to suit Avian and Heartburn."

There was something obviously wrong.

Kota lived with the Wild Wild Pussycats for three years. He knew all four members, and clearly didn't have anything against them besides from his distaste for the heroes in general.

But he was so scared of Shiretoko. Chatora had mentioned it when he gave his report on the rescue mission. Aizawa had seen the fear in the boy's eyes, wide and clear.

Chatora said that Kota called Shiretoko a fake.

A fake what?

Besides from malnutrition and dehydration, Shuzenji had given him the all clear, stating that he was good to go. He needed a lot of rest, but he didn't have to spend the entire day cooped up in the infirmary.

Kota and Shinsou got along well, back then at the Pussycats' hideout. They still got along well, if you counted both of then wallowing in despair as they huddled together as getting along well.

Aizawa could only watch the two kids sit in the infirmary, looking so sad and sorrowful as they looked at Midoriya lying on a bed, his skin pale and his eye bags prominent. He had bandages wrapped over his torso, neck, arms and legs, covering the multitude of stitches and bruises that now adorned the poor child's body.

Shinsou reached out, gently grabbing hold of that small lock of Midoriya's snowy white hair, before he let go, and sank into his chair. Kota just curled up on a ball in his chair, shivering, and Aizawa draped a blanket over him as he graded tests and worksheets.

With a frustrated groan, Aizawa leaned on his table, pressing his forehead against the papers he was supposed to be marking.

He didn't want to do anything. He wasn't in the mood to do anything.

His kid was alive, yes. But what else was he suffering from? Kota had clearly been traumatised by something, which led to him being scared of Shiretoko, who had been moved to the room where the Pussycats were residing in the time being to avoid spooking the boy.

What about Midoriya? Unlike physical injuries, trauma stays. It lingers, it never truly goes away, and when you finally thought you were free of them, it appears, scaring you to hell and back and setting you back a few steps.

Aizawa knew that feeling. Ever since Midoriya had stumbled back into UA, covered in his own blood, doing his best to rescue Shinsou, he had nightmares. Nightmares that Midoriya didn't know him, didn't respond like he had that fateful day. If he hadn't, he would have died. If he wasn't so headstrong, stubborn, and determined, he would have died.

Aizawa was afraid he would lose someone he cared about. He cared about Yamada. He cared about Tensei and Kayama. He cared about Shinsou. He cared about his students. He cared about Kota.

He cared about Midoriya, and he couldn't stand thinking about how he would live his life if he even lost one of them.

And it scared him, that once again, he had almost lost Midoriya. Almost lost the poor teenager who had been shunned for being quirkless, called a demon for standing up for himself, who had no one to take care of him as a kid, and was forced to mature too early, too soon. The poor child who would literally give his life to save another person since even he believed that he was worthless, even though he never said it out loud.

Aizawa leaned back in his chair, before he walked over to Shinsou and Kota, "Come on. Let's to grab something to eat before the

students storm the cafeteria."

Shinsou stubbornly shook his head, and grabbed on to Midoriya's bandaged arm as firmly as he could without the risk of injuring him further, while Kota just glared at Aizawa firmly.

"Izuku wouldn't want you guys to starve because of him. You know that." Aizawa sighed. He didn't want to leave either, but Midoriya was probably going to be a hypocrite and yell at him to take care of himself if he didn't.

Shinsou's gaze softened, before he looked forlornly at Midoriya, carefully letting go of his older brother's hand, and slid off his chair. Kota moved to follow him, and Aizawa picked both the kids up and strode out of the infirmary, "Let's eat fast so we can get back earlier."

Much to the surprise of the teachers, none of the parents had objected to their children moving into the dorms. In fact, most of them were glad that UA was taking the initiative to do something like this to ensure the students' safety, so all they had to do was finish building the dorms and allocate rooms to everyone.

However, all of the parents were overprotective, and the teachers had spent a lot more time at each students house listening to the parents talk about how important safety was, and it had taken a whole week instead of three days to get to all the parents.

The dorms were already half built by then, but then Nezu decided to change the structure of Hero Course dormitories, and Ishiyama had to tear down the structures in place, and start building the new ones. They had an estimated completion time of a week and a half, and the students could either stay at home in the meantime but check in with the teachers every hour, or when they change location, or they could just sleep in school.

Lessons had also been resumed in the meantime, but all the teachers could tell that none of the students were interested.

How could they, when one of their own was so badly injured, lying on a bed, and none of them would know how he would be when he woke up, if he even woke up in the first place?

Shuzenji had also prohibited the students from visiting Midoriya, stating that it was better for him to heal with less people around. The students didn't mind. They could wait.

As long as Midoriya was okay, they would wait for him.

And according to her, Midoriya should wake up by the end of the week. Nezu had called in a few favours, getting a hero who's quirk was to transfer energy from one person to another person to help them with Midoriya. The hero was able to give his own energy to Midoriya, allowing Shuzenji to use her quirk, healing Midoriya's bones completely, fixing some of the muscle and tissue damage, and partially healing Midoriya's throat and stomach. His bones were, however, still hollow, but they were still as sturdy as before.

Shiretoko had woken up, and upon inspection, it had been confirmed that yes, her quirk was gone, and she was quirkless. All the Pussycats were downcast, and they were left on their own to decide how they wanted to proceed from there.

Hawks had dropped by a couple of times to check on Midoriya, quietly standing in a corner, watching as Midoriya's chest rose and fell, before he left. Nishiya and Kamihara had popped into UA as well, and Aizawa could tell that they also felt guilty for what had taken place in UA.

Midoriya felt like he was sinking.

He could feel this heavy feeling, weighing on his chest. He wanted to get up. He wanted to get this weight off him. He didn't like the feeling of being weighed down.

He reached out, desperately trying to claw his way out, but it seemed like something was trying to drag him into the murky depths. He tried to hold his breath, but there was a limit to how

long he could do so.

He inhaled.

And he was drowning.

No no no!

Midoriya tried his best, tried to push himself upwards, tried to swim to the surface, but his muscles felt like lead. He could hear his heart pounding, and he closed his eyes, using everything he had to try to and escape his fate.

His body refused to obey him. He could only watch himself sink, as he struggled to move his arms and legs to propel himself upwards.

And all of a sudden, he felt like the burden pressing on him, pushing him down, was no more. With a surge of strength, Midoriya kicking himself upwards, seeing a faint hint of light. He reached out, as the light became brighter

His hand broke the surface and his eyes burned.

He slammed his eyes shut, but it was still too bright. Why was it so bright?! Why couldn't he breathe!?

The weight was gone. He was out.

Why did he still feel so suffocated?!

He brought his hands up to cover his eyes, his hands shaking in pain and panic. There was something embedded in his left hand, stuck under his skin, and he ripped it out harshly, ignoring the sharp pain that flared up and the liquid that dribbled down his arm, soaking the cloth that his arms were wrapped in.

"Izuku! Izuku! Calm down!"

Calm down!? I can't breath!

Midoriya could feel something around his mouth and nose. Something that prevented him from breathing. He ignored the

searing sensation in eyes, and tried to rip off whatever was covering his mouth, to no avail.

"Izuku!"

He heard the voice again. It was familiar, but he couldn't place it.

He felt a hand on the back of his head, another one on his hands.

"Shhh. It's okay, Izuku."

The hand grabbed his arms, gently moving them away from the thing covering his mouth, before he could feel the rubberly item being removed. He gasped, as fresh air flowed into his lungs, and he leaned forward, trying to gulp in as much oxygen as his needy lungs required.

"Is everything okay?!" He heard another voice. It was a male. Sounded panicked. "He's up?!"

"Zashi, cool it. Izuku, how are you feeling?"

He knew the voice.

Aizawa.

"..Ko...ta ...To...shi..."

His attempt to talk caused pain to flare up in his throat. He coughed, but that only succeeded in making his throat even more painful, and he hunched over, pressing his face into the sheets in an attempt to block out the lights that he felt were burning his irises to ash as he clawed at his throat in an attempt to make the pain go away.

Shinsou and Kota had frozen up from Midoriya's panic attack, and upon hearing him try to speak, Shinsou jumping down his chair, and clambered up the bed, pulling Kota along with him until the other snapped out of his daze.

"No! Izuku! Stop!" Aizawa grabbed his arms, restraining him from abusing his already battered throat, as he gently lifted Midoriya's

head. He didn't care that Midoriya's shoulder was burning with faint, black flames, he needed to ensure that he wouldn't hurt himself.

"Hold up! I'll get Recovery Girl!" Yamada flipped the light switch, turning on the lights in the room, not knowing that it was aggravating Midoriya's eyes.

He gave out a pained, strangled sound, and Aizawa hissed, "Zashi! Switch off the lights! You're making it worse!"

"Sorry!"

Yamada flipped the light switch down, and Aizawa could feel Midoriya loosen up slightly under his hand. Shinsou and Kota finally managed to get on the bed, and they crawled towards Midoriya, careful not to press on any of his injuries, and sat down next to him.

Feeling their presence, Midoriya wrapped his aching arms around them, pulling them closer and clutched them tightly. Aizawa noted how the dark, chaotic black flames slowly died down into calming turquoise flames that dances slowly in the dark.

"Is still too bright?"

Midoriya panted, nodding weakly, and supporting him with one hand, Aizawa reached out, and drew the curtains to the window right beside Midoriya's bed, throwing the room into darkness.

"To..shi..? Ko..ta...?" He managed to say, before he hunched over once again, his throat burning, and Shinsou gently pressed his cold hand to Midoriya's thorat, in an attempt to reduce the pain.

Midoriya exhaled slowly, and Aizawa gently manoeuvred him so that the boy was leaning on him. Aizawa carefully ran his fingers through Midoriya's hair.

"Shh. It's fine now."

"Alright. I'm here." Shuzenji entered the infirmary, closing the door behind her gently, before she caught sight of the turquoise flames

that had flickered and shifted to a dark purple hue, "Ah, I see it now. Aizawa, what's the situation?"

"His eyes are sensitive." Aizawa stated. "And his throat hurts."

Shuzenji nodded. "Midoriya, do you know who I am?"

Midoriya recognised the voice as Shuzenji's, and he nodded gently, being careful not to aggravate his throat, as the flames slowly turned into a light shade of lavender. Shinsou gently reached up to let his hand hover over the fire that danced on Midoriya's shoulders curiously.

"Good. Now, I'm just gonna wrap some bandages around your eyes so that we can switch on the lights so I can check on you, okay?"

Aizawa patted his back as Midoriya nodded again, and Shuzenji procured a roll of bandages, gently wrapping them around Midoriya's eyes. She continued until there were a few layers of thick, yet breathable material covering his eyes, and Yamada hesitantly switched on the lights again, on Shuzenji's orders.

Midoriya's stance didn't change.

"Good. Now, is there anywhere that hurts in particular?"

Midoriya pointed to his throat, and Shuzenji hummed, "Yeah. That's a problem. Anywhere else?"

Midoriya hands froze, and he gave a small whine in pain as he tried to gesture to his shoulder that Shigaraki had disintegrated, white flames flaring up over his arms, before dying down completely.

"Alright. I'm going to use my quirk on you, okay? You should have enough energy right now for me to fix those up, and then you should get some rest, alright?"

Midoriya nodded, and Shuzenji kissed his hand. Midoriya felt the pain die down gradually, and his eyelids dropped as he felt his energy being drained.

Aizawa supported Midoriya gently, as he slumped in his grasp,

flames flickering out, and gently lowered him down onto the bed. Shinsou and Kota latched onto Midoriya's side, refusing to leave, shaking their heads vehemently when Aizawa tried coax them off the bed.

Shuzenji carefully reconnected the IV drip that Midoriya had torn out, and the two kids curled up on either side of Midoriya, making sure to keep contact with him at all times, and Aizawa just slumped into his chair and resumes marking his papers with renewed vigour.

It had been a week since Midoriya had crashed back into UA, with two new quirks.

And Aizawa could finally heave a sigh in relief that Midoriya was okay, as he watched Midoriya sleep with two kids curled up like cats by his side, the three of them having fallen asleep as well.

I'll be fine, don't worry about it

Midoriya opened his eyes.

Everything was dark.

He shifted slightly, feeling two warm beings pressed against his side. One was clutching his arm like a lifeline, head pressed against Midoriya's shoulder, and the other was lying on his elbow. He could smell that seaside scent, the one that reminded him of Kota, and the lavender shampoo that Shinsou liked to use.

Midoriya could smell another person in the room, though.

He could hear the tapping sounds of the person typing on a laptop. The other person smelt tired, like they hadn't gotten proper rest at all. They smelt worried, stressed, and Midoriya shifted slightly. He could smell the strawberry shampoo, and he only knew one person that used it.

Lucky for him, his throat felt a lot better than before. Dry, yes, but at least he didn't feel like he was setting his throat on fire or drinking acid or something.

He smacked himself mentally.

Stupid me. No more talk about acids. That seriously sucked.

He wondered if Shuzenji's quirk managed to fix it up, but seeing as he no longer felt like his throat was going to kill him, he guessed that it had worked.

"Sen...sei...?"

He heard Aizawa stop typing, and the swish of his hair and scarf as he looked up.

"How are you feeling, Izuku?"

"Thirsty..." He coughed, and Shinsou shifted, before he sat up. Kota had also woken up, but he just continued lying there snuggled next to Midoriya.

"Hold on a second." Aizawa sighed, "I'll get Recovery Girl."

Aizawa left the room after placing his laptop on the chair, and Midoriya just lay there as Kota reached out to tap his white hair.

Kota hated it. He hated Midoriya's white hair. He had seen it turn white gradually, that white streak standing out against his green and black curls that adorned the right side of his face. He knew that Midoriya had suffered the entire time, taking more damage and injuries that necessary in his attempt to protect him from the villains. He had seen Midoriya do his best to prevent the villains from getting the satisfaction of hearing him scream out in pain, had seen the betrayal in his eyes when Toga stabbed him in the back.

Tears formed in his eyes, but he hastily wiped them away.

Shuzenji walked into the room a few minutes later, Aizawa trailing behind him.

"Aizawa, help him sit up. Midoriya, open your mouth, please. I'm going to check your throat, so if you feel some mild discomfort, just sign us."

Aizawa placed his arms behind Midoriya's back and head, and pulled him upwards, supporting the boy's weight. Midoriya opened his mouth, and Shuzenji carefully inserted an endoscope down Midoriya's throat. He flinched when the cold metal made contact with his throat, but he just sat there quietly as Shuzenji examined his oesophagus.

She pulled the instrument out, "Alright, it healed right. It might still be sore for a few days, but you should be able to eat and drink without any pain. We'll stick you on a liquid diet since you haven't eaten anything for the past few days to slowly get it used to digesting again."

Aizawa passed him a glass of water, and Midoriya gratefully drank

it slowly.

She started asking him several questions, to check his proprioception and other senses. Nezu had given her list of other senses he might have developed, and Midoriya had showed to also have magnetoreception, the ability to detect which direction he was facing, much like a compass. It was a common sense that birds possessed, and it was no wonder that he also had the ability to do so.

Midoriya was also a bit unsteady on his feet, though Shuzenji wasn't sure if it was because of the bandages, the decline in muscle mass, or because he wasn't used to his own weight, but overall, Midoriya still possessed regular motor functions and was able to walk, write and talk.

"Midoriya, I'm going to take off a layer of bandages around your eyes. Tell me if it's too bright, okay?"

She gently peeled a layer of bandages off his head, and Midoriya winced slightly as a bit of light entered his eyes. It took him a few minutes to adjust to it, and he gave her the go ahead to remove another layer.

She kept on doing so, until Midoriya gave a small whine in protest when she removed one layer too many, light flooding his visions. She hastily rewrapped that layer of bandages, and Midoriya sighed as his eyes were no longer aggravated.

"Your eyes are more sensitive now, and being kept in the dark for so long probably didn't do them any favours. I'd say it would take three to four days for your eyes to properly adjust enough for me to remove the bandages completely." Shuzenji stated. "It's morning now, just take it easy for now."

Midoriya nodded, and made a move to get off the bed, "Can I ... uh..." He looked nervous to ask the question, "May I use the bathroom?"

Shuzenji let out a small laugh, "Of course. Just be careful."

"Alright. Good news." Aizawa said, as he addressed his homeroom class, "Izuku's up. Recovery Girl says that if you want to visit him, you can, but she's only allowing three people in the room at a time. I suggest you focus on the lessons at hand, before deciding who wants to visit Izuku with you."

The 1-A students immediately perked up, and Aizawa just gave them the homeroom period to discuss groups amongst themselves, as long as they remained quiet.

They had split themselves up into 6 groups, but they would all go to the infirmary to visit and take turns, while the others waited outside.

Everyone was really excited for lunch time, and none of them could sit still in their seats as they waited for time to tick by. Bakugou didn't show it, but he wanted to make sure that Midoriya was alright, and when Kirishima pointed it out, he just slammed his hand onto his table and snarled, "Fuck you, Shitty Hair!"

At last, Yamada released the students to go out for lunch, and the 1-A students found themselves walking to the infirmary with the 1-B students.

"Vlad King Sensei told you guys?" Uraraka asked.

"Yes. We heard your uproar all the way from our class." Kendo laughed, as Monoma groaned, "It was so noisy."

They finally made their way there, and even though it seemed a little cramped for thirty eight students to be stuck in a hallway, none of them minded. It wasn't like they hated each other, and they were content just holding their own mini conversation as they waited for their turns.

Asui and Shoji looked at Uraraka, and they opened the door of the infirmary, and entered. They saw Midoriya sitting cross legged on the bed, Kota leaning against him as Shinsou lay on his lap.

The first thing that caught their attention was the fact that

Midoriya's face was covered in bandages. Or more specifically, his eyes. They eyed the lock of white hair that stood out prominently against his green and black hair.

The three of them stopped moving, as they saw Midoriya and Kota freeze up. Shinsou sat up, and looked at them, giving a small wave. Kota's eyes widened in fear, and he started trembling. Midoriya just turned in their general direction.

Uraraka decided to make the first move, and she excitedly grinned, "Deku! How are you feeling?"

Midoriya growled, promptly wrapping his arms around Shinsou and Kota, pulling them away from the trio and snarled, "You! Why are you here!?"

"Deku? What are you talking about -" Uraraka was cut off when Midoriya shifted to get up, still unsteady on his feet, and hissed, "Of all the places you had to get in, here?!"

Asui flinched as Midoriya burst into red and black flames, that twisted and turned and churned chaotically on his shoulders and arms.

"Midoriya, it's us - " Asui tried to get closer to him to put out the fire, but was cut off when the flames grew bigger, scorching her hands as Midoriya screeched, "Leave us alone! I know it's you! You won't fool me again!"

He kicked Asui away, losing his balance, crashing into the bedside table, clutching it for support. Asui crashed into Uraraka, both of them sent tumbling into a wall in surprised.

"Midoriya! Stop!" Shuzenji ordered, but Midoriya didn't seem to hear her as his fire grew bigger, burning everything that came close, the IV stand, the table, even the bandages on Midoriya's head.

"What's going on?!" Kirishima swung open the door of the infirmary after hearing the sounds, just as the bandages on his face burnt and fell to the ground.

Midoriya screeched in pain, bringing his hands up to claw at his

eyes as he lost hold on the table, crashing to the ground. He hunched over, covering his eyes as the fire turned black in his panic.

"Midoriya!" Yaoyorozu yelled, "Iida, go get Aizawa Sensei! I think he's having a panic attack! Todoroki, there's fire, try to stop it!"

Iida rushed off to find Aizawa, but Shoji noticed that Midoriya's newly acquired fire was no longer burning anything. It still danced along his shoulders and arms, burning strong, but nothing else was being burnt even though the flames made contact with it.

Todoroki made his way into the room, and Shoji moved to let him pass.

"Midoriya."

"Todo...roki?" Midoriya looked up in his direction, and pulled him downwards, away from Shoji. Todoroki made a squeak in protest at the sudden movement, as Midoriya pushed him behind him gently, "Stay away from them!"

"Izu!" Shinsou slipped off the bed, and moved over to Midoriya's side, Kota doing the same.

Shoji came closer slowly, and Kota looked up at him in fear. He grabbed onto Midoriya's arms, and stammered, "No... no ... stop... leave him alone!"

Shoji raised both his hands and his other four tentacles, to show that he meant no harm, but Kota eyed him like he was an idiot.

"You.... your quirk? You... used it?"

Shoji nodded.

"You're... real?"

Shoji nodded again, and while Kota still had his eyes glued on Shoji, he didn't glare so angrily as before, allowing the larger teen to crouch down in front of Midoriya.

Shoji hesitantly wrapped his arms around Midoriya, in an attempt to smother the flames, but that sent Midoriya into another frenzy, and it took everything Shoji had to hold onto the trashing boy, lest he hit something in his panic and hurt himself again.

His tentacle morphed into a mouth, "Midoriya, we're not going to hurt you!"

Midoriya stopepd thrashing, his hands still pressed to his face, and he trembled in Shoji's grasp.

"Do... do that again...?"

"Like this?" Shoji made another one of his tentacles morph into a mouth, and Midoriya relaxed completely, melting like butter under the hot sun, "It's real. You can use your quirk. You're real. You're real, you're real ..."

Shoji considered the smaller boy's words.

Something had happened there. Kota wasn't scared of Shoji before the kidnapping, but he was now. Somehow, someone had convinced the boy that if he couldn't use his quirk, then he was a fake. He had been hurt by the fake, and he was scared of the possibility of them being fakes and hurting him again.

Midoriya tensed up again, and he covered his eyes as he looked up, "I won't let you hurt anyone else!"

He struggled to stand in Shoji's grasp, the stronger teen easily able to hold him down with his extra limbs.

His words were aimed at Uraraka and Asui, before Todoroki shouted, "Use your quirks!"

Another sudden wave of flames burst out, and Uraraka jumped out of the way. Asui leapt up, attaching herself to the ceiling where the flames didn't reach, and Midoriya paused, and he stared in Asui's direction even as his eyes were covered.

"Tsu!? You're up there.... You're real too? Not a ... fake?"

"We're real, kero! We're not gonna hurt you!" Asui replied, and Midoriya turned to Uraraka, who was just floating in the air in her panic, thanks to her quirk.

"Uraraka too..... I... I'm so sorry..." Midoriya sank into Shoji's arms, shaking, as tears leaked out from between his fingers. Kota and Shinsou squeezed their way between Shoji and Midoriya, clinging to the mostly green haired boy tightly.

The rest of the students were crowded around the door, watching the entire incident, and they couldn't help but worry about what had happened to Midoriya to make him so wary of them.

"I'm so sorry.... I'm sorry... I'm sorry....." Midoriya kept repeating, as he wrapped his arms around the two boys. Kota was shaking as much as Midoriya was, until Sosaki and Aizawa rushed into the room, the students parting to make a path for them.

"Izuku!" Aizawa sighed as he ordered Uraraka and Asui to stop using their quirks, and walked over to Midoriya. Shoji gently released the three boys, and Aizawa moved in, tying his capture weapon around Midoriya's eyes before wrapping his arms around the three children.

"Kota? Midoriya?" Sosaki asked gently, crouching down beside Aizawa, "Are you two okay?"

Midoriya and Kota tensed up again, and Midoriya immediately lashed out, harshly pushing Sosaki backwards as he snarled, his hands lighting up with angry red flames. Small black feathers started sprouting from his wrists, as his ears twitched when Sosaki shifted from her position on the ground, shocked.

"Izuku." Aizawa made a move and grabbed Midoriya's burning hand, and noticed that he wasn't being burnt at all, "Calm down. She's not gonna hurt you."

"She wanted to hurt Kota! She and him both!" Midoriya wailed as he struggled against Aizawa, but ultimately not doing much in his weakened state against the older and stronger hero. Kota had attached himself to Midoriya's side, trying to hide behind the

teenager as he eyed Sosaki in fear and anger.

"Aizawa Sensei, Midoriya and Kota had the same reaction when Shoji, Uraraka and I entered. But when we used our quirks, he calmed down, kero."

"Huh?" Sosaki turned to look at Asui in confusion, and Midoriya growled again, still being restrained by the Erasure Hero.

"Hello? Are you two okay?"

Sosaki's voice echoed in their minds, and Midoriya stopped struggling and panted, his shoulder's dropping as he sank down to his knees, gasping for breath. Kota hesitantly moved out from behind Midoriya, eyeing Sosaki cautiously.

"Man...Mandalay?" Kota stammered, and Sosaki relaxed when she sensed the fear and hesitation in his voice, "It's me, Kota."

Kota started tearing up, and he ran forward, "Mandalay!"

Sosaki wrapped Kota in a hug, as the smaller boy cried into her shirt, "I'm so sorry, Kota."

"Go get some lunch. I'll give you an extra fifteen minutes of the lesson." Aizawa ordered, as he let Midoriya lean into his chest, crying his eyes out, "Recovery Girl, can you ring up Lunch Rush and Vlad King to explain what happened?"

Shuzenji nodded, and the students dully nodded, leaving the hallway in an orderly fashion even without Iida chopping his arms wildly. Todoroki was the last to leave the room, and he turned around to look at the shaking Midoriya, concern blazing in his eyes, before he sighed and left to follow his classmates.

"This is a larger problem than we thought." Shuzenji pinched the bridge of her nose, "Do we know what triggered it?"

"As far as I know, Uraraka, Shoji, Asui and Mandalay's presence triggered it. Midoriya was fine with Todoroki, though." Aizawa sighed, rubbing Midoriya's back comfortingly as Midoriya tried to curl up in a ball, Shinsou latched onto his arm and looking

completely devastated that Midoriya was still hurting so badly.

Kota was still crying in Sosaki's grasp.

"She hurt him. They hurt him. They hurt him and there's so much blood and he let them hurt him to protect me." He wailed, as Sosaki tightened her grip on her nephew, whispering into his ear, "It's fine. You're both safe now."

"I need to check on them. I don't know if they may have injured themselves in their panic attack." Shuzenji said, and Aizawa gently pulled Midoriya up, helping him to sit on the side of the bed. Sosaki lifted Kota up, and placed him beside Midoriya.

Kota immediately latched onto Midoriya, and the teen gently ran his fingers through Kota's hair, his other arm wrapped securely around Shinsou, breathing heavily as he tried to process what he had just did.

"I... I attacked them... I really attacked them...."

"Calm down, Izuku." Aizawa gripped his shoulders tightly, "No one got seriously hurt. Asui, Shoji and Uraraka are fine, Mandalay too."

Sosaki couldn't help for Midoriya, and she looked at Kota, who was gripping Midoriya's arm like a lifeline.

Kota was her responsibility. She was the closest and only available family member that Kota could turn to.

But in the three years she and the rest of the Pussycats had taken care of him, Kota never opened up to them. He hated them for being heroes, though still appreciated them for taking care of him. He called them by their hero names, and never took physical affection from Chatora, Tsuchikawa or Shiretoko well.

But here he was, voluntarily gripping the arm of the teenager he had barely met two weeks ago, letting him ruffle his hair as he buried his face in the crook of his arm, as Shinsou gripped both Midoriya and Kota's arms comfortingly. Heck, Kota didn't even seem to mind Aizawa, for some reason, as she watched Kota whine as Shuzenji tried to coax him away from Midoriya to give him a

check up, as he clung even tighter to the older boy.

Midoriya and Shinsou had gotten much closer to Kota in the mere span of two weeks than the Pussycats had in three years.

And while she felt bad about suggesting to Aizawa to take in another kid, she had a feeling that Midoriya had already adopted Kota, and Aizawa wouldn't refuse anyway. He had always been an overbearing parental figure, ever since their highschool years, telling them not to get too crazy in their pranks and to be careful while sparing, under the guise of them being too noisy and disturbing his naps.

"So, what is it?" Aizawa grunted, as he stood outside the infirmary, facing Sosaki. It took them forever for them to calm Midoriya enough for him to actually listen to them, and he flinched every single time that Shuzenji came close to him, as if afraid that he would lose it and attack her.

He also continued to cast wary gazes at Sosaki, as she sat beside Aizawa and Shinsou, Kota on her lap as Shuzenji examined her, as if afraid that she was going to attack him the second he let his guard down.

Aizawa was pretty mad. Not at Sosaki, since he knew for a fact the she never did anything, but he was just mad in general that his kid was so jumpy around one of his friends and he could do nothing to make it better.

It got better once Shuzenji was done with her examination, and kissed Midoriya's hand again to speed up the healing process. Midoriya and Kota were already tired enough after their panic attack, and fell asleep almost immediately, but not before Midoriya gave Sosaki another wary look.

"So..." She started off, "Do you like Kota?"

Aizawa raised an eyebrow, "He was a brat at first, I guess he's okay now. Why?"

"I'm sorry to ask this when... you're already taking care of Midoriya and Shinsou.... But is it possible for Kota to stay with you too?"

Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed, "Well, this makes things a lot easier."

"Not sure if you're being sincere or sarcastic there, Eraser."

Aizawa rolled his eyes, "Izuku has practically adopted him already. Plus, given what they've been through with the League of Villains, it's probably not a good idea to separate Kota and Izuku. Plus.... Izuku already has a horrible case of separation anxiety with Hitoshi, and I'm pretty sure that Izuku isn't going to want to leave Kota any time soon."

"Yeah... so..... Should we ask Kota before dealing with the papers?"

"Let's just deal with the paperwork first. If Kota doesn't agree, we can just leave it as that. I'm gonna stay with the kids. Maybe get Mic to pass them to me later? And ask the rest of the Pussycats."

"Alright." Sosaki nodded, "I'll go get the papers. Keep an eye on Kota for me, will you?"

Aizawa just sighed, "Yeah, yeah whatever."

Shuzenji could tell that Midoriya was a bit sick of being cooped up in a room all the time, the smell of antiseptic being horrible to him and his enhanced sense of smell, and had let him join his friends at the cafeteria for lunch the next day. Todoroki had come to fetch him, and helped him make his way to the cafeteria, where Shuzenji had already informed Lunch Rush so he had prepared a bowl of soup for Midoriya, and two sandwiches for Shinsou and Kota.

Some of the students had stared weirdly when Midoriya entered, bandages over his eyes as he walked in with Todoroki's help, and had started whispering, but Todoroki just glared as he helped Midoriya to his seat.

The two classes had greeted Midoriya enthusiastically, and had

shifted around so the two kids could sit beside Midoriya. Kota was sitting beside Bakugou, while Shinsou sat beside Monoma.

"So... can you actually see through those?" Ashido asked, "You didn't seem to have much trouble finding us."

"I can hear you guys." Midoriya bluntly stated, as he glanced where Uraraka, Asui and Shoji sat warily. Kota also eyed them, suspicion in his eyes, and the students couldn't help but wonder what had happened to make them so scared.

Shoji immediately morphed all his tentacles into mouths, speaking from them at once in a greeting, Uraraka made a bottle of water float towards him, and Asui just extended her tongue across the table to pat him on the head.

Midoriya and Kota immediately relaxed, and Midoriya tried to make out each person's different smell. He didn't want to attack them again. Everyone just watched as he carefully picked up his spoon despite not being able to see where it was, scooping up some soup and placing it in his mouth.

"So," Kaminari spoke up, raising his spoon as the students fell silent, "Midoriya's hair is fluffy, like Shinsou's, right?"

"Yes?" Jiro raised an eyebrow, not really sure where this was going.

Kota raised his head to look at Midoriya and Shinsou's hair, as Ashido gently ran her hands through them, careful not to hurt either of them, "Yeah. Shinsou's hair is fluffier, but they're both still pretty fluffy in my opinion."

"Ashido, please stop messing with my hair. It's messy enough as it is." Midoriya sighed.

"And Midoriya's hair looks black sometimes and Kota has completely black hair?" Kaminari continued.

Uraraka tilted her head to look at Midoriya, looking at him from different angles. The way his messy hair stuck out all over the place did make his hair look like a messy mixture of black and green strands, with the exception of those white locks that stood out like a

sore thumb.

"What are you getting at, Kaminari?" Tokage asked.

"Well ...Midoriya adopted Shinsou and Kota, right? He's practically their dad at this point."

Midoriya nearly choked on his soup, "What? I didn't - I'm not old enough to be a dad!"

"You practically just admitted that you adopted them, Midoriya." Kendo gave a small laugh, as Sero started saying, "Dadoriya? No... that sounds too much like dorito ..."

"And he has white hair now. So he's gonna adopt someone with white hair now!" Kaminari grinned.

"How did you even get to that conclusion!?" Monoma groaned, as Bakugou hissed, "What the f-"

Even with his eyes covered, Midoriya was still able to smack Bakugou lightly before he got the profanity out, all the while holding his soup spoon and not letting his lunch spill, "No swearing, Kacchan!"

"Deku! I'll kill you, you f-"

He got smacked again.

"When will he ever learn that Midoriya will never tolerate swearing around his kids?" Kodai sighed, shaking her head.

"They're not my kids!" Midoriya whined.

"Well if he does, it better be a girl. We have too many boys here." Shinsou muttered, nibbling on some fries that Kaminari had given him.

"Hitoshi! I thought you were on my side!"

"Midoriya's right. He's not their dad." Todoroki started, "He doesn't make enough jokes. So he's their mom."

"Todoroki!" Midoriya wailed, "Stop it!"

"But it's the truth. Just like how you and Shinsou are Aizawa Sensei's secret love children." Todoroki kept a straight face the entire time, and everyone burst into laughter at Midoriya's mortified expression.

"Wait.... I have white hair?"

"Yeah, man! You look real manly!" Tetsutetsu grinned, forgetting that he couldn't see and shot him a thumbs up.

"So -" Midoriya was interrupted by a voice, "Kota!"

Tsuchikawa walked into the cafeteria with Shiretoko and Chatora, and she caught sight of Kota.

Before anyone could react, Midoriya was already out of his seat, blocking Kota from view, as his shoulders lit up with black and red flames.

"Midoriya, what are you -" Shiretoko was cut off when Midoriya growled at her.

Kota started shaking, and Bakugou just tapped him, "Are you okay?"

The child screeched, and almost fell off his chair, but Midoriya had whirled around and caught him in time, but lost his balance in his weakened state, and fell down.

He just wrapped his arms around Kota protectively, and hissed in the direction of the three heroes.

"Wait up! Guys!" Sosaki panted, as she sent a telepathic message to Midoriya and Kota, "Hold on. I'm coming over. Don't freak out."

Sosaki sighed, as she rushed into the cafeteria, "Use your quirks. They think that we're fakes."

Tsuchikawa and Chatora nodded, and Tsuchikawa made the soil in one of the plant pots rise, twisting into a small snake that slithered over to Midoriya, hissing as it moved.

Midoriya and Kota turned their attention to Shiretoko, seemingly ignoring Chatora, but he already knew that Kota didn't have and problem with him, and thus, Midoriya shouldn't mind him either.

He remembered that during their rescue, Kota had singled out Shiretoko, saying she had hurt Midoriya, and didn't say a thing about him, when though they with both in his line of vision.

"But I can't." Shiretoko muttered, and Aizawa, who had entered they room with Sosaki, sighed, "Problem Child, I'm going to use my quirk on Ragdoll."

Midoriya heard Aizawa's have float up as he activated his quirk, before turning his attention to Shiretoko, listening intently.

He didn't heard anything. Not the sound he had heard while with the League.

He immediately relaxed, exhaling the breath he didn't know he was holding, his flames dying down into a greenish blue hue, and Chatora got closer to him.

"Are you okay?"

"I wanted to attack you... why are you asking me if I'm okay?" Midoriya replied weakly, like he had run out of energy and was just tired.

"It's fine. Just a misunderstanding." He replied, as Aizawa made his way towards them, "This was a bad idea. We should have asked if there were any more triggers for them."

Midoriya swallowed and shook his head, trembling as he wrapped his arms around himself like he was cold despite having flames dancing on his clothes, and continued, "Can... can we go back?"

"Yeah. Can you walk?"

Midoriya nodded weakly, and Aizawa helped him up, as Kota made a grab for Midoriya's hand. Shinsou jumped off his chair, and latched onto Midoriya as well, before they made their way out of the cafeteria.

"Are you sure you'll be fine?" Todoroki asked, after lessons, "After all that?"

He was standing in the infirmary, with Monoma and Iida. Kendo, Kaminari, Sero, Bakugou, Kirishima, and Tetsutetsu were all looking in from the doorway. Shinsou and Kota were in the shower, under Yamada's supervision, as Aizawa napped on the couch in the staffroom, forced there by pretty much all the teachers and the three kids.

"It's... nothing...."

"When did they do to you?" Todoroki hissed, "It's not nothing. They hurt you and Kota, and now you're hurting because of some of our own classmates."

"Todoroki, calm down." Kendo sighed from her position outside.

"I don't want to talk about it." Midoriya said softly, shaking his head, the dark pink and purple flames dancing on his shoulder and arms showing how uncomfortable he was with the conversation. Small feathers sprouted from his wrists in his unease, as he continued, "Not now. I can't. Just thinking about... about it... it hurts."

"Just..don't bottle it all up, okay? We're here for you, Midoriya. We want to help you." Iida gulped. He had almost been swallowed by his rage in Hosu, he didn't want Midoriya to be swamped by his own emotions.

"This isn't something you can help me with. I need to get over it on my own." Midoriya replied, "It's not as simple as just... beating up the villain. I know you're thinking that, Todoroki."

"But -"

Midoriya gave them a small smile that completely stunned Todoroki, and he stopped talking, as the flames shifted to a calmer shade of turquoise and cyan.

"I'll be fine. Don't worry about it."

[image]

A/N Have some shitty art I made XDXD

Head Scratch

After Midoriya had left the cafeteria, the murmuring started.

"Hey, wasn't he the one that was kidnapped?"

"Did he get transferred to the hero course?"

"Yeah... didn't he say he was quirkless?"

"Maybe he was pulling a fast one on the spectators."

"But he was kidnapped.. And he was so willing to attack pros..."

"You think he's working for them?"

"Maybe. Just saying. You remember how he knew a lot about that third year, right?"

"Yeah..... So it's possible he was working with them before then?"

"Who knows. But suddenly using a quirk now and not in the Sports Festival seems suspicious."

Kirishima and Tetsutetsu growled at the words, but Sero and Kodai held them back.

"Getting mad isn't going to help." Yaoyorozu whispered, "Just let them talk."

"They're saying he's a villain!" Kirishima hissed, "How can we just let them speak!?"

"Beating them up isn't gonna make it better, Shark Teeth," Surprisingly, it was Bakugou who said that, "Those little shits are gonna think we're working with him being villains."

"Let's just finish our food and get back to our classrooms." Iida

ordered, but none of them could shake the image from their minds, of Midoriya's panicking form, the weakness in his voice that they had never heard from him before, the mostly green haired boy shaking like a leaf in the wind.

Midoriya just remained in the infirmary for the rest of the week.

He didn't want to hurt anyone. He didn't want to risk anything.

His classmates came to visit him, to ask about his progress in walking, wondering if the teachers were still teaching him, how long it would take for him to resume normal lessons, or just idle talk in general.

"Oh, did you know we're moving into dorms next week?" Kaminari grinned, "I'm so excited! We don't know the layout of the building, and we already have to start packing some of the stuff that wasn't important."

"Like what, your comic books?" Sero teased.

"They're important! But yeah, stuff like those."

He hated how Shoji, Uraraka and Asui stayed away from him and Kota, always using their quirks whenever they appeared by the doorway to prove that it was them. He hated how Sosaki and Tsuchikawa had to waste their energy using their quirks to show him they were safe when they could use their time to go save people. He hated how Aizawa always had to use his quirk on Shiretoko to prove she wasn't fake.

That they wouldn't literally stab him in the back the second he let his guard down.

He was tired. Tired of being tired. Tired of not being able to see, of being stuck in a room with that horrible stench of antiseptic filling the air.

He wanted to move. He wanted to run, to go be with his friends, not be stuck in the darkness cause his eyes were being stupid and

sensitive and hurting him if the light was too bright. He couldn't even read, or write, or do origami, or type.

"Midoriya?"

"Uhh... yes?" Midoriya snapped himself out of his thoughts, "Sorry, Kaminari. I was thinking."

"Ah.. no worries. I was just asking if you had any plans to move it, since... your dad is a criminal and your mom is... uh ... not... around?"

"I'll probably move in. Aizawa sensei will have to move in too, right? Since he's our homeroom teacher."

"Probably." Sero shrugged. "I mean.. Someone has to stop Bakugou from killing Kirishima."

"True." Monoma muttered. "Are you gonna move all your stuff to the dorms?"

"Toshi and my room only has a bed." Midoriya replied, "We moved like.... The week of the internships."

"Oh, where are you staying now?" Sero asked, curiously.

"With Aizawa Sensei. They had a spare room." Midoriya answered, "He shares an apartment with Present Mic Sensei, but they have different rooms. Sharing an apartment is cheaper, I think, and companionship is important, especially for pro heroes..."

Monoma, Sero, and Kaminari sighed in relief when they saw Midoriya start mumbling up a storm.

At least that hadn't changed.

"So... Kota. What would you say if I told you that you could stay with us?" Aizawa asked, "You, Izuku, Hitoshi, me, and Mister Loud Cockatoo?"

"Hey!" Yamada protested.

"I... I can stay with Izuku?" Kota asked, disbelief evident in the tone of his voice.

Midoriya was sitting idly on the bed, waiting for Shuzenji to come take off the bandages over his eyes.

"Yeah."

"Mandalay and the rest of the Pussycats say it's okay. It's probably for the best, anyways, seeing how overprotective Izuku is. Better keep all his kids in one place so we can keep an eye on them."

"Kota can stay with us!?" Midoriya's face lit up, and Shinsou pulled Kota closer to him and Midoriya as he giggled.

"Yeah... keep it down a bit." Aizawa muttered, "Recovery Girl hates it when there's screaming in here."

"Alright, I'm here." Shuzenji said, as she walked over to Midoriya. Midoriya bent down, and Shuzenji gently took unwrapped the last few layers of bandages around his face.

He blinked, eyes adjusting to the lights, before he held his hands up in front of his face.

"I can see!"

"You weren't blind in the first place, problem child." Aizawa groaned, as Midoriya scooped Shinsou and Kota up and laughed.

"He's free to go. Just make sure he changes his bandages." Shuzenji said, as Midoriya put the two kids down and stood up.

"Izuku, be careful. You're a lot lighter now, and you're probably not used to your own weight given that you've had people help you to walk around. Don't run or jump into anything, okay?"

Mioriya gave him a huge grin, "Okay, Dad!"

Aizawa sighed into his palm, "So, what do you want to do now?

Catch up on lessons? Or work on your... quirks?"

Midoriya stared at Aizawa, as he slouched, "Oh... yeah.... That happened..."

The happiness that once shone in his eyes had disappeared completely, and Midoriya stared at the floor. "I... I don't want it. I hurt my friends with it... I don't want this quirk."

"We can probably put you on quirk suppressants, but that's not gonna be a good long term solution. And they're not good for you." Aizawa said, "Plus, that guy used a quirk that changed your body. At the very least, we need to figure out the limitations of your body and it's powers."

Midoriya looked at his palms, "So.... I know he gave me two. One is definitely the bird one, that I know. But I'm not sure of the other - "

His palms were set alight with dark grey flames, and Midoriya screeched, falling on his butt in his panic, "Oh my god! Wwhy are my hands on fire!?"

"Izuku, calm down." Aizawa lashed his capture weapon around Midoriya, and pulled him in, "That's another quirk. Fire that changes colour based on your emotions. They won't hurt anyone unless you want them to."

In Midoriya's panic, his shoulders and hair were also glowing with dark purple flames, and Aizawa grabbed him by the shoulders, "Izuku, listen to me. Take deep breaths. Will the fire to go away. It's apart of you now, treat the quirk like an extension of yourself."

Midoriya tried to reel his emotions in, taking deep breaths as he tried to calm his racing heart. He tried to push down his feelings of panic that were bubbling beneath the surface, and the flames slowly grew smaller and smaller until they disappeared.

Aizawa untied Midoriya, and Midoriya sank to the ground, panting, "Is... is it supposed to hurt?"

Aizawa looked at him, "Where?"

Midoriya reached up to grip at his chest in pain, tears pooling in his eyes, "It... it feels like my emotions... they want to burst out and explode..... It's never felt so strong before ..."

Aizawa pulled Midoriya up gently, "Sit down. We need to explain some things. I'll call in Nezu, he's done the research."

Aizawa turned to leave the room, and Midoriya sat down on the bed. Shinsou and Kota scooted over to him, and Midoriya wringed his hands and sighed.

"Are you... okay?" Kota asked.

"I'm fine. Just... these few days... I never really.... thought about me having a quirk. I was just really hoping that.. it was a bad dream... that they used a quirk on me to make me change instead of... outrightly giving me a quirk. I didn't even feel that anything was out of the ordinary... I just need time to ... to process it all. I'll be fine."

He eyed the scorch marks on the IV stand, the table, and the ground. He did remember Todoroki coming in, but he didn't use his fire at all, or Midoriya would have known. And none of the other students that had entered were allowed to use their quirks, so it had to be from him when he broke down after he woke up.

Midoriya wiped the tears forming in his eyes, as Aizawa entered the room with Nezu in tow.

"Izuku? Are you okay?" Aizawa asked, noting Midoriya's red and slightly puffy eyes.

"Yeah." He croaked out, sniffling, "Just... It's nothing..."

"Ah. That Adaptation quirk must have made Heartburn amplify his feelings."

Midoriya just stared at Nezu, not knowing what he was saying, as he took the tissue that Yamada gave him and blew his nose.

"What?"

"Ah. You don't know the names of the quirks you were given." Nezu nodded, "All for One gave you two quirks. Heartburn, the emotion based fire quirk, I'm sure Aizawa explained it to you briefly, and Avian, a bird quirk."

Midoriya nodded, sitting up straight.

"They also used an Adaptation quirk on you, that changed your body to suit the quirks. Besides from changing your body structure and skeletal structure to enable you to fly with Avian, I also believe that it merged your emotions with Heartburn. Right now, your own emotions are powering it, and you're feeling overwhelmed because its is literally a burning feeling inside you."

Midoriya shivered, "Is... there a way to remove the quirks?"

"Can it be .. reversed?" Shinsou asked.

"It's gonna be really painful though..." Kota shook his head at the memory of watching Midoriya acquiring the quirks.

If he had to go through that to get them removed....

Nezu shook his head, "Sadly, at the moment, we don't know. Even if All for One didn't force your body to adapt to them, we wouldn't have a way to remove them unless we asked All for One to remove them himself, and at the moment, he's not allowed to use any quirk at all. We don't even know if there are any other negative effects they have on you now. That's another reason why I believe you should at least test them out, get used to them, and then, as we learn more about them, maybe we can find a way to reverse whatever he did."

Midoriya eyed Yamada, "Are you sure we can mention... him... so casually?"

"Don't worry about, Midoriya. All of the heroes who had taken part in the Kamino Ward incident, as well as the teachers at UA are aware of the man and his quirk. We had to explain it to them. In fact, given that the rest of the League is still running around, we're thinking of telling the rest of the Hero Course, since it is very likely

that they would be the prime targets of the League once they become full fledged heroes for their association with All Might and UA."

Nezu pat his leg. "I'm sorry this had to happen to you." Nezu said apologetically, "We all knew how much you wanted to prove yourself as a quirkless hero. We'll be doing our best to try and reverse it. And on the off chance you really do decide that you want to keep the quirks... then we don't lose anything either."

Nezu turned to leave, "We're not going to force you to do something you don't want to do, Midorya. You've already shown yourself to be capable without a quirk. Don't make a choice because you think we want you to make it. Make the decision because you, and you alone, want to do it."

Midoriya slouched, sighing, and he wrung his hands together nervously, before he looked Aizawa in the eye determinedly, "Sensei. I want to learn about these quirks. I want to be able to control them proficiently. Not because I want to use them as a hero. I'd rather ignore them and not use them at all if I can help it, and I'm honestly not happy that something like this is making everything I did for the past fifteen years insignificant."

He took a deep breath, "I want to learn to control them because I don't want to end up hurting anyone if I do end up losing control. I can see the scorch marks on the equipment and floor, Sensei. I know I used them by accident and I didn't even know it. I don't know if I injured anybody before, and I don't wanna risk it happening again. When can we start?"

Aizawa glanced at his phone, "We can start today, during the hero course lessons. I'll get Todoroki and Monoma to help, maybe Koda. Are you sure you want to do this, Izuku?"

"Yeah. I don't want to hurt anyone anymore. Even if it's an accident, it's not good enough. Not for me. I want to protect everyone. I can't afford to lose control again."

"So... they really did give Midoriya a quirk ... or two.... Huh..." Sero scratched at the back of his head, "I kinda feel bad for Midoriya, you know. Working so hard to be a quirkless hero, and all that work is just... gone."

"They did say that they wanted to break him. What did you expect?" Tokage replied, "Is Midoriya aware of his quirks?"

Yagi nodded, "I believe Nezu and Aizawa have already informed him of it, if he didn't figure it out already. I am unsure of how Young Midoriya will -"

"You guys are still talking? What a waste of time. I thought you guys would have started working on your Super Moves for the Provisional License Exam." Aizawa called out, as he walked into the room with Midoriya staring at his hands in frustration. Nezu followed behind them, with Shinsou and Kota.

"I have some free time now. I'm just observing." Nezu grinned.

"Hey! It's Midoriya and Aizawa Sensei!" Kirishima called out.

"Feeling better, Midoriya?" Ashido asked.

"Yeah.. I'm fine..." He stared at his hands before looking warily at Uraraka, Asui and Shoji. "I'm sorry... for attacking you... and not trusting you and I'm sorry I still... don't really know that -"

"Know that we're really us, huh, kero?" Asui replied, "Don't worry about it. Those villains will be caught eventually, then you won't have to worry anymore."

"Yeah.. about that...." Midoriya looked away, before he perked up.

"Wait, Provisional Licence Exam!? Already!?" Midoriya yelled, "What about me!?"

"It's in a month and a half. And that really depends on you, Problem Child. If you can fight and handle yourself like you used to before... all this happened... then you should be fine. But you can't take part if you're just gonna burst into flames every five seconds."

"Yeah, speaking of which..." Midoriya raised his hands, "It's not coming out!"

"The fire? That's what you've been trying to do this entire time? Todoroki, Monoma, come here. You're quirks don't need that much working on."

Yagi, Ectoplasm and Ishiyama started setting up the platforms for the two classes to practise on, as Todoroki and Monoma made their way to Aizawa's side, as Midoriya puffed his cheeks out, trying to make his hands flare up again.

"Monoma, can you copy his quirks?" Aizawa asked.

Monoma tapped Midoriya on the shoulder, and he let the familiar feeling of power flowing through his veins settle down.

Gods, this feels so weird coming from Midoriya. But... didn't Midoriya have two quirks?

"Sensei.. I thought there were two. I can only feel one."

"Hmm.... Adaptation must have somehow merged the two quirks together ..." Nezu mumbled, putting his paw on his chin as he thought.

"Okay, can you make fire?" Aizawa asked again.

Monoma held his palm out, and tried to bring out the fire like he did with Todoroki's quirk. His hand quickly burst into calm, green flames, and Midoriya just stared at him.

"Just... think of your palm burning up."

Midoriya frowned, and stared at his hands again, but after a few minutes, nothing happened.

"Todoroki, how do you do it?"

"I don't know. It just... happens." Todoroki replied, as he let his left side blaze to life, red and orange flames bursting into the air.

Midoriya growled in frustration when he couldn't get it to work.

"Hey... Toshi.... Brainwash me."

"Ehhh?" Shinsou squeaked, "But they... didn't they....."

"Don't worry about it, Toshi." Midoriya squatted down to pat Shinsou's head, "You can never hurt me. I promise. Just... try... okay?"

Shinsou hesitantly nodded, "Izu?"

"Yeah?"

Shinsou activated his quirk and ordered "Uh..... Use... your fire?"

Nothing happened.

"I don't think he can express his emotions while being brainwashed." Nezu commented, and Shinsou released his hold on Midoriya.

"Urg... this is annoying..." Midoriya mumbled, and Aizawa sighed.

"Maybe he needs more fuel. Did he eat anything?" Monoma asked.

"I had soup."

"Alright then, try the bird one." Aizawa sighed.

Midoriya looked at Aizawa, "How do you change into a bird."

"I don't have a bird quirk. How would I know?"

Monoma mentally sieved around, trying to locate the mental switch that activated the transformation. He had copied Kendo's quirk before, and while that didn't mean all transformation quirks had the same kind of switches, it served as a base for him to look for.

"Hold on, gimme a sec-"

Monoma, Todoroki, and Aizawa looked at Midoriya, as he arched his back, feathers sprouting from all over the place. A beak started

forming, as his feet changed into talons, and before them stood a majestic beast, covered head to talon in shiny, pure black feathers.

"Well... that was easy. Midoriya, can you understand us?" Aizawa asked.

Midoriya cocked his head, his emerald green eyes gleaming, and he nodded.

Shinsou and Kota's eyes lit up in awe, and Midoriya bent down, letting the two kids pet his neck feathers.

"You're so fluffy!" Shinsou squealed.

Midoriya let out a small trill as Kota scratched his head, his eyelids drooping as he bent down lower to get more head scratches.

He likes it. He likes head scratches. I wonder if it works when he's a human.... Aizawa was thinking when Bakugou yelled, "Look out!"

He looked up, seeing a giant piece of concrete flying towards them.

Midoriya's eyes snapped open. He raised his head, as his wings were lit with pure white flames, and he stretched his wings out, smacking the giant piece of concrete away.

"Midoriya, you're on fire." Monoma pointed out.

Midoriya looked back at himself, before he let out a surprised squawk and flapped his wings in a panic, trying to extinguish the fire on himself.

Aizawa immediately just reached up, and ran his fingers through Midoriya's head feathers. He calmed down immediately, fire turning from white to turquoise as he relaxed under Aizawa's hand.

I'm burning.

Okay.

I'm literally on fire.

Doesn't matter. Head scratches are more important.

He literally purred as Aizawa continued to run his fingers through his feathers, and the pro hero sighed, "Problem child indeed."

"Are you sure he isn't your child, Aizawa Sensei? Kota and Shinsou too?" Todoroki asked. "Midoriya liked you, both he and Shinsou have your eyebags, and Kota had black hair like you."

"What is wrong with you?" Monoma groaned.

"Todoroki, ask one more question about if I have any secret love children and I'm giving you detention."

"That means that the fourth child will have long, messy white hair." Todoroki nodded to himself.

Aizawa just looked at him with a deadpan expression on his face.

"That was a statement, not a question."

"Why white hair though?"

"You're not denying it."

Midoriya just let out a gentle trill, interrupting the conversation, and stuck his wing out, letting them burn.

He trilled again, and Aizawa squinted, and stopped scratching Midoriya's head. He snapped to attention, and the fire promptly went out.

"Well... that's a problem." Monoma mumbled, as Midoriya flapped his wings harshly, as if that would help set him on fire.

He gave a frustrated squawk, as Todoroki looked at him, "Stop repressing your emotions."

Midoriya glanced at him and shook his head.

"You're not letting your emotions out. That's what powers your quirk, right? You're guarding them. Every single time you used it, it

was when you panicked, or when you're letting them pet you."

Midoriya just looked at him in confusion, tilting his head and warbled, forgetting that no one could understand bird speech. He looked at himself, cawed, and changed back into human form, his clothes and bandages still intact.

"Huh, so my clothes change with me? And what do you mean, guarding them?"

"You feel it, but you don't want to show it." Todoroki replied.

"Oh."

Midoriya sat on the ground, thinking, "But I want to let it out."

"You're probably doing it subconsciously. Given how most people treated you as you grew up, I'm not surprised." Aizawa shrugged.

Midoriya pouted, but Shinsou just reached up to scratch his head and the teen promptly melted and relaxed.

"Now use the fire."

Midoriya practically purred and closed his eyes, as his shoulders were set alight with calm, orange yellow flames, licking at Kota's hands gently as he reached out to touch the warm tendrils of fire.

"I think Midoriya should be a cat rather than a bird." Monoma commented.

Midoriya's head fell forward, and Shinsou stopped scratching his head in surprise. They waited for Midoriya to sit up right, but he didn't even move, but he was still on fire.

"Sensei.... I think he fell asleep." Todoroki said. "Is he still recovering?"

Aizawa just sighed, "Class time is almost over anyways." He nudged Midoriya lightly in the shoulder, but Midoriya just mumbled, "Give me five minutes, dad." and continued snoozing in that uncomfortable position.

"Called it."

"Todoroki, last warning." Aizawa groaned, and shoved Midoriya again, a bit harder this time. Midoriya startled awake, fire changing to white, before they turned back to orange and he rubbed his eyes.

"Sorry..."

"Just wait a few more minutes, will you. You can nap in the car later."

"Okay."

"Definitely his dad."

"Todoroki, detention for the next week."

Todoroki just shrugged.

Home

It didn't take long for the teachers to wrap the lesson up and release the students.

Midoriya yawned, trudging back to the parking lots behind Aizawa, Kota and Shinsou walking beside him.

"Is he okay?" Yamada asked, "I've never seen him so tired before. Besides from that time he nearly fell off a building-"

"He what!?" Shinsou and Kota screeched, turning to face Midoriya, who was jolted to attention.

"What? What are we talking about?"

"You almost fell off a building!?"

"That was one time! And it was an accident! I was tired!" Midoriya protested, as Yamada started the engine. Aizawa climbed into the seat beside Yamada, and ordered the kids to get into the backseat.

Kota climbed in first, followed by Midoriya, then Shinsou, both children berating Midoriya for not sleeping well and putting himself into needless danger.

"Sleep!" Shinsou ordered, though all of them could tell that Midoriya was swaying tiredly in the backseat, leaning into the chair.

"Yeah.. yeah... okay..." Midoriya mumbled, but every time the car moved, or a horn rang out, Midoriya would be jolted awake.

It had taken them some time to drive back. They had passed a mall on the way home, and while Aizawa did feel tempted to just buy something back for dinner, he wasn't sure if any of the food was suitable for Midoriya's sensitive stomach.

He just decided to cook some soup and noodles. It didn't take much

effort, didn't take too long to cook, and he could just throw some vegetables into the mix.

Yamada threw the door open, and Aizawa dumped his capture weapon on the table, before he tied his hair into a messy bun and proceeded to head to the kitchen.

"Hitoshi, Izuku, maybe show Kota the room? Dinner should be ready in about half an hour." He called out.

"Okay! Kota, let's go!" He heard Shinsou reply, but there was no sound made from Midoriya at all.

He peeked his head out of the kitchen in concern, hearing Kota and Shinsou excitedly talking about something or the other, and found Midoriya lying face first on the sofa, snoring gently, not even taking off his uniform jacket or changing into something more comfortable.

He just sighed, and went back to cooking.

Thank goodness it was Saturday tomorrow. He's going to force him to sleep in.

"Dinner." Aizawa sighed as he took the plates into the dining room. Yamada was watching the news, and Midoriya was still sleeping on the sofa. Shinsou and Kota were sitting near Midoriya's legs, on the ground, watching as Nishiya nabbed another purse snatcher.

"Hey, Zuku, wake up!" Yamada nudged the boy gently, and Midoriya grumbled, before turning over and pulling a pillow over his face. Shinsou laughed, and jumped off the sofa, tugging at the pillow to remove it from Midoriya's grasp. Kota joined him a few seconds later, and together, they managed to dislodge the pillow from his grip, but they all knew that Midoriya wasn't really trying.

"Come on, you can sleep later!" Yamada whined, nudging Midoriya again, and Midoriya groggily opened his eyes. Yamada looked back at him, "Come on, you lazy butt."

"Rude. I like to see you try to live on nothing but soup." Midoriya chuckled dryly, and Yamada pulled the tired boy up into a sitting position. Midoriya scratched his neck, yawned, and stood up, plonking himself at his usual seat at the dining table, before he folded his arms and lay his head down.

"Izuku I just woke you up!"

"Five more minutes..."

Aizawa just sighed, as the two kids joined them at the dining table, laughing at the pro hero who was acting like a five year old as he pouted at the half asleep Midoriya.

"Izuku, just, eat faster. Then bathe, we'll change the bandages, and then you can sleep, okay?"

Midoriya mumbled out something incoherent, raising his head and reaching for the spoon as Yamada pushed a bowl of soup with carrots and radishes in them. He yawned again, before he started on his soup.

"So, Shouta ended up jumping, and we found him hanging from the ceiling by his capture weapon!" Yamada grinned, as he entertained Shinsou and Kota by telling them silly stories of Aizawa.

"Excuse me, you screeched as well." Aizawa hissed, "And I was napping at the time when you did so. I had to use my quirk on you so you wouldn't deafen everyone a second time."

"It was horrible! Admit it!"

"Zashi, it was literally just a mosquito."

"Hey, you can get dengue from mosquitoes!"

Shinsou and Kota watched the friendly banter, before Midoriya placed his spoon down, and yawned.

"I'll go take a shower now, Sensei."

"Alright." Aizawa replied, as Midoriya headed to his room. "I'll help you with the bandages."

"Do we need to get Kota clothes?" Yamada asked.

"He can wear mine!" Shinsou grinned.

"Are we the same size?" Kota asked.

"If you aren't, you can wear Izu's." Shinsou cheekily replied, as Kota spluttered, "What!? I can't fit in them!"

"Sure you can!"

The two kids ended up playfully wrestling as they argued about clothes.

"Oh yeah, don't we have to move to the dorms?" Yamada asked, as he gathered the dishes, "Shou, you're moving, right?"

"I'm the homeroom teacher. I don't really have a choice." Aizawa shrugged as he wiped his hands and headed to the bathroom. "But you're the teacher for class 1-F so I guess you have to move too."

"What do the rooms look like?" Shinsou asked, stopping his wrestle with Kota.

"Is it big?" Kota asked.

"I don't know, really. Nezu asked Cementoss to build them, but we haven't really seen them yet." Yamada shrugged.

"Cementoss?"

"Oh, yeah. Listener hasn't met all the staff yet. Maybe you missed him just now. He's the one that looks like a block." Yamada nodded, as Shinsou jumped off his chair and ran off, coming back a few minutes later with a notebook.

"Here. Izu made notes on everyone." He handed the notebook over to Kota, and he flipped it open looking intently at the sketches and scribbles that adorned the pages. He carefully flipped through them,

recognising a few of Midoriya's classmates, as well as Yagi, Ectoplasm, and Cementoss. He remembered seeing the guy making concrete blocks for everyone.

"Don't take too long." Aizawa called out as he exited the bathroom, bandages in his hands, as he sighed and tossed them in the trash.

"How is he?" Yamada asked, as Shinsou and Kota looked up to face the troubled pro hero.

"His injuries are healing, that's for sure. If he rests properly, Recovery Girl can fix him up to a hundred percent. But he's always been a light sleeper, and he's forced himself to work with little to no rest. Given that he's susceptible to panic attacks as well, I'm just afraid that he'll end up injuring himself." Aizawa sighed, "Also, we should bring him to see Hound Dog tomorrow, maybe after Tsukauchi's done."

"Tsukki is coming?" Shinsou asked.

"Yeah, investigation stuff. We can't really help it." Aizawa shrugged, "Kota, do you mind if he asks you some questions as well? You don't have to answer anything if you don't want to. It's about the training camp... and the... kidnapping..."

Kota flinched, hitting his elbow against table as he did so. He rubbed his arm, and stammered, "I ... I don't.... Can... can Izu be there too?"

"Yeah. We'll all be there unless Tsukauchi drives us out of the room. But given that most of us were there, or were involved somehow..." He eyed Yamada, who frowned back at him, "We'll probably be allowed to stay."

The click of a bathroom door rang out, and Midoriya peeked his head out, wearing shorts with his towel sitting in his mostly green fluffy hair as he tried to dry it, "Uh ... where are the bandages?"

Aizawa just made a move for his room and sighed, "Stay there."

But Shinsou and Kota had already caught sight of Midoriya. His chest was littered with scars that stood out against his pale skin,

stitches and scabs filling in any skin that was unblemished. Despite eating properly for the past few weeks before the training camp, his ribs could clearly be seen.

Shinsou and Kota looked at Midoriya, full of guilt. Shinsou grabbed at the hem of his shirt, fiddling with it nervously, and Kota rubbed at his arms.

"You two okay?" Midoriya asked, waiting for Aizawa to retrieve the bandages. The pro finally emerged, antiseptic and bandages in hand, and ordered Midoriya to sit.

Aizawa gently applied the antiseptic to Midoriya's unhealed wounds, watching him carefully in case he applied too much pressure and hurt him, but Midoriya just kept his gaze on the two kids he had practically adopted.

"It's not your fault, you know. Stop blaming yourselves." Midoriya gave a tired grin, as Aizawa started wrapping bandages around his torso. "It's ... not pretty, isn't it?"

Kota looked like he wanted to puke seeing the sheer amount of injuries that Midoriya had, and Shinsou glanced at the long scar that spanned from Midoriya's shoulder to his hip as it slowly disappeared under the bandages.

Aizawa remained silent. This was something between Midoriya, Kota and Shinsou. Midoriya got these scars to save and protect them. Aizawa wasn't anywhere remotely near them when his adopted kid was tortured to near death.

He had no right to say anything, and he buried the shame he felt at being a horrible parent, even if he had only been one or two months at maximum.

Aizawa moved on to Midoriya's arms, eyeing the fading bruises around his neck with concern. *That collar that Yagi reported had clearly done some lasting damage.*

Midoriya slipped on his shirt, and got off his chair. He stretched his arms open, "Come here."

Shinsou and Kota scrambled off their chairs, diving into Midoriya's hug while being careful not to aggravate anything else, and Midoriya wrapped his arms around them.

"It's fine, okay? We're all here."

It was like a switch had been flipped. The floodgates had been opened, and Shinsou and Kota were sobbing into Midoriya's chest.

"They said you were gone ... and I saw you fall.... And then..... I couldn't ..." Shinsou sniffled, wrapping his arms around Midoriya's neck.

"They.... They did that.... And.... you just...." Kota whispered, clutching at Midoriya's shirt, as if afraid that the second he let go, Midoriya would disappear.

"Don't leave... ever again... please... Izu..." Shinsou whimpered, burying his head in the crook of Midoriya's neck, trembling. Kota was quivering, his knuckles having turned white from grabbing Midoriya's shirt so tightly.

The stress of what had just transpired the past few weeks was finally getting to them. Shinsou's complete breaking down, Kota being forced to watch villains hurt the first person that he bonded with and no longer being able to trust the only people he had interacted with and took care of him, Midoriya's own recovery, panic attacks and the revelation that the quirks he had no say in receiving were actively affecting his own emotions and sense of perception, all of them were just like tightly wound up springs that would snap at any moment.

Midoriya ran his fingers through Kota and Shinsou's hair, tears forming in his own eyes as he tried to blink them away. He pulled them closer, and with his enhanced hearing, he could hear their heartbeats, beating erratically, pounding in stress and fear over everything that had transpired, and remembering what had happened, in relief, that everything was over, that they were safe, and most importantly, alive.

"I won't leave. I'll be right here, okay? I won't leave again."

His voice started cracking in the end, and Yamada pulled Aizawa away to give the children some space.

Aizawa let him do so without any resistance, his eyes glued on the three kids who were crying on the ground.

It was a really long time until the kids calmed down from sobbing their hearts out, and Yamada ushered them into the bathroom to bathe.

Midoriya was sitting on the floor outside the bathroom, holding a conversation with the kids even if they couldn't hear him very well with all the water splashing around.

They soon exited, with clean clothes, and after a few minutes of rubbing a dry towel through their hair, Midoriya found himself lying on his bed, Shinsou lying on his shoulder and Kota grabbing his other arm, as Aizawa shut the door, leaving them in darkness.

Aizawa sank to the ground outside their door, breathing heavily.

"Shou?"

Yamada made his way to Aizawa's side, squatting down and placing his hands on his shoulders.

"Shouta, you alright? If it's about the kids -"

"Izuku's just fifteen..." Aizawa started saying, "Kota and Hitoshi are six. They've just barely started to live..... And it's just been one tragedy after another in rapid succession. At this point, I'm just wondering what kind of terrible misfortune Midoriya will have to save this fourth child, that Todoroki keeps harping about, from."

"It shouldn't have happened. We can't do anything about it now. Izuku's trying to be strong for Kota and Hitoshi, the least we can do is be there for them too."

"Can't you see a problem here? That empathic quirk is a horrible match up for Izuku." Aizawa hissed. "This entire time, Izuku has

survived as a vigilante and as a student by not letting his emotions get to his head and affect how he thinks. Amplifying those emotions will make it harder for him to make decisions from now on given that it will take more effort to push them aside."

They fell silent.

"He doesn't even want the quirks. It's ironic, really." Aizawa sighed. "Izuku and Shinsou just want to be free from the prejudices that tied them down. Now, Izuku is being chained down by the very same thing that set him apart from everyone else."

They didn't know that Midoriya could hear them from inside the room.

Midoriya closed his eyes, and sighed.

Birds were free. They could fly. They went against gravity. Midoriya wanted to break free, to fly higher than everyone else even if he lacked a quirk.

He didn't want to literally be able to become a bird.

Midoriya let himself sink beneath the surface, exhaustion clouding his mind, sending him into a haze as he tried to process all his memories and thoughts. Midoriya didn't know how much time had passed until his brain finally decided that it was time to rest, and he relished in the silence his head was finally providing.

A scream tore through the air, emanating from one of the kids who was lying next to him.

Is where?

Kota was back there again.

The chains around his wrist, clanked against each other as he moved. He could see Kurogiri wiping the bar glasses, one by one, calmly talking to Iguchi about something. Dabi was napping at one of the tables in the bar, Toga grinning maniacally as she talked the sleeping villain's ear off. Shigaraki was staring at him weirdly, and Iguchi left the room.

No no no! Don't leave!

Dabi woke up, growled at Toga, before he stood up, pushing his chair backwards and stomped out of the bar, Toga grinning from ear to ear, yelling at him.

No!

Kota felt like he was trapped. He didn't necessarily like Iguchi or Dabi, but they were the only ones that never hurt them. They tried to help Midoriya whenever they could, and Kota knew that the only reason Midoriya hadn't died that day from whatever shit Shigaraki forced him to drink was because Dabi and Iguchi had saved him.

Neither of them were able to move much, the weight of the chains pulling them down, chafing against their raw skin.

He was leaning against Midoriya. He could feel his familiar heat, heat that was slowly dissipating, as Midoriya bled out slowly, agonisingly, sitting completely motionless as he tried to conserve his energy to protect him.

But he felt so cold. Much colder than Kota remembered. His hands felt like ice, and he didn't so much as twitch as Kota shifted slightly.

Kota trembled.

He was scared.

Midoriya had already risked his life for him battling Muscular. Now, he had done everything he had to protect him from these villains too.

We got out... right? All Might tried to save us... we got icky black stuff.... Then... I saw... Tiger ... and then Ragdoll.....

Kota's breath hitched.

Ragdoll.

He knew the real Shiretoko would never hurt him. Would never run the cool, metal blade down Midoriya's forearm, smiling creepily as blood oozed out of his wound.

The real Shiretoko was happy, bubbly, noisy, but she never liked to harm people.

But he didn't care anymore. Any of them could be a fake. All of them could be fake. All of them could just be pretending, pretending to care, pretending to be who they weren't.

And the second they lowered their guard, they would strike.

He couldn't afford to make that mistake again. Not he nor Midoriya.

There was one, and they learnt not to trust them. Neither Midoriya nor Kota let their guard down.

Then there were two.

There was only one of her, right?

So they took the chance, which resulted in Midoriya getting a knife lodged in his shoulder blade.

And then, there were three.

They couldn't all be her, after all.

They couldn't be more wrong.

Kota had run out of tears to cry when Shoji had last stabbed Midoriya in the chest, right under his lung, and Midoriya wheezed helplessly as he tried to breathe and lessen the pain.

Kota turned around. He needed to make sure that Midoriya was okay. Make sure that the only person that ever knew how he felt was okay. He needed to ensure that the only person who truly was a hero, to him, was fine, or as fine as he could be by being tortured by villains.

Midoriya was alive. Barely breathing. His eyes were half closed, as the metal collar hung limply from his neck. Blood oozed from his wounds, and Kota was really getting sick of the metallic scent that filled the air.

Kota pressed his head against Midoriya's chest, trying to listen for the faint thump of Midoriya's heart.

And there was a presence behind him.

He whirled around, and he saw Uraraka, Tsuchikawa and Sosaki, looking down on him as they smiled gently.

"Deku!" Uraraka grinned, bending down to get to eye level with him, "Hi Kota!"

Kota remained silent, grabbing Midoriya's arm as he glared at Uraraka.

"Kota, don't be rude." Sosaki bent down, reaching out for his arm, but Kota just shook her arm off and hissed at them.

"Don't be so stubborn, or we may just end up hurting him." Tsuchikawa's facial expression changed from happy, to creepy, her grin stretching out, her eyes glinting maliciously. She crouched down, and before he could even react, there was a knife lodged in Midoriya's abdomen.

She ripped the knife out harshly, making the injury even worse, and laughed as she watched Midoriya bite his lip in an attempt to stifle his cries of pain.

"Your blood looks so beautiful, Izu-kun!" She licked her lips, twirling the knife in her hand, and aimed at Midoriya's chest, before she shot forward again.

"No! Leave him alone!"

Midoriya's eyes snapped open, as he desperately tried to locate the source of the scream. Shinsou had shot up beside him, looking around wildly.

Midoriya's flames had blazed to life again, flickering white, before turning a dull shade of cyan as he squinted from the sudden increase in light intensity, as he tried to calm himself down and determine what had woken them.

Kota was curled up in a ball, his back against the wall. His hands were pressed against his head, as he shook violently, "Stop! Stop it!"

Midoriya carefully rolled over, sitting up, gripping onto Kota's arms before he could hurt himself by accident.

His eyes were closed.

"Kota. Wake up." Midoriya gently shook Kota, as Shinsou crawled over Midoriya's leg, reaching out for Kota.

Kota's eyes snapped open, as he breathed heavily, but even in the faint moonlight, Modoriya could tell he wasn't fully awake. His eyes were open, his pupils were constricted, as he shook violently like a leaf in a typhoon.

Midoriya carefully wrapped his arms around Kota, pulling him closer and away from the cold wall. Kota desperately leaned in, wrapping his arms around Midoriya's waist, and kept on repeating, "Stop, stop it! Leave him alone! Please stop!"

Shinsou wrapped an arm around the distressed child, and another around Midoriya, as the door was flung open.

The bang of the door slamming against the wall startled Kota, and

he snapped awake.

He clung tighter to Midoriya, terrified, as his eyes flickered around, trying to take in his surroundings.

We're safe. We're safe... we're not there anymore and WHAT NO NO NO -

The silhouette of the straight, parallel grills on the windows looked like the bars of the cell that he and Midoriya had been locked in, just the slightest bit of light seeping into the damp, cold, foreboding room.

It was dark, and he could barely make anything out, just like it had been in the cell.

Kota screeched again, flinging himself further from the window, burying his face in Midoriya's chest as he cried, ignoring the flames that Midoriya was emitting as he clung onto the older boy.

"We're there. Why are we still there? I thought we were free. I thought they saved us -"

Aizawa stomped into the room, as Yamada ran him behind him, rubbing his eyes, "Are you guys okay!?"

He caught sight of Kota clinging to Midoriya like a koala, rambling on as his voice hitched every now and then.

Midoriya and Shinsou panicked when the door was slammed open.

The door to the cell slammed into the bars, as Shinsou jolted awake, looking up to see the man who had a knife in his hands, grinning maliciously.

Midoriya snapped to attention, glaring at the man, his hand over the stab wound he had just gotten a few hours ago. He growled as the man squatted down in front of Shinsou, as the smaller boy pushed himself against the wall to get as far away from the man as possible.

Midoriya glared at Aizawa and Yamada, hissing at them as he pulled both kids against him, turning his body in a way that showed

that he was ready to attack if necessary, shielding the two kids away from the adults.

Shinsou was shaking, clutching Kota and Midoriya's tightly, as he tried bit his lip to avoid making any sound.

He sighed, "That was a dumb question. Of course you're not okay. I should have known."

Aizawa took a step closer, and the floorboards creaked.

Shinsou let out a whimper, and Kota curled up into an even smaller ball as Midoriya bared his teeth, his flames growing larger, warmer, turning from white to bright blue. The flames had spread to the bedsheets and pillows, setting them alight, but yet not burning them.

Aizawa took a step closer, "It's just me. It's fine."

He inched closer to Midoriya, and Midoriya cocked his head, observing the pro hero under the light of his fire. The fire grew stronger, brightening up the room.

Shinsou looked up when Midoriya relaxed, finally registering Aizawa as not a threat, as the flames shifted to a softer and calmer shade of turquoise.

Aizawa moved to sit beside Midoriya, as Yamada headed for the kitchen to boil some water. Kota tensed up, feeling the bed dip as Aizawa sat down, and pushed himself against Midoriya even more, gripping his shirt as he eyed Aizawa warily, not able to see him properly from his vantage point.

Midoriya wrapped his arms Kota, shifting him gently into a position that would allow him to make out who Aizawa was, illuminated by Midoriya's fire. Shinsou recognised Aizawa, but was still pressed against Midoriya tightly, right next to Midoriya, as he eyed Aizawa.

He finally recognised Aizawa, as relaxed, burying his face in Midoriya's shirt as he gasped for breath, sweat running down his forehead.

Midoriya rubbed Kota's back gently, and rested his chin on the smaller boy's head.

"Shh. Kota, it's fine. It's just Aizawa sensei."

Kota carefully averted his gaze, glancing at Aizawa, before all the tension leaked out of his small frame and he slumped against Midoriya like a broken rag doll, clutching at Midoriya's shirt like his life depended on it.

"I... I saw... Uraraka..... and Pixie Bob ... and Mandalay... and they...knife... and they... she..." Kota couldn't continue speaking as his breath hitched, and he cried, sobbing into Midoriya's shirt.

Midoriya knew what he was talking about, and gently patted his back.

"It's okay, Kota. We're safe. We're not there anymore. And I won't let them hurt us anymore."

Aizawa let them sit in silence, as Kota's sobbing gradually died down into sniffles.

"Do you guys want some warm water? I told Zashi to go make some." Aizawa asked.

"Yes... please..."

Midoriya sounded so miserable and worn out that Aizawa couldn't help but gently run his hand through Midoriya's hair, making the boy relax under his hand.

"Come on."

Midoriya coaxed Shinsou and Kota off the bed, and the tired trio of children walked out of the room slowly. Shinsou and Kota rubbed their eyes when they exited the room, the lights in the dining room blinding them.

Midoriya whimpered at the intensity of the light, and he stopped walking, hissing as he covered his eyes as his fire flared red in pain. He carefully made his way to the sofa, and plopped himself down,

rubbing his eyes as he tried to let his eyes adjust to the light. Kota and Shinsou climbed up next to Midoriya, as Yamada brought out a few cups of warm water.

Kota almost dropped the cup, as he greedily gulped down the water, and tried to shake himself out of the remnants of the nightmare. Shinsou had pulled his knees to his chest, holding the cup of water as he sat there like a statue, until he finally took a sip of water.

Midoriya carefully opened his eyes, and gratefully took the cup of water Aizawa gave him, trying to calm his nerves as he drank the water, his fire turning turquoise.

"I guess we should get a night light." Yamada scratched his head, "I'm sorry. We should have known.... You guys wouldn't recover from something like that so quickly."

Midoriya placed his cup on the floor, before laying down on the sofa, curled up so as to not accidentally kick the kids off. Kota leaned back, holding his cup, and rubbed his eyes, trying to make sure that what he was seeing was really real.

Shinsou crawled over to him and curled up next to the teen, and Midoriya wrapped his arms around Shinsou tightly. Midoriya shifted, and looked imploringly at Kota, letting out a squeak even though he was in human form.

Kota scooted closer, next to Shinsou, and Midoriya nuzzled them, before he looked at the door, his eyes half lidded with exhaustion. The light in the living room was bright, but somehow, Shinsou and Kota had already fallen asleep in Midoriya's grasp.

Yamada dimmed the lights, and Aizawa noted how Midoriya stared at the shadows cast by all the furniture warily, as if afraid that they would somehow jump out an attack him. He closed his eyes, and tried to exhale, but his body was still stiff.

Aizawa sat next to Midoriya, and leaned back into the sofa, ruffling Midoriya's hair. The tension left the boy's shoulders, as the flames flickered calmly, like candles in a breeze. He purred, and snuggled closer to Aizawa.

Yamada dragged his blanket out of his room, and carefully draped it over Aizawa and the three kids, before he slipped under the covers on the other side of Midoriya.

All five of them were huddled on the sofa, and it didn't take long for them to fall asleep.

The Heart Is

Aizawa snapped to attention when he heard a knock on the door.

Midoriya's eyes shot open, and he burst into white and red flames, glaring at the door and hissed as he shielded Shinsou and Kota with his arms, who were curled against each other, asleep.

"Who... is it?" Yamada blearily asked, as he stumbled to the door while half awake. He looked through the peephole, before he unlocked the door and opened it, revealing Tsukauchi.

"I forgot." Aizawa grumbled, scratching Midoriya's head, as the teen relaxed slightly and curled around Shinsou and Kota like a cat.

"Hey. I hope this isn't a bad time." Tsukauchi looked at Midoriya, who was looking at him wearily, and looked like he was about to doze off again, flames turning a gentle shade of light green.

Tsukauchi eyed the snow white streak of hair in Midoriya's hair with distaste. He did have some speculations about what the League had done to the teenager, but to actually see a bit of his hair turn white from captivity left a bad taste in his mouth.

"I told you to come at this time." Aizawa sighed, getting off the sofa. Midoriya let out a small whine, and Tsukauchi chuckled.

"Hi Tsukki." Midoriya greeted, as Tsukauchi replied, "Feeling better?"

"Yeah."

Midoriya sat up carefully, before he stood up, and stretched, as Aizawa exitted the kitchen with a cup of coffee. Midoriya plopped himself down on the floor, and asked, "So.. are you gonna interrogate us?"

"Yeah, but I don't want to stress you out or anything. Anything you don't feel like sharing, you don't have to, okay?"

Midoriya nodded, as Yamada got off his phone, and asked, "So you got the report from Nezu?"

"Yeah. I got most of it."

"So... uh... Midoriya, did they do anything to you?"

Midoriya frowned, "All for One gave me two quirks? And merged them into one? I'm not really sure... that's what I was told. Uh.... they chained me up and liked to hit me with stuff."

"Alright... how about your throat? Recovery Girl said it was horrible."

"I don't really remember." Midoriya admitted, "Shigaraki.... He shoved a bottle into my mouth and forced me to drink it, but I had no idea what it was. It was painful."

He grimaced, "Pretty sure it wasn't supposed to be edible though. If Dabi and Spinner hadn't saved me ..."

"Dabi? Spinner is Iguchi Shuichi... Is Dabi the one with black hair and scars?" Tsukauchi confirmed.

"Yeah." Midoriya nodded, before he froze up and shook his head.

"Sensei!" He screeched, waking the two two kids up. Shinsou and Kota startled awake, as Midoriya leapt onto the sofa and pulled them to his chest.

"Yeah, Izuku?" Aizawa asked, seeing Midoriya starting to panic.

"Please... Use your quirk on Tsukki." Midoriya asked imploringly, as his flames started turning white.

Aizawa didn't know what had gotten into Midoriya, but he still complied, and Midoriya heaved a sigh of relief when nothing happened, before he curled up and covered his eyes.

Tsukauchi cocked his head in confusion.

"Are you... okay?"

"I'm fine..." Midoriya sounded so tired, and Shinsou pat his head gently. "I'm sorry... I just..." He gulped. "They... Toga..."

He clenched his fist, and sighed, shaking, "Sorry. I.. I can't..."

Kota also looked visibly shaken when he mentioned that name, and shook his head, trying to shake the horrible memory out of his brain.

"It's alright, Midoriya. Don't force it out." Tsukauchi sighed, scribbling down the name Toga into his notebook. He'll need to look into her quirk.

"Is there anything else?" He gently asked, as Midoriya shook his head, curling around the two kids protectively.

"Ok. Uh... Izumi Kota?" He asked, and Kota shyly nodded.

"Is there anything else you want to add?" Tsukauchi asked, and Kota looked at him shakily.

"Izuku... didn't let them hurt me. Uraraka ... and Shoji ... and Asui ...and..." He choked, "Mandalay... and Ragdoll... and Pixie Bob..." He trembled, and Midoriya put his arms around Kota to comfort him.

"They... they hurt him." Kota managed to choke out, as he let Midoriya pull him even closed for a hug. Yamada, Aizawa and Shinsou could only look at them sadly, neither of them knowing what had really happened. Just thinking about it seemed to have shaken them up, and neither of them wanted to pry further, especially when it had only happened two weeks ago.

They'll tell us when they're ready.

Tsukauchi closed his notebook, and sighed, "Well, that's pretty much it. I guess I should go now?"

"Well, you can stay for a bit if you like." Yamada shrugged, "It's not like we're in a hurry to go anywhere." He stood up, and plopped down beside Midoriya, and pat Midoriya's head, calming the boy down so the entire sofa wasn't literally shaking.

He snapped his fingers, "Oh, yeah. Izuku, do you have any plans for the dorms?"

Midoriya frowned, "Not.. really. I don't know how big the room is."

"Well... any basic ideas, at least? We can go grab some stuff later." Yamada shrugged. "All of us need to move in, so we need to grab extra furniture as well since we're not moving all our stuff. At the very least, we can get you a bed for your room."

"Wait.... Where are Toshi and Kota gonna stay then?" Midoriya asked, and Shinsou and Kota looked up in alarm that they might be potentially separated from Midoriya.

"Well.... We didn't.... think of that..." Yamada said as he scratched his head, "Shou! Where the kids sleeping?!"

"I dunno, either with me or in Izuku's room. The teacher's room is pretty spacious, but Izuku's not allowed to sleep in there for no reason. Nezu's rules." Aizawa shrugged. "The kids can sleep anywhere they like."

"With Izuku!" Shinsou and Kota shouted loudly, and Tsukauchi couldn't help but chuckle as Midoriya snuggled the two younger boys.

"So... this entire family... all have different surnames." He stated.

"Does that matter? Family's family." Midoriya snorted.

"At this point, I'm pretty sure that Midoriya's the one that adopted them, and Aizawa is just the official guardian cause Midoriya's underage."

"No. Aizawa Sensei is the dad. I'm just the older brother who likes adopting people." Midoriya shrugged.

"And you're still calling me sensei outside of lessons."

"It's called respect."

Yamada snorted, "Ok, cool it Problem Child."

Tsukauchi's phone buzzed, and he picked it up, "Well.. I'll have to leave soon. We have a meeting over lunch."

"Even on weekends?" Kota asked, and Tsukauchi grinned, "Yeah. Well, I'm here now, right?"

"I thought it was more of an exception thing.." Midoriya mumbled, and Tsukauchi got up from his position on the ground, "Well, I'll get going now. Hopefully I won't have to see you again so soon for such formal matters."

"Same. Bye Tsukki!" Midoriya shot Tsukauchi a cheeky grin, but Tsukauchi could see the weariness in his eyes, the eye bags that stood out prominently against his pale skin, the tension that never really left his stance even as he looked relaxed.

He hissed mentally at the stark white locks tangled in Midoriya's hair, before leaving the house.

"So... plans? Movie? Or mall?" Yamada asked.

Midoriya just settled down on the sofa, looking like he was ready to take a nap.

"I can go out and buy lunch." Aizawa offered, "Izuku, think about what you want in the dorms."

"Fine." Midoriya sighed, and sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he carefully stood up, "But I need the dimensions of the room."

"Zashi can give you that." Aizawa shrugged as he grabbed his wallet and looped the capture weapon around his neck.

"You're going out in that?" Yamada asked incredulously, staring at Aizawa's pink sweatpants and his black shirt that had "Kill me meow!" on it.

Aizawa just looked at him.

"Yes."

Yamada and Aizawa just stared at the scribbles on the piece of paper.

"Are you... sure?" Yamada asked, "We can get all that. Are you gonna get Hatsume to help with the walls?"

"Yep!" Midoriya chirped, "I bet we can get it all fixed up in a few days!"

"I'll get in touch with Maijima." Aizawa sighed, "You guys better not blow up the workshop again."

Shinsou and Kota just laughed at the expressions on the adults' faces. The three of them had spent an hour planning what they wanted in the room, and they had given up on getting any furniture.

Nothing was up to Midoriya's standards, and he just decided to build everything on his own.

"So... I guess you have a plan for that already. You do need to think about your hero name before the licence exam." Yamada pointed out, "You should get your licence on the same day, should you pass, and your hero name will be printed on it."

"Oh." Midoriya sighed, "I never... really thought about it..."

"Really? No super embarrassing names made when you were seven?" Yamada grinned, "Any idea is better than none."

"I never really imagined I'll be in this position." Midoriya scratched his neck, and looked at the floor. "I wanted to be a hero, and I trained myself to be one... but I never actually thought that I would end up in the hero course and would need a name."

"Are you saying that if you.. never entered UA, never won the sports festival, or even if you won remained in general education, you would have just stayed as Akatani for the rest of your life?" Aizawa asked.

"Probably." Midoriya slouched, as Shinsou and Kota protested.

"It doesn't really matter, right?" Midoriya asked, "I mean... it's just a name. I don't want any attention.. I just want to help people. I wouldn't even need the licence to do anything if I didn't ..."

The rest of the statement remained unsaid, but the two pros and the two kids understood what Midoriya wanted to say.

As a quirkless person, Midoriya was practically immune to most of the laws that catered to the eighty percent of the population that owned a quirk.

But now, with a quirk that he was barely able to control, he needed to be much more careful with what he did.

"Just.. think about it." Yamada shrugged, "Worst case scenario, you just end up being called Broccoli as your hero name."

"Hey!" Midoriya protested, "I'm not a vegetable!"

"You're hair says so!" Yamada grinned, ruffling the smaller boy's hair as he whined.

Lessons had resumed as per normal.

Midoriya was with the rest of his class, though he was still tense with Shoji sitting all the way in front of the classroom, with Shinsou and Kota just hanging out near the Midoriya's table reading his literature books, even if they didn't understand it, while eyeing Shoji, Asui and Uraraka from time to time.

Then lunch came, and Midoriya immediately scooped the two kids up and made a mad dash for the Support Course building.

"HATSUME!" Midoriya yelled, as he ran into the Support classroom during lunch, "Help me make something!"

"What is it?!" Hatsume's eyes sparkled, as she took over the blueprints from Midoriya.

"Walls? For the dorms? And is that a closet? And all this is rigged

up? This is gonna be awesome! And it's padded! It's all automated!" Hatsume skimmed through the papers, "Alright! Let's get started! Five days, go!"

Maijima just sighed, as Shinsou and Kota took a sandwich out of their bag that Midoriya had packed, and munched on them as they watched Midoriya and Hatsume fiddle around with bits of metal and cloth.

"So... what are they making?" Maijima asked the two kids who were sitting beside him, "It's not some kind of weapon, is it? Aizawa didn't fill me in, but if he approved if it, it can't be that bad. But I am curious."

"It's walls!" Shinsou replied.

"And floors!" Kota grinned, and they laughed at Maijima's confused expression.

"Hatsume no! It will explode!"

"Can you do anything else with your quirks?" Aizawa asked, as Midoriya shifted between his bird and human forms almost effortlessly. His bandages were still on, and Shuzenji forbade him from doing anything too strenuous that might reopen his injuries. They were almost healed, but mental trauma and stress could reopen them, according to her, so they were trying to avoid anything relating to the kidnapping, and focussed on the quirks.

"What is it called?" Midoriya asked.

"What?" Aizawa raised an eyebrow, "What is what called?"

"The quirk. It's a mix of two quirks.. Right? So, what is it registered as?" Midoriya asked curiously, as he tried to transform slowly, his arms being partial wings and he had feathers sprouting out everywhere.

"I'm not sure. I'll ask Nezu." Aizawa shrugged, "Maybe just Flaming Turkey."

"I'm not a turkey and I don't think Nezu will name it something stupid like that." Midoriya snorted, as he stuck out his tongue and switched back to complete human form, and tried to focus on his arm.

"Yes!" He grinned, staring at his arm that was partially covered in feathers as the rest of his body remained featherless. He shook his arm a bit, and several stray feathers floated to the ground.

"Huh... that's weird." Midoriya frowned.

He picked up a feather, rubbing it between his fingertips. They were cold, and had some sort of shiny, metallic tint to it, but the feather was still very soft, even thought it was stiff. "Can I have a target?"

Aizawa called Ishiyama over, and in no time, where was a concrete wall standing in front of him. Midoriya drew a few crooked circles on the wall, and stood a fair distance away from it.

"Alright... let's see if this works."

Midoriya aimed at the target, and swung his arm outwards. Several feathers were dislodged, and they flew at the target, getting stuck in the concrete as they hit.

"Woah!" Shinsou stared in awe, as Kota just looked at Midoriya in wonder.

Ishiyama raised his eyebrow, "I... was not expecting that."

Midoriya willed his other arm to change, and shot out more feather from his left arm, though his aim with it was horrible compared to his dominant arm.

"Can you control the number of feathers you shoot?"

"Uh... let me try..." Midoriya swung his arm again, and this time, only two feathers shot out and lodged themselves into the concrete wall. "Well.. that's useful, I guess. I can do that with knives though." Midoriya grumbled, as his entire arm changed into a wing. This time, the feathers shot out a lot faster, and completely split the concrete block into two.

"That's some raw power right there." Aizawa noted, "You'll need to learn to control it."

Midoriya just nodded mutely, staring at his wing as it transformed back into his arm in horror.

"Any idea where Midoriya has been going during lunches?" Kaminari asked, "He hasn't joined us in ages."

"He's with the Support Department." Todoroki replied, as he ate mouthful of soba, "He's making something for his room, or at least that's what he said."

"Hey! Speaking of dorm rooms, let's have a competition!" Ashido suggested, "Best boy's room, best girl's room, and a bunch of other categories!"

"Yeah!" Hagakure grinned, although no one could see her, "Like how unique it is! Or for Kirishima and Tetsutetsu, how manly it is!"

"I have to say, I am curious about Midoriya's room though." Monoma commented, "Shinsou and Kota are going to stay with him, right? I wonder if his room will be slightly bigger for that."

"Probably not." Iida shook his head, "It's UA. I doubt the rooms will be that small anyways. But given that he is building something for it... I have to admit I'm pretty curious too."

"All the more reason to have a room competition!" Ashido cheered, as Tokoyami shook his head and sighed.

Not All Clouds

The weekend came surprisingly quick, given how many things were going on at once.

Midoriya had gone to see Inui several times, but each time he got agitated while trying to talk, he had burst into flames, which luckily, didn't burn anything. Shinsou and Kota were also supposed to meet with Inui as well, but Kota just glared at Inui as the pro hero tried to calm him down.

Each session ended with Aizawa having to coax Kota out from under Inui's desk, where he would hide whenever he got a panic attack. Shinsou liked Inui, but he didn't seem to be able to trust Inui with things that he would tell Aizawa about, and their sessions always ended with Shinsou getting agitated from being separated from Midoriya for too long.

They tried getting all three of them to talk to Inui at the same time, but at that point it just got way too awkward for anyone to say anything with all three kids just looking at each other, then at Inui awkwardly.

Heck, even Inui didn't know what to say when he saw Midoriya looking at him with a lost expression on his face as Shinsou and Kota sat on either side of him, grabbing his arms and looking at Inui blankly.

Aizawa just sighed as the job as the counselor was tossed to him again. He was the only one that the kids were really able to talk to, but even then, neither Kota nor Midoriya were really able to tell him what had really happened that had left them so shaken regarding Uraraka, Asui, Shoji, and the three other pro heroes.

Not to mention that there was that night that Midoriya had gotten cold in the middle of the night once because they kicked the blankets off, and he had woken up in the morning with Shinsou and Kota snuggled in his feathers as he found himself in his bird form.

"For now, I'm just glad that we're able to bring all the students back together again." Aizawa sighed, as he addressed all the hero course students with Kan by his side.

"We are only allowed to be here because of the teachers. When we watched the press conference that day, I thought we'd lose them, and it made me sad." Asui commented, "And then there's Midoriya..."

Midoriya looked like he was about to fall asleep while standing up. Todoroki gave him a light poke on the shoulder, and Midoriya woke up, blinking blearily.

"Now we're going inside. Let's have some energy." Aizawa turned around to walk into Heights Alliance, as Kan and Midoriya grumbled, "Says you, of all people."

"Each student dorm only holds one class, except for the hero course students, where we decided that it will be easier if both classes lived together. Girls and boys aren't really separated, and given that Mineta is no longer here, don't worry if the person living opposite or next to you is someone of the opposite gender. We don't really care as long as you aren't doing other stuff in there."

"Who's Mineta?" Kendo asked.

"A pervert. A horrible one at that. We don't mention him." Ashido snorted, "We don't even call him that anymore. We just called him creepy grape bastard."

Shinsou just pulled her arm, "Swear."

Ashido just looked at him incredulously, "Seriously, Shinsou?"

"Back on topic." Kan sighed, "First floor is the common area. Food, baths, laundry are all on this floor. Rooms start on the second floor, there are ten rooms on each floor. Everyone gets their own room. They are luxurious spaces with their own air conditioners, toilets, fridges, and closets. Your belongings have already been placed in your rooms, so unpack and get settled in. We'll tell you more about

what will happen from now on tomorrow. Dismissed."

"Izuku, all the stuff you and Hatsume made are in the room already, and everything else you wanted. Hatsume may come over later if you need help." Aizawa grumbled.

Midoriya grinned, and was about to join the others and make their way to their rooms, when Shinsou and Kota latched onto him.

"Hitoshi, stop! Kota, please, let go!" Midoriya whined as Shinsou grabbed onto his arm. Kota was clinging onto his leg, and Midoriya was having a hard time trying to move.

Ashido snickered as Shinsou shook his head and refused to move, until Aizawa picked him off Midoriya as Monoma helped him with Kota.

"Come on, let's set up the room!" Midoriya grinned, as he ran towards the stairs, with Shinsou and Kota hot on his trail.

"No running!" Iida yelled, but no one was really listening to him.

"I just hope he knows where his room is." Aizawa groaned, "It's on the fifth floor."

"Man... I'm exhausted..." Kirishima sighed, as he sank into the sofa in the dorms.

"Same. Moving everything around it tiring..." Tetsutetsu agreed.

"You finally done unpacking?" Sero asked.

"Yep!"

"I wonder where's Midoriya... he hasn't come down yet." Kendo looked at the staircase.

"Kota and Shinsou haven't come down either, kero."

"Maybe they're still fixing their room." Tokage said, "Didn't Hatsume

come over just now?"

"Yeah, but she left already." Monoma replied. "Maybe he just fell asleep or something. Given how he almost fell asleep before we even got in here..."

"How things ended up like this weren't great, but it's kinda exciting to live together, huh?" Kaminari grinned.

"Yep!" Komori smiled, as Iida spoke up, "Living together... This is also training to help us learn cooperation and discipline!"

"You're really going all out, huh, Iida?" Kirishima laughed, as Ashido ran down, "You guys done?"

"Yep! Well.. most of us. We're not really sure about Midoriya though." Kodai replied.

"Huh... Pony and I went past Midoriya's room just now... but it seemed quiet. We thought he was here with you." Kendo muttered.

"Well, we can still have the room presentation contest now, right?" Ashido grinned, "We can just knock on his door later."

"Do we really have to do this?" Kendo asked. "I'm not against it, but isn't it a violation of their privacy?"

"Well, we agreed to it already!" Kirishima laughed, "It will be really unmanly to just back out!"

"Eh! My room is first!?" Tsuburaba yelped, as Kaibara sighed and patted him on the head.

"Don't worry about it. It can't be that bad."

Ashido flung open the door, and they looked around, inspecting Tsuburabu's neat dresser, the posters of several pro heroes stuck on the walls, his folded sheets, as well as the bathroom.

"My room!" Tokage grinned, and opened her room door for the rest

of the students to see.

"Is this really alright?" Kirishima asked.

"Yep!" Tokage just stuck her thumb up and grinned, "It's all fine!"

The first thing they all noticed was a large tank. There was a lizard looking creature in it, and it looked up upon hearing the noise of the door being opened.

Tokage skipped over to the tank and carefully lifted the reptile out. It climbed onto her shoulder, and sat there, eyeing the rest of the students curiously.

"Is that an iguana?" Sero asked.

"Yep! This is Spiky! I got him as a birthday present two years ago!" Tokage grinned. She reached out for Sero's shoulder, "He won't bite! At least... he only does that to people he hates."

Spiky climbed down Tokage's arm, and carefully climbed off her hand onto Sero's shoulder.

Asui leaned in closer to take a closer look at the iguana, while the rest of the students looked at the rest of Tokage's room.

"You really like dinosaurs, huh?" Awase muttered, as he took stock of her dinosaur themed wallpaper, her bedsheets with baby dinosaurs on them, as well as the multitude of dinosaur plushies that sat all around her room.

"Yep!" Tokage took Spiky back from his perch on Sero, and carefully deposited him back in his tank.

"Ah... It's my room next, isn't it?" Sero scratched his head, as Hagakure pranced over to his room and flung the door open.

"Hey!"

"Wow!" Tokage grinned, "Not bad!"

"Asian!" Ashido laughed, as Uraraka giggled, "Lovely!"

"I didn't know you were into stuff like this." Jiro commented.

"Yeah! I honestly thought his room will be all memes." Honenku added.

"Yup! That's me! Always expect the unexpected!"

"To be fair... I think that role will go to Midoriya." Kirishima spoke up, "Next thing we know, his room is a bird's nest!"

"Next room! Ojiro!" Hagakure yelled, as she raced to Ojiro's door and pushed it open.

"Wow! It's so normal!" Ashido cheered, as Kendo walked in and poked his bed.

"How do you even sleep with a tail? You can't lay on your back, can you?" She asked.

"Yeah. I can only sleep face down or on my side." Ojiro admitted, before shrugging. "I never really slept on my back before so I can't really compare."

"True. Having a tail must be rather inconvenient, especially when you were growing up." Rin commented.

"No, actually. I knew how to use my quirk apparent. It's more like... an extra limb. I'm not sure about Shoji, but I just had to train my tail like it was an extra arm. I kinda just... instinctively knew how to use it?"

"Ahh! Makes sense! Like a monkey!" Kaminari pointed out.

"Hurry up! I want to sleep!" Bakugou spat out.

"Fine!

"Next is me!" Hagakure cheered, "What do you think?"

"Well.. there certainly is a lot of pink..." Kuroiro mumbled. "And bright."

"It's like a normal girl's room!" Kaminari grinned.

"It's my turn now!"

Aoyoma gleefully led the students into his room. It was sparkly, and it even had a disco ball hanging from the ceiling. A suit of armour sat in a corner, as mirrors reflected the lights all over the room.

"So bright!"

"No no! Not bright! Dazzling!"

"I'm not sure what I really expected." Yaoyorozu smiled sheepishly, "It does suit him though."

The next room was Iida's.

"Wow! So many books!"

"That's the class rep for you!"

"There is nothing strange here!" Iida eagerly spoke up.

"So many glasses!" Uraraka picked up one of Iida's spares, before bursting out in laughter.

"What's wrong with that?! I expect them to be broken during our intense training!" Iida retorted.

"I'm next.. right?" Shishida asked, and pushed his door open. His room was actually pretty similar to that of Iida's, except with a lot less books, fewer pairs of glasses, and several posters of pro heroes like All Might, Kamui Woods, and Hound Dog lining his walls.

Kodai's room was next, and she shyly opened the door for the others to see.

The first thing that caught their attention was the variety of matryoshka dolls that lined her shelves, arranged from the largest to the smallest.

"Oh! Just like your quirk, right?" Tetsutetsu grinned, "That's super

manly!"

"Thanks.... I just... kinda liked them as a kid... and you are right about them being similar to my quirk of enlarging and shrinking objects..."

"Alright! Last room on the second floor!" Komori cheered, "Kamakiri!"

"Fine. Just... don't scream." Kamakiri sighed as he opened the doors.

Koda screamed.

In his room, there were frames hung on the wall, containing insects and bugs ranging from centipedes to butterflies.

Ashido curiously inspected the small critters, as Asui licked her lips.

"Please don't. They've been dead for quite some time. You may get sick." Kamakiri said as he pulled Asui out of the room.

Hagakure bounded into the lift with several of the other girls, and the boys sighed and took the stairs.

"It's too late for this...." Awase yawned, as they made their way to the third floor, where the girls were already waiting.

"Bondo's room, huh?" Monoma muttered, as Komori didn't even wait for him to give her permission to enter his room before she barged in. They all admired the small, delicate plastic models that decorated his room.

"That's so cool! Did you use your glue to fix any of this?"

"No." Bondo shook his head, "They were made to be fixed like this, without any glue or tape."

"Man, this looks so cool!" Kirishima gushed, "You're so manly!"

Hagakure and Ashido literally had to push Tokoyami out of the way

of his room door, and when they finally did so, Ashido hastily flung the door open.

"So black! Scary!"

Tokoyami's room was almost completely dark, save for some eerie purple torches, and his dresser was covered in skulls.

"Oh! I bought this keychain in middle school!" Kirishima exclaimed.

"Really, me too!" Tetsutetsu grinned.

"Get out!" Tokoyami roared.

"Uh...." Kuroiro was also trying to protect his door, but again, Komori, Hagakure, and Ashido were able to push him out of the way, before throwing his room open.

His entire room was painted black, with eerie green candles lighting up the room barely. Voodoo dolls sat on his dresser, and his closet was filled with black shirts, with skull designs.

"Damn. You two are pretty similar." Honenuki commented, "But I suppose this isn't a surprise at this point."

Kuroiro, with the help of Tokoyami, pushed the students out of his room, and Komori flung open her room door.

Her room was filled with a variety of mushrooms, growing from pots sitting on the floor, hung from the walls, or sitting on her table.

Yanagi's room, compared to the others, was relatively plain, being very similar to that or Ojiro's.

Sato's room was equipped with all sorts of cooking utensils, an oven, and a variety of ingredients that were all stashed away in his fridge.

"Oh, yeah, that reminds me! I have a cake that's baking right now! I'll bring it up to the fifth floor later, go on without me." Sato stated.

Rin's room was filled with dragon figurines, and there were several posters stuck on his wall with, according to him, famous chinese sayings, but none of the other students present were able to read chinese, so they just took his word for it.

Fukidashi's room was filled with mangas, as well as a dictionary, and many comic books with folded pages and coloured tags.

"Hey, they just remind me what kind of onomatopoeias I can use!"

Shoji's room was... empty, containing just a small table and a mattress.

"There's nothing interesting here."

"Nothing interesting!?"

Awase started looking around for any secret compartments that Shoji might have stashed his stuff in, before Kaibara dragged him out for being a nuisance.

"Well... I didn't know you were a minimalist." Todoroki said.

"Well... I never really liked having a lot of things." Shoji shrugged.

"Next is Jiro's room!" Hagakure cheered, and pushed her room door open.

"Woah! There's so many instruments!"

"Jiro's a rocking girl!"

"Can you play all of this!?" Tsunotori asked.

"Well... the basics..." Jiro shyly replied.

"It's not girly at all. I approve! So manly!" Tetsutetsu stuck his thumb up in approval.

"Now, onto the fourth floor!"

Asui's room was unsurprisingly water themed, her bathtub filled to the brim with water already. Fake clouds were stuck on her walls, and she had a large jar of water babies sitting on her desk, as well as several framed photos of her and her family hung all over the room.

Koda's room was animal friendly.

"There's a rabbit! It's adorable!" Uraraka gushed, as she and Ashido rushed at the animal, gently stroking it. The rabbit ended up nibbling on one of Shiozaki's vines, as the rest of the girls started fawning over the rabbit.

"It's not fair to have a pet." Kaminari grumbled, "You're doing this on purpose!"

Awase's room was relatively simple, with a bed, table, and video games lying around, as well as a multitude of tools such as hammers and screwdrivers.

"Man, Midoriya would love you." Kaminari commented. "Pretty sure if he broke a screwdriver he'd be coming here to get one."

Kaibara's room was also relatively simple, but there were a multitude of beautiful pictures hung all over his room.

Shoda's room had several posters heroes like All Might, and other heroes that specialised in hand to hand combat. He also owned a pair of boxing gloves, that he admitted he had never used before.

Honenuki's room was also relatively simple, like Ojiro's.

"There's nothing interesting here." Honenuki admitted, "Next."

A punching bag sat in the middle of Tetsutetsu's room, with manly posters littering his walls.

"It looks like it will rank around the second for a room you don't want your boyfriend to have." Hagakure commented.

"Hey! Your taste is just like mine!" Kirishima yelled, and he fist bumped Tetsutetsu.

"Who wants to bet that Kiri's room looks exactly like this?" Ashido asked.

"Just shut up, Pinky." Bakugou rolled his eyes.

Kirishima's room was exactly like Tetsutetsu's.

Bakugou flung open his door harshly, and everyone could see his All Might posters, as well as some cooking books.

"Okay, you extras done? Done." He slammed his door shut.

"Well... My room isn't very interesting..." Uraraka said sheepishly. Her room was plain, with just the bare necessities like a bed, a table, a small television and a fan.

"Now! The fifth floor!"

"Well.... I might have miscalculated. While yours are all filled with originality, mine became a little cramped."

"A little cramped is an understatement...." Kamakiri sighed.

"What happened!?" Kaminari gawked at the size of her poster bed.

"Well... it's just the furniture that I was using... but I didn't think the room would be that small..." She muttered.

"Small? Just how big is your house?" Awase asked.

"My closet is around the size of the room." Yaoyorozu sheepishly replied.

Uraraka fainted from shock, as the rest of the students gaped at just how huge Yaoyorozu's house must be.

Tsunotori's room was filled with anime posters.

"What is this... anime?" Yaoyorozu asked.

"Oh my god." Hagakure gaped, "Momo, once we're done here, we're

watching anime."

"It's Todoroki's room next, right?" Yaoyorozu asked.

"Hurry up and get this over with. I want to sleep." Todoroki sighed.

"Woah!" Tokage gaped.

"Eh!?" Tsuburaba exclaimed, "A japanese style room!? Why is it so different from ours!?"

"We have tatami at some, so I can't relax on flooring."

"Who cares about why!" Sero yelped.

"Oi, was your room made differently?" Awase asked, and Todoroki shook his head.

"How did you remodel it in a day?!" Kendo asked, incredulously.

"I worked hard."

"What is up with you!?" Awase sighed, as they moved to the next room.

Kaminari's room was filled with random stuff. A multitude of hats, a framed shirt, posters, and several video games were strewn on his desk.

"It's so gaudy!"

"Did he just use anything he could get his hands on?" Kendo asked, as Shiozaki carefully used her vines to move the basketball lying carelessly on the ground to a corner.

"What? Isn't it great?"

Shiozaki's room was filled with religious artifacts that no one else understood the meaning of, but they just respected that she was religious, and didn't say anything about it.

Until Kaminari cluelessly asked why there was a figure of a man nailed to a cross, and Jiro stabbed him in the ear with her earplugs

for being insensitive.

"My room!" Ashido cheered.

Ashido's room was also pink, like Hagakure's just a much darker shade.

"Wow!"

"Isn't it cute?"

Kendo's room was filled with small plastic figures of motorcycles, as she gleefully introduced each brand of motorcycle to the rest of the class, along with how powerful the engine was, their colours, and other special features.

"I have a feeling when she becomes an official hero, she'll be zipping around on a motorbike." Monoma commented.

Monoma had a variety of comics in his room, as well a large bookshelf with notes on how to use quirks of different types and possible ideas on how to combine them.

"Deku is fucking contagious." Bakugou grumbled.

"Last room! Midoriya's!" Ashido raced to Midoriya's room.

"Hey, shouldn't we at least knock first before barging in?" Kendo asked.

"Kota! Get down! No! Toshi! Stop! Don't make me climb up there to get you down. Kota, just stay down there! I need to test something! Hitoshi! Get back here!"

"Sounds like he needs help." Hagakure mumbled.

"I think the kids are just over excited, kero."

Monoma gave the door a sharp knock, and Midoriya's voice rang out, "Hold on! Coming! Kota, stop!"

It took several minutes for Midoriya to come to the door, nudging

the door open as he grabbed Shinsou and Kota by the collar. Asui, Uraraka, and Shoji made sure to stay near the back of the group so as to not startle them, ready to use their quirks at a moment's notice.

"So... what's going on?"

"Room Competition!"

"Eh? We were having something like that?" Midoriya asked.

"Yeah. You were with Hatsume during lunches... I guess no one told you." Monoma replied.

"Oh... okay." Midoriya shoved the door open, "Just give me a second. I'm pretty sure Hatsume messed up the programming."

"Programming of what - Midoriya what the?! How!?" Kaminari screeched. Monoma's jaw dropped when he saw Midoriya's room.

Midoriya's room consisted of an elevated platform, thirty centimeters off the ground, and his walls seemed to be padded as well. There seemed to be several extensions sticking out of the wall, with soft, padded ropes hanging off the ends.

They couldn't tell if it was just a floor though. There were pillows, cushions, a few bean bags, as well as blankets strewn all over the place.

Midoriya whipped out his laptop, and hooking it up to his phone, and groaned, "I knew it. Hatsume, why?"

He clicked a few times on his laptop.

"There we go. Table is fixed, upper deck is fixed. Uhh... hold up..... There we go."

Midoriya slammed his laptop shut.

"Done!"

"What table? What upper deck?! IS THAT A BEAN BAG!?" Kaminari

screeched.

"Yep!"

Midoriya kicked away the pillows in the middle of the room, before he hopped off the platform.

"Let's see if this works."

He flipped a switch on the wall, and they all heard a faint whirring noise.

A portion of the platform was rising, supported by a lone stand in the middle, leaving a hole in the middle of the platform.

At least, the table made sense.

A/N More Shitty art, and no, those are not nooses, they are footholds for Izuku to climb up and down.

[image]

"The heck? Deku!? When did you have time to make this!?"

"Hatsume helped a lot!" Midoriya protested, as Kota and Shinsou laughed at the dumbfounded faces on the rest of the students.

He tapped his phone a few times, as the table sank back into the floor.

"Alright! Phone sync works!"

Half the students were still staring stunned at Midoriya's room.

"Hey, what's the upper deck thing?" Kirishima asked, "That sounds really manly!"

Midoriya pressed another button, and the walls above the extensions slowly folded outwards, until they rested on the extensions, creating another platform that hung over the original.

"It's all padded too!" Midoriya grinned, as he grabbed hold of the padded ropes and pulled himself up. "Everything is completely baby

proof."

"Hey!" Shinsou and Kota yelled in indignation.

"I didn't say you were babies. You guys practically admitted it." Midoriya snorted.

"Izuku!"

Shinsou and Kota pathetically attacked Midoriya, which was literally just Shinsou clinging to Midoriya's leg and Kota latching onto Midoriya's arm.

It was then the students realised that Shinsou, Midoriya and Kota were wearing matching hoodies.

"What kind of hoodies are you wearing? I've never seen that type around?" Jiro asked.

Kota released his hold on Midoriya's arm, and the three of them pulled their hoods up, before doubling over in laughter as their classmates grew slack jawed.

"Is that ..."

"Aizawa sensei hoodies?"

"Yep!" Midoriya grinned.

"I've never even seen merch of Eraser Head before..." Yaoyorozu muttered, as she started searching it up on her phone.

"Izu made em!" Shinsou grinned.

"Does.... Sensei know about them?" Kirishima asked.

"He knows. You should have seen the expression on Dad's face when he first saw us in it at six in the morning." Midoriya laughed.

"Wait... Dad?" Jiro caught on to the word.

"Midoriya, spill!" Komori yelled, "What secrets are you hiding!?"

"Uh.... Aizawa Sensei... kinda adopted us?"

"Secret love child."

"Todoroki! Shut up! You already knew about it! What does that even mean!?"

Iida sighed, "Todoroki, he already misunderstood that statement once, stop confusing him."

"How do you even misunderstand that?"

"You guys are horrible!" Midoriya snorted, before he cracked his knuckles. "Is my room the last or are there more rooms?"

"Your room is the last." Kendo nodded, "I guess we should just head down and tally the votes."

"So... any other reason why your room is so freaking complicated?" Kaminari asked.

"Well... there was once that I woke up in my bird form on the bed... and birds don't lie down and sleep... so I thought having perches would help, also for climbing around, exercise if I need, and extra platforms would be fun." Midoriya shrugged. "I also have sprinklers in case I set something on fire by accident, as well as spare parts stashed the closet and bathroom, my tools are in a waterproof box under the sink, and I made it elevated in case of water clogs in the bathroom."

"Man, you really thought this through, huh?"

"Deku's a nerd. Why wouldn't he?" Bakugou snorted.

"Kacchan, you sleep at ten at night, while I barely sleep at all. And you call me a nerd?"

"DEKU DIE!"

"No! No killing Izuku!" Shinsou and Kota yelled.

"So! We have the best girl's room, the best boy's room, and the most unique room!" Ashido grinned.

"I think we all know who won the last one." Monoma muttered, glancing at Midoriya. There was barely enough space on all the sofas in the common room, and Midoriya was just perched on one of the armrests of the sofa like a bird as Kota and Shinsou sat next to him, eyeing the three students warily, but generally just sitting there and listening.

"Isn't that position uncomfortable?" Kodai asked.

Midoriya looked up from his phone, "Not really?"

"Alright! Vote!" Ashido procured a box out of nowhere, "Midoriya, you're not voting cause you practically didn't see anyone else's room."

Midoriya just shrugged.

The students wrote their votes on a piece of paper, and tossed it in the box. It took Ashido, Komori, and Hagakure a few minutes to tally up the votes.

"Alright! Kendo won the best girl's room! And Midoriya and Todoroki are tied for the best boy's room. Midoriya won the most unique room hands down."

"Wait, I won?" Midoriya pointed at himself, and cocked his head in confusion.

"Obviously. No one's room is as extra as yours."

"My room isn't extra though?" Midoriya frowned, "What does that even mean? The statement doesn't even flow grammatically."

"Midoriya, have you been living under a rock this entire time?" Kaminari asked.

"No? I lived in a house?" Midoriya frowned, confused.

"Oh my god, Midoriya, keep up with the times!" Sero screeched.

"Do you know what memes are?"

"A what?"

The entire common room erupted into chaos.

Aizawa and Kan walked into the common room as the students were yelling. Aizawa took one look at what was on the television screen, which was a vine, and sighed.

"What's going on here?"

"Midoriya doesn't know what vines and memes are. So we're educating him?" Awase hesitantly replied.

"A what?"

"Oh my god, it's genetic. It runs in the family."

Kan and Aizawa just blinked at the kids, confused, before it finally clicked.

Aizawa glared at Midoriya.

"You told them?"

"It slipped out by accident!" Midoriya protested.

Aizawa sighed, as Midoriya stretched and stood up, "I'm going to go back and sleep first, okay?"

"Yep!" Ashido grinned, "Your room is so extra, I'm pretty sure it was tiring to set it up!"

"You never explained what that meant."

"Izuku, I swear, if you actually did add a mechanical remote controlled defence system, I'm not sure whether to be amazed that you and Hatsume actually managed to put it all together in a week, surprised that you actually did."

"Uh...." Midoriya avoided Aizawa's gaze, and scratched his head sheepishly.

Aizawa just sighed.

"Just go sleep, problem child. I'm pretty sure you barely slept a wink this week."

"Okay, you grouch." Midoriya laughed, and dodged Aizawa's capture weapon, before he scooped Shinsou and Kota up and ran for the stairs.

Aizawa just sighed again, and shook his head.

"Are those the same Eraser Head hoodies that Midnight and Mic keep talking about?" Kan raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, though I wonder when he had the time to make a third one for Kota." Aizawa groaned.

Have Silver Linings

"So... can you fly?"

Midoriya cocked his head, before switching into his bird form smoothly, flapping his wings experimentally.

He was up in the air with one powerful flap, and he stayed in the air for a few seconds, before he dropped onto the floor again.

It didn't take him long to get used to being able to hover in the air, and flying in general was difficult for the boy. But after a few training sessions he was able to control his new powers, and was able to speed up, do basic loops, and other sorts of tricks, but he wasn't able to do delicate and complex maneuvers without making himself dizzy or crashing into something.

"So... any reason why you seem perfectly capable of flying?" Ishiyama asked, "That quirk is new. I honestly thought it would take more time for you to learn how to fly."

"Oh... I saw Hawks on television once when I was ten and tried to make myself a pair of wings..." Midoriya sheepishly scratched the back of his head, "I looked up stuff about air resistance and thrust and aerodynamics to try and figure out how to make it work despite my own weight and how heavy metal was. I did do a few trial runs with a paper and plastic version, but I never really got around to flying... just gliding around. I figured that it was similar."

Aizawa ended up inviting Hawks over to UA to help teach Midoriya how to fly properly.

He didn't have much of a choice. None of the teachers knew how to fly, and Midoriya watching bird videos wasn't helping.

Hatsume had started joining in on the training sessions, practising how to use her gear in a fight. Maijima had to restrain her before she started blowing up the entire building, but overall, she was

doing pretty well.

If all things went smoothly, all forty kids would end up with their provisional licences.

But they probably won't.

"I have compiled all the evidence."

Everyone stared at Todoroki as he said that, despite the fact that they were watching the news, as he walked down the stairs to the common room.

Todoroki pulled a corkboard out of nowhere.

"Kaminari said that Midoriya's third child will have white hair based off his hair colour in relation to Kota and Shinsou. Taking in their similarities to Aizawa Sensei as well, I have also concluded that the child will have long, white messy hair. Midoriya has two kids so far and they're both male, and Shinsou mentioned that they have too many boys. Considering that we have thirteen girls and twenty six males, combining our classes together and not counting Hatsume or the teachers, the male to female ratio is two to one, thus, it is likely the third child will be a female."

Todoroki pointed to a section of the corkboard as everyone else gaped at him.

"People with white hair, going by the pigmentations, should either have white eyes because most people have eyes that are the same colour as their hair, or red eyes due to albinism. But white eyes reflect all colours of light and they would not be able to see anything, so her eyes are unlikely to be white. Taking into account we have thirty three students with visible hair and eyes for comparison, twenty students have different hair and eye colours, making it likely they do not have white eyes either. Midoriya has green eyes, Shinsou has purple eyes, and Kota has black eyes which can be made from mixing up different colours. To balance it out, she's likely to have orange eyes, which would be considered red.

Bakugou has ash blonde hair and red eyes, so it is possible for her to have white hair and red eyes without having albinism, like him. We have also seen Midoriya and Aizawa with red eyes before, therefore this is plausible."

"Is it possible for something to sound like it makes sense, yet seem completely ridiculous and nonsensical at the same time?" Kendo whispered to Yaoyorozu.

"I'm surprised it's Todoroki who came up with this, and not Kaminari or Ashido, for one." Yaoyorozu replied.

He pointed to a new section, before continuing.

"Given that amongst the twelve girls in our classes, not counting Hagakure for obvious reasons, we have three people with curly or wavy hair, assuming that Shiozaki's vines are considered straight. We also have four people whose hair colour is not the same as their eyes, and the only ones that overlap in both groups is Ashido and Tsunotori. Both of them have horns, so it's likely she had horns as well."

"That is the dumbest thing I've ever heard, IcyHot! Are you brain damaged!? Did that shit ass flaming heap of trash dad of your roast your brain!?" Bakugou snarled.

"My brain is working perfectly fine, thank you for your concern." Todoroki said, pointing to another section.

"Midoriya's quirk is an emotional fire quirk, and a bird quirk. Shinsou's is a brainwashing quirk, and Kota's is a water quirk. Therefore, we have a transformation quirk, and three Emitter quirks. Given that his dad is also an emitter type, I'd say it's pretty likely that she will have an emitter quirk."

"I think he has a few screws loose." Uraraka whispered to Iida.

"Therefore, in conclusion, Midoriya's third child will be a female white white, messy hair, red eyes, probably a horn, with an emitter quirk. Thank you." Todoroki finished, before he turned around and headed back to his room.

"Uh.... okay? That was.... Really random..." Awase muttered, as he flipped to the paused the Mario Kart game that he was playing with Kaminari, Kirishima and Jiro, before Iida insisted that they watch the news.

"Where is Midoriya anyway?" Yaoyorozu asked.

"I think he's taking a nap." Monoma replied, "He almost walked into a wall when he came in just now. I think he has trouble sleeping."

"Is there homework?" Everyone turned around to see who it was, and they just stared.

Midoriya looked horrible. He was horrifically pale, with his dark eye bags standing out prominently. With his messy hair looking like a bird's nest and wearing an oversized shirt as he staggered into the common room, Midoriya looked like he had literally crawled into a hellhole and back.

"Dude, are you okay? You look horrible!" Tetsutetsu asked, as Awase paused the game again.

"No he is not! Go sleep!" Kota yelled as he ran down the stairs.

"I need to do my homework." Midoriya groaned as he reached up to cover his ears, "Sorry, can you turn it down? It's really loud."

"Uh... Midoriya...." Kirishima turned to the paused screen, before turning back, "There's nothing playing. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Iida, what's the homework?"

"Midoriya, while I do applaud you for being conscious about school work, in your state I do not think you should be focusing on work. I advise you to please get some proper rest." Iida replied.

"I tried to sleep already!" Midoriya groaned. "I just can't. I just need something to do."

"You're going to crash at this rate." Uraraka spoke up, completely forgetting that poor Midoriya was still jumpy around her.

Midoriya snapped to attention, before he spun around and attempted a roundhouse kick as his body burst into heated red flames. Sero managed to pull her away in time, before Midoriya processed what he had done.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry, I-"

"It's fine." Uraraka replied, as Midoroya shook his head, trying to stay awake.

"Shinsou, brainwash him." Bakugou ordered.

"I tried already!" Shinsou protested, "Every time I do so, he wakes up after like, ten minutes!"

"Should we get Midnight to knock him out?" Sero whispered, as Iida tried to convince Midoriya to sleep, only for the green haired boy to protest that he was trying.

"I think he likes getting his hair ruffled." Monoma spoke up, "He fell asleep once when Shinsou did it."

"On it!" Ashido raced over, and gently stuck her hand on Midoriya head, but the boy just flinched and tensed up, before turning around, "Ashido?"

"It's not working." Ashido called out.

"We can tell..." Tsuburaba muttered.

Komori tried to do it, but Midoriya didn't seem to react to it. He actually seemed to tense up even more as she tried to run her fingers through his hair.

"His hair is really soft, though."

"You extras! This is how you do it!" Bakugou roared, and ran his fingers through Midoriya's hair gently.

Midoriya immediately relaxed, as his blinked blearily, "Ka... chan?"

"Sleep, you dumb nerd." Bakugou snorted, as Midoriya let out a

squeak that sounded like a purr, before he finally passed out like a light.

Bakugou caught him in time before he crashed into the ground.

"What now?"

"I believe you should bring Midoriya back to his room." Iida replied. "Bring Kota and Shinsou up with you."

Bakugou just snorted, cradling the ridiculously light boy and made his way to the lift.

"Fucking idiotic nerd." He cursed under his breath, soft enough so that Kota and Shinsou couldn't hear him.

"So.. the locations of the tests are finalised." Aizawa announced. "All of you, go to bed early. I don't want any of you to be tired in the morning before the exam."

The students cheered, save for Midoriya.

Midoriya looked like he was close to passing out on the spot.

"Izuku? Izuku!" Aizawa tapped the boy on the shoulder, and Midoriya jolted to attention, "Haii...? Aizawa Sensei?"

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine... just... tired..."

"I told you to sleep properly, right?" Aizawa sighed.

"Nerd can't sleep!" Bakugou growled.

"It doesn't feel right, okay?" Midoriya grumbled.

"Izuku, what do you mean, doesn't feel right."

Midoriya frowned, "It feels like something horrible is going to happen tomorrow."

"Well, then make sure you sleep so that we can deal with it if it does happen." Aizawa sighed. After Midoriya and Monoma's encounter with the hand obsessed villain called Shigaraki at the mall, Aizawa was not going to ignore whatever instincts that Midoriya somehow had.

"I try! I even went to Recovery Girl to see if she had anything to help me sleep. She gave me some stuff that helps induce sleep but that doesn't seem to work either." Midoriya grumbled. "Sero even got Midnight Sensei once to make me sleep but it was horrible."

Aizawa sighed.

"Just... try, okay? Also, we need your hero name."

"Oh." Midoriya yawned, "I was thinking Obscurity, the Mystery Hero? Since I'm an unknown and unpredictable factor in pretty much everything. First thing that popped into my mind."

Aizawa stole a glance at Maijima, Yagi, and Ishiyama. Neither of them had any complaints, and Aizawa just shrugged, "Okay. Obscurity it is. Nezu might want to change that title though."

Midoriya blearily stumbled off the bus as he stretched, his joints popping. He kept a tight grip on his case with his hero costume, as Kota and Shinsou clung to him, as if they could also feel the tension that Midoriya felt.

Aizawa kept an eye on his problem child as he glanced around warily, as if expecting something to happen.

"Eraser? It's you, isn't it, Eraser?"

Aizawa's face immediately twisted into a scowl as he turned to face the source of the voice.

"I've seen you on TV and at the sports festival, but it's been a while since I've seen you in person!"

"Ms Joke?" Midoriya raised an eyebrow, "She seems like the kinda

person you would hate."

"Let's get married."

"No."

Fukukado burst into laughter, "No? Good one!"

"You're hard to talk to as usual!" Aizawa sighed.

"If you marry me, we can make a happy family with never ending laughter!"

"A family like that can't be happy."

"You two seem close." Asui spoke up.

Midoriya flinched.

Fukukado noticed the mostly green haired boy's reaction, but brushed it off, "Our agencies used to be close together! In our cycle of helping and being helped, our mutual love for each other bloomed and -"

"No it didn't."

"I love your quirk retorts! You're so worth teasing, Eraser!"

Midoriya was getting pretty annoyed with Fukukado at this point. The lack of sleep, as well as his agitation, were really not helping. Shinsou and Kota were hiding behind Midoriya, as the rest of the students watched the exchange with interest.

Aizawa sensed the poor boy's agitation, and turned to face him.

"Izuku, calm down. It's fine. This is normal." Aizawa sighed, and turned back to Fukukado, "Since you're here, that means -"

"That's right! Come here, everyone! It's UA." Fukukado turned around, as a group of students walked up behind her.

Midoriya turned to face the batch of incoming students, and growled.

"Izuku?" Kota shielded himself from view completely, as the students got closer.

"I didn't know you had kids, Eraser."

"They're adopted. They're technically his." Aizawa shrugged, "You doing okay, Izuku?"

"Blood. I smell blood."

Aizawa turned back to the incoming students, narrowing his eyes.

"Oh! It's the real thing!" A black haired male exclaimed.

"Wow! That's amazing! I've seen them all on TV!" The blonde female beside him patted his back.

"Ketsubutsu Academy, second years, Class 2!" Fukukado announced, "They're my class, please be kind!"

"They seem friendly enough." Hatsume grinned, "This looks fun!"

"Don't let your guard down." Midoriya hissed, "We're all fighting for a bunch of limited positions. They may act nice now, but they're not pushovers, especially since they're second years."

He eyed the boy with blue skin, and the tired looking boy with long black hair warily.

The black haired boy ran up to Midoriya and grabbed his arms, but Midoriya just flinched and pulled his hands away on instinct as he stared at the boy weirdly.

"I'm Shindo! This year, UA has had a lot of trouble, so it must have been tough! But even so, you're all aiming to be heroes like this, huh? That's wonderful! A heart of of fortitude is what I believe all heroes from now on should have!"

"Yeah! Plus Ultra!" Kaminari and Kirishima cheered, only for another student to barge into their group in the middle of the cheer.

"PLUS ULTRA!"

Todoroki looked up at the student who had joined in the cheer.

"You shouldn't just barge into other people's huddles, Inasa." A male with dark purple hair spoke up.

Midoriya tensed up even more, much to Shindo's confusion, as his eyes flicked between the two students from Ketsubutsu Academy, and the blonde female standing next to the purple haired student, and he growled.

"Oh no! I am very extremely sorry!" Yoarashi stood straight, and bowed down, his head smashing into the ground as he apologised.

"What's with this guy trying to get by with just his enthusiasm!?" Kaminari yelped.

"Wait! That uniform! It's the famous school in western Japan! Shiketsu High school!" Jiro exclaimed.

"I just wanted to say it just once! Plus Ultra! I love UA high school! I am very honoured to be able to compete against UA students! I'm looking forward to it!"

"Yoarashi Inasa. Wasn't he one of the recommendation students that turned down his acceptance?" Midoriya raised an eyebrow, as he kept his eye on the blonde from Shiketsu.

Her eyes flashed from dark brown to yellow, then back to dark brown.

But he could smell blood.

Not just from Yoarashi, but from her as well.

He was positive it was her, and eyed the other two males from Ketsubutsu.

Three.

Shindo was confused as to why Midoriya was so jumpy and wary of everyone, before it finally clicked.

"Wait! You're Midoriya Izuku! You won the Sports Festival despite being in the General Education course! That means you transferred in! You also experienced being the center of the Kamino incident and -"

Midoriya gave a particularly harsh growl to that statement, making Shindo flinch.

He did not want to remember Kamino. Not being forcefully given a quirk, not the torture, *not his friends hurting him -*

"Okay, that was probably the wrong thing to say! Sorry!" Shindo apologised, raising his hands and backing away.

Wasn't his hair completely green during the Sports Festival? What had happened for him to have a white streak?

"Hey, wasn't Midoriya Izuku the one that got kidnapped?" The blonde asked.

"Well you would know, wouldn't you, Toga!?" Midoriya hissed, his eyes glowing with anger as he turned to face the blonde from Shiketsu, as Kota completely tensed up at the mention of the name.

Transform

Fukukado and Aizawa froze up at the mention of the name.

They knew that name. One of the few female members of the League of Villains.

Aizawa hissed. That was the name Midoriya spoke of. The one that tormented him the worst. The one that he could never speak of without freezing up, or curling up in a ball, shaking.

"Toga? What do you mean, this is Utsushimi Camie." The purple haired student retorted, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Before anyone could even react, Midoriya shot forward, nailing Utsushimi right in the chest. She gave a yelp, and they tumbled to the ground.

Shindo blinked.

Holy hell, he was fast.

"Hey! Leave Camie alone!" Yoarashi yelled.

"Oi, Eraser, control your kid!" Fukukado yelled, as she herded her students away from the Shiketsu students.

Aizawa promptly grabbed hold of his capture weapon, and stood in front of Shinsou and Kota protectively.

"Aren't you going to do anything?" She growled.

Aizawa was up grading papers, and Midoriya had ended up falling asleep in the common room sofa. No one had the heart to move him, so they just let him sleep there as Kota and Shinsou were curled up next to him.

He heard a faint whine, and he put his pen down to check on his problem child.

Midoriya shot up, sweating, as he pressed his hands against his head, purple flames dancing on his shoulders as he hyperventilated. He reached up, scratching his neck, as if he was expecting something to be there.

"Izuku. Calm down." He grabbed Midoriya's shoulder firmly, pulling his hand away from his neck before he could injure himself in his panic. Shinsou and Kota barely stirred, but they snuggled closer to Midoriya.

It wasn't just Midoriya who was having trouble sleeping. Shinsou had ended up napping in the classroom at random times, while Kota just fell asleep at random times, staying asleep for several minutes, before snapping awake.

He hated how all his kids were suffering, and he was unable to do anything to help.

"Sensei, I keep seeing Toga... and they keep... they keep..." Midoriya sniffled as latched onto Aizawa's arm. "She... they..."

"It's okay. You're safe here, Izuku. No one can hurt you while you're here."

Midoriya just looked at him with a haunted expression on his face.

"What if they're her? What if she's here and I don't know?!" Midoriya rambled on, "What if they come when I let my guard down and -"

"Shh. Don't worry about it, Izuku."

Aizawa pulled the distressed boy in for a hug, as Midoriya clung to him like a lifeline.

"Not when she's the one who has been plaguing his mind for the past few weeks." Aizawa hissed. "The poor kid barely sleeps anymore because of her."

Utsushimi pushed Midoriya off her, before she asked, "Hey, I low key have no idea what's going on, fam?"

"Stop pretending! I know it's you!" Midoriya growled, jumping away from her.

"Sensei!" He turned back, ever so slightly, his emerald green eyes practically begging Aizawa to help him.

Aizawa trained his gaze on Utsushimi, as she stood up, as his hair flared up and his eyes turned red.

Grey liquid started dripping off her, and Midoriya instinctively took a step back, hissing at her. Her Shiketsu peers stared at her in horror as Utsushimi's face melted off, revealing the twin buns, those gleaming yellow eyes, and the sharp canines glinted in the sunlight.

Toga grinned maliciously, "Ne, you're pretty amazing, Izu-kun!"

Midoriya gave her a harsh growl.

"Honestly, I didn't think you'd recognise me so quickly!" She giggled, "Are you mad at me? How cute!"

"Izuku, step aside!" Aizawa growled, but Midoriya just hissed, "After what you did!?"

"I already called for backup." Fukukado announced, "Traffic's heavy. Gang Orca should be here soon."

Kota let out a whimper, and hid behind Aizawa, but that caught Toga's attention, as she cooed, "Oh! It's the cutie!"

"Leave him alone!" Midoriya spat out, as he kept his gaze trained on Toga, while still keeping wary of the Ketsubutsu Academy students.

"Wait.. what!?" Yoarashi yelped, "You're not Camie!?"

"Ne, Izu-kun!" Toga grinned, ignoring Yoarashi completely, "Remember Twice?"

The blue skinned male and the boy with long hair from Ketsubutsu Academy shot forward.

"Eh!? Toteki? Makabe?! What are you doing!?" Shindo yelped, as Fukukado tried to pull them back, only for them to dodge out of her reach as they rushed in Midoriya's direction.

Midoriya swiftly dodged Toteki's attempt to tackle him, before he leapt up in the air, and swiftly kicked Makabe off balance, causing him to crash into Toteki.

"That's three! Sensei!" Midoriya called out, as Toga rushed him again, a knife in her hand.

Midoriya just dodged the stab attempt, slamming his foot into Toga's side, as she dodged. Makabe and Toteki tried to attack him, but Midoriya just dodged them and kicked Toteki in the face.

"Ne, Izu-kun! You looked so much cuter all covered in blood!"

Aizawa instantly activated his quirk once again, and Makabe and Toteki's forms melted away, revealing two more Toga's.

"Two more?!" Kaminari yelped, "Why are there three!?"

"EH!?" Shindo yelped, "Wait, what's going on!?"

"Shit! We had villains under our noses this entire time!?" Fukukado growled, before turning to the three Togas.

"If they're here, that means the real ones are missing too!" Midoriya called out, glaring at the villain and her clones, "We need to find them!"

"No, no, no no no..." Kota started mumbling, as Shinsou attempted to comfort the other boy. Bakugou and Todoroki stood in front of the two boys, as Yaoyorozu and Kirishima scooped them up. Shoji, Uraraka, and Asui had moved up, all the students forming a protective circle around the two younger boys.

"Midoriya! Kick her ass!" Hatsume yelled.

Midoriya snarled at the three Togas, baring his teeth.

The one in the Shiketsu uniform was the girl. That's the real Toga, the other two are probably clones, oh god what if Twice cloned himself and made more Togas and -

"You know, that look of betrayal on your face whenever we did that

was priceless!" Toga grinned at him, as Midoriya snarled at her.

"You look angry, Izu-kun! Was it because of little old me?"

Midoriya took a step back, as the Toga in the Shiketsu uniform was covered in the same grey liquid, solidifying into a perfect copy of Uraraka.

"Deku-kun!"

No emotions. Push them aside. Once I use this stupid quirk, I'm done for. Screw quirk usage laws. Actually, screw that damned villain for forcing a quirk I can barely control onto me.

Midoriya swallowed his emotions, as the two Togas in the Ketsubutsu uniforms were swallowed up in the same liquid, turning into Asui and Shoji.

"No... way... Is that why..." Uraraka stammered, as Shoji looked at his clone in shock.

"No wonder he was so scared of us, kero."

"Stop using their faces!" Midoriya snarled. Angry red and black flames were starting to dance on his shoulders, but he hastily squashed his emotions to put out the fire. He didn't live six years quirkless and abiding by the law doing vigilante work only to be caught using a quirk he wasn't supposed to have by accident.

"That look! It's so much more expressive than it was when we caught you! Oh dear! We ran out of blood?" The Toga who had transformed into Uraraka melted back to her usual look, "Well? How about hers?"

She transformed once more, until a copy of Sosaki was staring back at them.

"We barely had enough of your friends blood for this..." The fake Asui huffed, melted back into Toga, before transforming into Tsuchikawa, "Thank goodness Magne and Spinner managed to get a lot of hers too!"

The fake Shoji melted back into Toga, before turning into Shiretoko. "We have a lot of hers, though."

Kirishima just wrapped his arms around the shaking Kota, as he stared at the copies of his guardians.

No wonder he freaked out.

Shindo could only stare at the villains donning his friends' uniforms, in utter shock as the faces of the Wild Wild Pussycats stared back at him.

All this time... he had thought they were the real deal. That they were the ones he had trained with, that he had befriended. He spared a glance at Nakagame, who had a horrified look on her face, the faint expression of betrayal lacing her features.

If Midoriya hadn't singled them out... how long would they have been fooled, interacting with a complete stranger, while their friends were trapped somewhere unknown?!

Midoriya kept his eyes trained on the fake Sosaki.

Keep your emotions out of this.

"Sensei, the Mandalay one is real. The other two are probably clones. Can I kill them?"

"Izuku, stay away from them." Aizawa hissed.

Midoriya made a mistake.

He turned to look at Aizawa, not noticing the Shiretoko and Tsuchikawa copies lunging at him, blades in hand.

"Watch out!" Yoarashi yelped, as the air whirled around his hands in his agitation.

"Inasa, we can't use our quirks. It's against the law." The purple haired boy hissed.

"But, Shishikura -"

Midoriya whirled around, activating the blade on his bracer, catching one of the blades that the Shiretoko copy possessed, and expertly twisted it out of her grasp. He dodged the other Toga's slash, before he jumped into the air, dodging Shiretoko, twisting into a crouch. He dashed forward, activating his other bracer, catching the Tsuchikawa clone off guard.

"He's wearing his support gear!?" Sato asked.

"Of course. He's flipping paranoid!" Bakugou growled.

"I got the kids. My quirk won't help here." Fukukado yelled, "Eraser, help him - "

"Who cares if your quirk is helpful or not?!" Midoriya yelled, as he kicked the Shiretoko copy away. "You're a hero, are you not!? Stop thinking about quirks like they're so important! If you can't do anything without a quirk then you're not a good hero!"

Midoriya spun around, and Aizawa growled, "You sure Mandalay is the real one? Duck!"

Midoriya ducked down as Aizawa leapt over him, lashing the Shiretoko clone with his capture weapon, before delivering a powerful smash to her face.

The Toga clone disintegrated into brown goop.

"One down." He growled, before the Tsuchikawa copy decided to wreak havoc elsewhere, and ran off.

"Hey!" Midoriya was about to run after the copy, but Aizawa pulled him back.

"Stay with the group! I got her!"

Sosaki melted back into Toga.

"Well, there's not enough. That's not fun!"

Midoriya just turned on his heel, and hissed at her. Toga just grinned, before turning around and lunged in the direction of the

students.

Fukukado tried to intercept her, but Toga just kicked her aside, before jumping at Shindo, "Hey! You look similar to Izu-kun! I bet you'll look pretty if you bled!"

"Leave them alone!" Midoriya screeched, managing to use the time Toga wasted dispatching Fukukado to catch up, and slammed into her. They tumbled to the ground, as Toga pushed herself up and slashed at Midoriya.

Midoriya just dodged. He twisted, jumped, feinted, before managing to block one of Toga's knives with his blades.

Shindo stood there, stunned.

She had come that close to just stabbing him.

Midoriya shot forward, catching one of Toga's knives, as they parried. Blade for blade, Midoriya watched Toga closely, his emerald eyes glinting, as he sidestepped a stab attempt and kicked Toga in the side.

Fukukado realised that even though she was a hero, she was utterly useless in this situation.

This is out of my league. I specialise in making villains laugh and taking advantage of that distracted state to knock them out. They're too fast, too precise, not making a single mistake in their movements. If I intervene, it may just distract him.

"Hey... we can't just let him fight, can we?" Shindo asked.

"Use your quirk and you'll be arrested." Sero spoke up, "Unless any of you specialise in weaponless close combat quirkless fighting..."

Midoriya let out a feral roar, and shot forward, aiming a slash at Toga's arm, causing her to drop her knife.

Midoriya was hit by a sudden wave of exhaustion, and he stumbled. He managed to catch himself before he fell over, and he shook his head, trying to shake off the sudden feeling of being tired.

Toga was at a loss. She knew she couldn't beat Midoriya. Without any backup, with at least thirty other students and pros, once she lost her disguise, she was vulnerable. But she couldn't back out. If she ran, Midoriya and the heroes would definitely catch up to her.

But the other kids were a whole different story. Bakugou and Todoroki, especially, were strong, but they couldn't use their quirks unless Fukukado gave them permission to. She just had to hold out until Kurogiri came to pick her up.

"You know, seeing you fight, I can definitely understand how you managed to bring Stain down, if you can fight like this even when you're exhausted!"

"Tch."

Midoriya clicked his tongue at the comment, and grabbed Toga's arm as she tried to attack again. Toga attempted to stab him in the eye, and Midoriya ducked out of the way, releasing her in the process.

Toga made a dash for Shishikura, who just growled and stuck his hand up threateningly. Kota gave a screech as Toga drew closer to the group, and Kirishima wrapped his arms around him protectively.

"I said, leave them alone!" Midoriya growled, as he released his aura, one that he had used so many times in the past to protect himself and Shinsou.

The pressure rolled off him in waves, crashing into everyone like a tsunami, as they stood there, frozen stiff.

Toga couldn't move. After what felt like a lifetime, her instincts flared up, as she looked backwards, only to find Midoriya grabbing her arm, spinning on his heel and slamming her into the ground.

"Tormenting Kota wasn't enough!? You still want to go and hurt other people!? You listen here," Midoriya spat, "You hurt my kids, or anyone else, you go after them, or you do anything that makes them uncomfortable, I will hunt you down, and I will *make you*

regret that you ever saw and kidnapped Kota."

Midoriya felt the air shift, and he looked up,hissing as the familiar misty portal opened up a few metres in front of him.

"Kurogiri!" Midoriya hissed.

A figure leapt out, and jumped back on instinct, as he trained his eyes on the new fighter.

"Spinner?"

"Him too!?" Ojiro called out.

"Midoriya doesn't look so angry though, kero." Asui noted.

"Oh? It's you?" Iguchi looked at him, as he helped Toga up.

Midoriya had no idea what to say. Be angry for helping Toga? Thank him for trying to help him while he was kidnapped, and for taking decent care of Kota before he was saved by the heroes?

"Uh...-"

"Listen up, brat!" Iguchi hissed, taking out his oversized bundle of blades, "The only one who's putting me in jail is you, so you better get your stupid licence!

"Eh?"

Toga gave a grin, before transformed into Uraraka one last time, and lunged at Midoriya again.

"Toga, get back here! That's enough!" Iguchi yelled out, but Toga didn't listen, "The other heroes are gonna get here! We need to go, now!"

Midoriya gave a yelp in surprise at the sudden transformation, his exhausted brain unable to keep up, and barely managed to dodge Toga's blade, getting a small scratch across his cheek.

Midoriya froze, as his breath hitched.

"Ne, scared, Deku-kun?"

Midoriya wearily looked up, the collar sitting around his neck, his wrists rubbed raw from the cuffs, as he ignored the stinging sensation in his shoulder, where a blade lay. He wrapped his good arm around Kota, as Uraraka's face stared back at him.

But her kind, energetic gaze wasn't there, replaced by a malicious grin.

"You're so cute covered in blood!"

Midoriya felt sick to the stomach, and his heart rate jumped up, but he forced himself to hold in his nausea and his panic attack as he trained his gaze on the villains.

Not now. Not with her around.

A wave of air rushed through the air, as Toga dodged the hypersonic waves from Sakamata.

"Alright, villains!" Sakamata growled, as the students parted for him to pass.

"Dammit, Toga!" Iguchi hissed, as he harshly grabbed Toga's arm as her disguise dripped off her, and pulled her into the portal.

"Oh! Also, sorry for letting Facepalm dump battery acid down your throat!" Iguchi called out, as he jumped into the portal himself.

Sakamata stood between Midoriya and the portal, eyeing it as it grew smaller, until any trace of the purple mist was completely gone. The air around them was tense, until Midoriya took in a sharp intake of breath and fell to his knees, trembling as he wrapped his arms around himself.

Sakamata turned around, eyeing the boy who was shaking like a leaf in a tornado, as he gasped for breath, before carefully walking over to him, "Are you okay?"

He recognised him as the boy who was kidnapped, and his heart went out to the poor kid who had to encounter the villains that had kidnapped him just two months prior. He needed to be careful.

Tsukauchi had mentioned that during panic attacks, the boy was prone to attacking, and he didn't want to do anything that might set the boy off.

He bent down, and crouched in front of Midoriya, unsure how he would react, and carefully, slowly, reached a hand out in front of Midoriya, "Hey, Midoriya, right? You doing okay there?"

Midoriya stopped shaking, and rubbed his wrists, before looking around him. He finally looked up at him, his emerald eyes burning with anger as he snarled, "Where is Kota!?"

Relief

Aizawa lashed his capture weapon around the fake Toga, before reeling her in and smashing her face in a few times.

She disintegrated into goop, and Aizawa sighed in relief.

Two clones, gone. With Fukukado present, and Midoriya somehow having snuck his older support items on without anyone noticing, and being the best in fighting quirkless, he had no doubt they would be able to deal with Toga.

He was worried about Midoriya's mental state, but it was going to take some time for him to make his way back to his students. He had chased Toga a pretty lengthy distance, and he also needed to look out for the two missing Ketsubutsu and the lone Shiketsu students who had been replaced.

"Eraser, right?" A voice in an alleyway rang out, and Aizawa turned around so quickly, he nearly got whiplash.

"You!" Aizawa snarled, "Dabi. I remember you."

"Don't worry. I'm not here to wreck shit." Dabi smirked. He had a hood over his head, but Aizawa could recognise those cyan eyes anywhere. "How's Midoriya doing?"

"Why the heck should I tell you?" Aizawa growled.

Dabi rolled his eyes, "Damn. I wish my dad was half as caring as you."

Aizawa raised his eyebrows at the comment, not taking his eyes off the villain.

Dabi turned around, "Come on. You beat Toga's clone, right?"

"I smashed it to goop. Now, tell me what the heck do you want or I'm gonna do the same to you."

"Jeez. Chill, Eraser. You want those kids back, right? The ones that are missing."

"What, you're just gonna give them back?" Aizawa snorted.

"Yeah. We don't need em anymore. Plus, no doubt Midoriya is worried about them." Dabi shrugged, "Just, follow me. And don't fucking try to arrest me, or I will burn you and the kids."

Aizawa cautiously followed behind Dabi, as he led him through several alleyways, but his instincts told him that Dabi was telling the truth. He was only returning the hostages because of Midoriya.

Dabi gently pushed open a door, and to Aizawa's surprise, he found Utsushimi, Toteki, Makabe all lying on the ground, all bound up and gagged, but over all okay.

Dabi dragged them over to the door, before harshly dumping them outside, right at Aizawa's feet.

"Here. Your stupid little kids. Now scram."

Dabi slammed the door in Aizawa's face, and Aizawa just blinked, confused as to what had just happened, before bending down and releasing the three students from their bindings.

Sakamata jumped backwards, as Midoriya stood up, looking around him as if searching for something, or someone. His eyes rested on Sakamata again, and he growled, as if blaming him for something, "Where is my kid!?"

"Your.... what?"

Shinsou was trying to wrestle himself out of Yaoyorozu's arms as he strained to get close to Midoriya. Kota was shivering in Kirishima's grasp, trying to cover his eyes. Shinsou tugged at Yaoyorozu's uniform, and she put him on the ground.

Kota gave a squeak as Kirishima moved.

"I want Izuku..." Kota cried, curling up even smaller than before. Shinsou was also getting nervous and jittery, and he hurriedly grabbed Kirishima, and dragged to the front of the group.

"Wait! Don't get close!" Sakamate yelled at the kids, and Midoriya growled at the hero.

"You want me to put him down?" Kirishima asked.

Shinsou didn't reply, and just tugged on his arm, making Kirishima put Kota down on the ground. Shinsou pulled Kota to his feet, and dragged the shaking boy to Midoriya.

"Izuku!" Shinsou yelped, and Midoriya whirled around, laying his eyes on the two kids. Kota looked up, and both kids raced forward to Midoriya, who had kneeled down on the ground to scoop them both up. Midoriya wrapped his arms around Kota and Shinsou, pulling them tightly into his chest, before nuzzling them.

"You guys are okay... you're okay..." He murmured, before remembering that Sakamata was still behind him. He turned around, and growled, "You leave my kids alone!"

"But I didn't... do anything?" Sakamata slowly walked backwards, away from Midoriya. Kota just clutched Midoriya like a lifeline, while Shinsou looked at Sakamata weirdly as he wrapped his arms around Midoriya's neck.

"Izuku?" Aizawa walked forward, with Utsushimi, Makabe and Toteki behind him.

"Makabe, Toteki! You guys are okay!" Shindo yelled, waving his hands, as Inasa rushed forward to check on Utsushimi.

Midoriya looked up, and shrieked, grabbing Shinsou and Kota tightly and and activating the blades on his shoes.

"Which one of you is Toga?!"

Aizawa moved forward, "I smashed the clone already. Don't worry about it." Midoriya let him get closer, and Aizawa rubbed his fingers through Midoriya's hair, causing the teen to melt. He sank to

the ground in exhaustion, and Aizawa supported him to ensure he didn't injure himself, or the two kids by accident.

"Twice can make two clones at a time..." Midoriya murmured, "What if... what if he clones himself..."

Midoriya fell backwards, landing on his butt, as he gasped.

"What if there's more? What if Twice clones himself and then clones her and then there's more Togas and -"

"You don't have to worry about that."

A hooded figure jumped down from the top of a roof, and Sakamata turned around. Midoriya perked up to peek at the man as Aizawa glared at him.

"Dabi. I thought you would have left already."

Dabi merely let out a chuckle.

"Don't worry. I'm not here to burn down anything. As you can see, there are no trees."

Sakamata growled at him, "You're in the League of Villains."

"Yes. I just came to say some things. First off, I wouldn't have returned your little students if he wasn't the kind of person to worry about people he doesn't even know."

Aizawa raised his eyebrow, "So?"

"Dabi! What are you doing here!?" Midoriya asked the hooded figure. Shinsou growled at him, but Kota just looked at the taller man with confusion and gave him a hesitant wave.

Dabi snorted, "Well, glad to see your throat is doing well after Handy Man literally poured acid down your throat."

Midoriya flinched back, and shook his head, trying to shake the memories out of his head.

"Oh, sorry. Sore topic."

"What do you mean, acid?" Aizawa snapped, as Sakamata stood protectively between the students and the villain.

"Mr Hero! The lizard guy mentioned something about battery acid before he left with the blonde, if that helps!" Inasa yelled out, as their teacher tried to ask Utsushimi if she was okay.

Aizawa looked like he wanted to murder Shigaraki.

"To be specific, it was car battery acid." Dabi added unhelpfully.

Midoriya looked utterly sick to the stomach. He turned even paler than before, and he swallowed the saliva in his mouth, "I ...what?!"

Scratch that. Aizawa wanted to strangle Shigaraki, chop him to bits, have Yamada yell in his ears until they bleed, mince him up before throwing his bruised and battered parts of Enji to burn.

"Yeah." Dabi shrugged, "Well, you seem okay now, your little hostages are back, uh.... Oh yeah. Don't worry about Toga and Twice. Both clones are already smashed, the real Toga is back with us. And Twice is scared of duplicating himself for some dumb reason, and I have no idea how Toga managed to get her hands on so much of the heroes' and your classmates' blood for them to keep on stabbing you."

Aizawa just growled at him, and Midoriya turned even paler, if it was even possible.

"Well, you better get that dumb licence or I will hunt you down." Dabi smirked, before another purple portal opened up, "I'll see you guys around. Oh, Shouto."

Todoroki stared at Dabi, as the villain grinned, and stuck his middle finger up as he walked through the portal.

"Tell Endeavor he's a huge piece of shit for me, won't ya? I have a lot more choice words for that flaming bag of trash, but there are kids here and you little overprotective motherly broccoli would get mad at me."

The portal shut once again before anyone could say anything, and Todoroki cocked his head in confusion, "How does he know my dad is bad?"

Midoriya slowly steadied his breathing, and clutched Shinsou and Kota in relief.

"No more Toga... no more Toga..." He nuzzled Kota, who buried his head against Midoriya's neck, "No more fakes."

"Are you sure we can trust him?" Aizawa raised his eyebrow. Dabi seemed sincere about returning the students, but why would he reveal Bubaigawara's weakness?

"Dabi.... He won't lie... at least... for no reason..." Midoriya sighed, as he leaned forward, clutching the two kids tightly. He looked up at Aizawa, and Aizawa saw the most genuine smile that he had seen on Midoriya's face in a long time. His eyes were no longer clouded by fear, and for the first time in what seemed like an eternity, Midoriya's posture was completely relaxed, as the tension left his shoulders.

Aizawa stood up, and sighed, "Well... at least we don't have to worry about Toga then."

Midoriya released Shinsou and Kota in order to stand up, though the latter still latched onto Midoriya's leg tightly, as Sakamata surveyed the situation. There were no major injuries, the three kidnapped students were safe, and the only student who engaged with the villains was Midoriya.

Their statements would have to be taken, and he would have to ask Fukukado why she hadn't intervened, but as far as Aizawa, Hawks, Hakamata and Nishiya were willing to spill, Midoriya knew not to use a quirk in battle, walking just barely on the line of vigilantism.

The fact that his records also show that he used to be quirkless, despite getting one from All for One, and the fact that he was using old support items that were used again Akaguro, probably also cemented the fact that he knew how to handle villains without using one.

There was also the thing about him being kidnapped by the League before, trauma, getting tortured, and holding a personal grudge, though Sakamata couldn't really figure out Dabi, who seemed to like Midoriya for some odd reason.

Aizawa dug around in his bag, and fished out a small bag of gummies.

"Here. Recovery Girl packed some energy gummies in case you crashed again before or during the exam."

A cheeky grin made its way onto Midoriya's face.

"Sensei, you can't give kids drugs."

Aizawa just blinked, confused, before he pinched the bridge of his nose and exhaled, "I can see that you're feeling better."

"I'm not wrong though. Sugar is pretty addictive."

Midoriya just laughed, managing to get Kota off his leg, before making his way back to his friends.

Uraraka reached out to check on Midoriya before anyone could stop her, and to their surprise, there were no more flinches. No more instances where Midoriya would freak out and attack, no more instances where Midoriya would look at her with terror, as if expecting her to attack any moment.

He gave her a soft smile.

"I'm fine. We're fine. She's gone already. All of them are."

Licence Exam

A/N

Ok. Announcement. This fic will have some pairings, as seen in the updated tags.

-Tokage x Sero
-Todoroki x Yaoyorozu
-Kaminari x Jiro
-Ojiro x Hagakure

IDK if I want Camie x Bakugou, but I'll deal with that later.

"I don't mean to be rude..." The teacher in charge of the Shiketsu students said, "But I believe we're going to be late for the exam."

Aizawa whipped out his phone, and Fukukado did the same.

"Crap."

"Don't worry about it." Sakamata reassured them, "Your students were kidnapped by the League, and from Midoriya's reactions, and previous reports, I believe that this was a targeted attack on Midoriya. They won't be able to hold the exam anyway until we sweep the area. It shouldn't take too long."

"Thank goodness..." Fukukado sighed, "Luckily, we came early. Otherwise, we might have missed the entire thing."

Sakamata made his way into the building, motioning the three schools to follow behind him as he did so.

"Man.... after that... I feel really bad about our plan of attacking him..." Shindo sighed, "Facing a villain is one thing, but having to fight the very villains who kidnapped him?"

Nakagame nodded, "To be fair, he was the ones that alerted everyone to them being fakes."

"I'm sorry..." Toteki apologised.

"Don't worry about it." Fukukado pat his back. "Just calm down."

In the end, the Provisional Licence Exam had been pushed back by two hours. The students from the three schools were required to give their statements, as Pro Heroes surveyed the area to ensure that it was villain free.

It didn't take too long, though. Several passers-by had caught the entire thing on cameravideo, and the only ones they really had to go in depth to interview was Makabe, Utsushimi, Toteki, and Midoriya.

And Midoriya seemed to have some sort of realisation while answering questions, because he ran out of the room and nearly had a panic attack.

"Woah! Midoriya, calm down!" Kaminari yelped, as Midoriya panted and looked at the three students who were kidnapped as they were being fussed over by their own classmates.

"I'm so sorry!"

"Uh... what?" Makabe muttered.

"Look, fam, we low key have no idea what you're apologising for." Utsushimi stated.

Aizawa sighed again, as Fukukado looked on in confusion.

"I'm sorry. If I wasn't so weak in Kamino... If I hadn't let them fool me time and time again... If I hadn't let them kidnap me in the first place -"

"You're seriously blaming yourself for getting kidnapped?" Utsushimi blinked, "Like, don't worry about it, fam."

"Yeah!" Yoarashi piped up, "It's not like you asked for them to come after you again!"

"But if I didn't let them target me like that and find a weak point -" Midoriya protested, before Bakugou picked him up and shook him.

"What is wrong with you!? Do you seriously believe that you're to blame for everything!? We didn't ask for the USJ to happen, or the training camp, or Kamino, or anything! And don't you dare blame yourself for being weak cause if anything, you're one of the strongest ones here, even without your shitty quirk!"

Midoriya fell on the floor, dizzy from Bakugou shaking him around, asand he sucked on a gummy that Aizawa had tossed his way. Shinsou wrapped his arms around Midoriya's neck from behind, as Kota settled on the teen's lap like an affectionate cat.

Shindo wondered just why Midoriya seemed to be more of the parent than Aizawa. Clearly, he had to be the father, just based on age alone, but the kids seemed much more attached to Midoriya.

"But -"

"No buts. It's final. Plus, you're adopting another kid, so change that mindset immediately." Todoroki pointed out.

"Wait what?"

"This sucker came into the common room one day with a corkboard and a freaking theory of who your third kid will be." Bakugou growled, "Idiot."

Aizawa sighed, "Again? I thought I told you to stop talking about him having another kid. Wasn't a week of detention not enough."

"It's just a theory." Todoroki shrugged, "But it seems plausible with how quickly Midoriya accumulates children."

Midoriya looked like he wanted to stand up and strangle Todoroki, and was only not doing so because Kota was sitting on his lap, and Ashido was helping Shinsou in trying to braid Midoriya's streak of white hair with the rest of his green fluffy hair.

"Todoroki, next time we have a training session, I'm going to drop you off of a building."

"Go ahead." Todoroki shrugged, "That villain was right about my dad, after all. Injury by falling off a building is much more preferable."

"Speaking of him, Midoriya, what's your connection to the fire guy, kero? And the lizard guy?" Asui asked.

"Oh... uh... A few years ago I saved him from some people?" Midoriya replied, shrugging, "I don't know, he wasn't a villain then, and we kinda hit off. I never saw him again until the training camp. And Spinner? I have no idea. I think he's a fan of Stain or something."

"It's kinda amazing how you even have villains rooting for you." Jiro twirled an earlobe between her fingers.

"Well... then we're kinda lucky, right?" Kaminari sighed, "If you hadn't saved him... he probably wouldn't have given those three back."

"Really? Then I guess we really should be thanking you, huh?" Shindo spoke up, slinging his arms over Toteki and Makabe, "If he didn't seem to like you so much... who knows when we would have found them. So really, thank you."

"It's nothing. I didn't do anything!" Midoriya protested.

"Well... now we need to worry about getting out licences." Todoroki spoke up, "Hatsume, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing okay! All my babies are powered up and ready to go!" Hatsume grinned, "I brought extras as well!"

"Do we know how the exam will proceed?" Yaoyorozu asked. Sakamata was hanging around in the room, keeping an eye on the room full of teenagers.

"Well, probably two rounds. They can't give so many students licences, after all, so the first round is probably gonna be like that

of the Sports Festival. An elimination round, to sieve out the best of the best." Midoriya pointed out. "Though I do get that they can't give out like... a thousand licences, it's honestly stupid that in order to be a hero, we have to step over other people and crush their hopes and dreams as well."

"I... I never really thought about that before..." Sato muttered, "Now I feel kinda bad that you didn't get into the hero course from the entrance exam."

"Don't be. I wasn't strong enough." Midoriya snorted.

"Hey! Don't say that!" Sero protested, "You were awesome! You like, bashed through the robots and hacked the Zero Pointer even without some sort of useful quirk in the trial!"

Midoriya just sighed. He didn't want to be reminded of the good old times when he used to be quirkless. Things were a lot simpler back then.

"After that, it's probably going to be some kind of test in order to prove if we're worthy of being heroes. I'm guessing it's gonna be a rescue mission of some sort, given how recent Kamino was. And maybe a villain or something to battle in the meantime just to up the difficulty."

"Man... that sounds hard..." Kaminari scratched his head, "Some of us don't have quirks suited for rescue, though."

"Then don't use your quirk." Midoriya snapped, "Quirks aren't everything. If it's useless, then make do without it. People used to live without quirks, we can live without them too."

He huffed, popping another gummy into his mouth.

"First things first. They're gonna come after us first." Midoriya spoke up again, "UA students are the only ones with a Sports Festival that was broadcasted live. All your quirks, our weaknesses and strengths, everyone has probably seen them. We should stick together and protect each other."

Based on his wording, Fukukado noted that Aizawa didn't seem to

have revealed that most students would target UA for those exact reasons, and that Midoriya had worked it out on his own. She also caught how Midoriya used the word "your" when in relation to his classmates quirks. Almost as if he never used a quirk in the Sports Festival.

"Well.. do we need a strategy?" Sero asked, "Based on what you said, the first thing we have to do is prevent them from splitting us apart."

"Well... there isn't much we can do about that. A group of twenty students will be split up no matter what. It's just too large a group to do anything, really. We should split into smaller, more manageable groups, then." Yaoyorozu stated.

"Well.... Maybe we can work together?" Shindo asked, much to the surprise of Fukukado, Toteki and Makabe.

"Eh?"

Shindo looked at Nakagame hesitantly, who just nodded at him. To be fair, they were grateful to the boy for pointing out that their real friends had been kidnapped. He was strong, and there was no doubt that he would prefer to not have to fight Midoriya, or any of his companions. Facing villains was another thing, and it wasn't fair for Midoriya to have been targeted by the same villains that clearly traumatised him.

Not to mention that Midoriya was adorable and especially with Kota and Shinsou clinging to him, he needed to be protected.

Midoriya suddenly had this icy aura form around him, making everyone freeze. He looked up at Shindo, his eyes cold, as he hardened his expression.

"Sorry, I barely know you. I don't know why you're proposing working together. There are twenty of us and five of you. I don't see how that works in your favour."

Aizawa sighed internally. Midoriya was wary. That wasn't new. He was always wary, especially towards people he doesn't know. But

this was new. Midoriya has never been so cold to anyone, or, at the very least, Aizawa hasn't ever seen him act like this before.

It was probably because of Toga. It would take the poor kid forever to learn to trust other people outside his classmates.

Shinsou just smacked Midoriya on the nose lightly, causing the teen to whine and for the purple haired child to laugh at him.

"Izu is tired and cranky!"

"I am not!"

"He's right. Go take a short nap. We have an hour." Aizawa groaned, and Midoriya tried to protest. But eventually, Midoriya climbed up onto a sofa beside Todoroki, and curled up, easily falling asleep from his exhaustion, with Shinsou and Kota lying beside him.

Yaoyorozu turned her head towards the students from Ketsubutsu.

"I don't know about my classmates, but I am willing to take you up on that offer to work together. We UA students stick together. You want to form an alliance with Midoriya, you'll have to work with all of us too. If Midoriya even does agree to this when he wakes up, if you do anything to hurt him or break the fragile trust he might place on you, I will hunt you down, and let Hatsume use one of her babies on you."

Hatsume just gave them a large grin and a thumbs up.

"Also, Bakugou will blast you, Todoroki will burn and freeze you, Shoji can strangle you all and I'm sure Dark Shadow will love to have some fun with you!" Yaoyorozu grinned, "I'm pretty sure at least half the class is going to want to play."

Todoroki stared at Yaoyorozu.

"Damn."

"Stop ogling her, you fucker."

"Hey, Deku! Your new hero costume looks awesome!" Uraraka exclaimed.

"It's nothing much." Midoriya looked down at the tight, sleeveless black jumpsuit with red highlights that he was wearing, with long fingerless gloves that reached up past his elbows. His new bracers sat on his forearms, as the iron soles of his shoes tapped against the ground. He had a utility belt around his waist, with a few more knives hidden in his belt, and even some in and extra compartment in his iron soles, not even counting the other retractable blades in his shoes.

"Shh. He's gonna start speaking." Iida hushed them.

"Well then... let's do this provisional licence exam thing... I'm Mera from the Heroes Public Safety Commission, the kind of sleep is non-REM sleep, nice to meet you. I've been so busy that I haven't gotten much sleep... We're too short staffed! I'm so sleepy! With that conviction, I will give you the orientation."

"He's not hiding his exhaustion... is he okay?" Midoriya whispered to Iida.

"Says you, Deku-kun." Uraraka pat his back.

Midoriya raised his eyebrows at Mera, and glanced warily at the Ketsubutsu students. Somehow, his own classmates had agreed to the alliance while he was asleep. Yoarashi and Utsushimi seemed to like the idea of working together as well, and Midoriya didn't know why. But he just played along.

The second they decided to break the alliance, Midoriya was going to go all out.

"About the content of the provisional licence thing, frankly, all of the thousand and forty five examinees here will have to find a way to win through a free-for-all exercise. Ever since Stain was arrested, people have lost faith in heroes, even though our community is considered saturated with heroes. If you're not fast enough to keep up with the pace of society changing, or the influx of villains, you'll have a hard time ahead. So you guys are going to be tested on

speed. The first hundred people to fulfill the requirements pass."

"Wait! Didn't they say half would pass?" Yaoyorozu gasped.

"I half expected as much. We can't trust anyone outside of UA. All twenty of us already take up twenty percent of those who pass the first round. We're all enemies here. No alliances, no anything. I know I agreed to working with Ketsubutsu, Yoarashi, and Utsushimi, but this is tight. They might end up backstabbing us the first chance they get." Midoriya hissed.

"Well, a lot's happened out there in the world, and you know, about luck and everything, so here are the requirements."

It didn't take him too long to explain about the targets and the balls and how to take other participants out.

"Isn't it like that glorified paintball game that we had? The one where Midoriya just steamrolled us?" Sero asked.

"Well, yeah, but we don't have a gun. And you guys will also have to take out others. Six balls, six targets, we can't just throw them recklessly."

Hatsume was surprisingly quiet as he looked around the room.

"I smell machinery. There's oil in the walls, tons of gears. The room is mechanical." She pointed along a line that ran across the ceiling, "This room is like a box. It can open up."

They passed out all the balls and targets, just as the room opened up, like Hatsume said it would.

"You all have terrain that you like and dislike. Use your quirks well and do your best."

"Eraser, your fly is down." Fukukado laughed.

Aizawa just rolled his eyes as he kept an eye on Kota and Shinsou.

"I honestly can't believe you have twenty students though."

"I expelled two of them. Izuku transferred in and Hatsume is from the Support Department." Aizawa groaned.

"And you adopted two kids."

"They're Izuku's kids."

"You still like them though." Fukukado pointed out. "But still, I'm surprised you didn't tell them about that."

"Izuku already knows that UA is going to be targeted. Why should I tell them something that they already know?"

"Yeah, but do they know the extent of it. They're strong, yes, but are they prepared for what comes next?"

Aizawa just looked at Fukukado.

"Izuku isn't going to take this lying down. And I'm pretty certain that these students you see down there aren't the same ones that you saw on television."

"Izu is strong!" Shinsou glared at Fukukado and pouted, "And who cares if everyone knows their quirks. Izu can probably figure out everyone's quirks if he had to."

"A hero is someone who can turn around a bad situation. This is no different."

"So, what's the plan?" Kirishima asked, as he secured a target on his torso.

"The schools are going to come after us. We should split into smaller groups, like Yaoyorozu said, but still stay relatively close to each other. Ketsubutsu might use this opportunity to take out those who are targeting us. Sero, see if you can catch a few people in your tape. Uraraka, Hatsume, survey the area from the air, see if you can knock anyone out with Hatsume's tech. Most of us just have to protect our targets, and hit back to knock them out."

And it didn't take too long for several schools to converge on UA, and balls rained down on the eighteen students as Uraraka and

Hatsume took to the air.

Sero managed to catch a few stragglers, as Hagakure snuck around the group. With Ojiro's help, she was able to knock out three more students by aiming at their pressure points.

Todoroki immediately froze a few of the students after protecting himself with an ice wall, and Shindo grinned.

His classmates still have all their balls, and with everyone else focussed on taking UA out, they could strike. They had already agreed to not attack UA, but that didn't mean they weren't going to take advantage of his chaos.

Shindo sent a tremor through the earth, knocking a batch of students off balance. One more well placed tremor knocked them into a daze, and they didn't have any trouble picking them off.

"Dark Shadow! Go!" Tokoyami growled, as he hid with Jiro and Yaoyorozu behind her shields, as Dark Shadow took off.

"Yaoyorozu! Sleep!" Midoriya yelled, as he expertly weaved between the rain of balls, coming face to face with another student and knocked him out.

"Got it!" Yaoyorozu immediately let a small grenade pop out of her arm, and passed it to Shoji, who lobbed it at a group of students quite some distance away from them.

The students couldn't do anything but watch as it exploded, and sleeping gas exploded from the contraption, knocking them out.

"By now, there should be someone who passed ..."

With a few well placed AP Shots, Bakugou destroyed some of the rocky terrain, pinning several students down when boulders landed on them.

Hatsume and Uraraka rained down ensnaring traps that Hatsume had tweaked while hovering with her jetpack, trapping a few more examinees.

Shindo and Nakagame were about to take out four students to pass the first round, when they felt a strong gust of wind.

"That's Yoarashi for sure. Isn't Utsushimi with him?"

"Wait?! A hundred and twenty students are eliminated already? And only two students have passed?!"

"Damn. They passed already?"

Shindo looked around. There were at least a hundred people attacking UA. Most of them were frozen, or knocked out, or unable to fightg in some way, and even if all five students from Ketsubutsu took off two students each to pass, there were definitely enough students for UA to pass.

Shindo and Nakagame quickly took out their targets, as Toteki and Makabe pinned down six more students for themselves and their other friend.

Midoriya surveyed the area, as he used one of his bracers to smack away a few more balls. Some of the students were running away, and Todoroki had already passed, along with Sero and Ashido, after he had defrosted some of the other participants.

Bakugou, Kaminari, Jiro, and Kirishima had gotten the boulders off of the students, and passed, having taken them out as well.

Uraraka and Hatsume had landed, passing after they freed and taking out four students ensnared in Hatsume's trap, and it was just a matter of time for them to help the other students out of the mess they were trapped in, and taking them out.

"Huh. That was easier than I thought." Ashido scratched her head.

"Be careful. We need to be ready for the second round." Midoriya spoke up, after her tapped his ball against another student's target, and passing. "There's no way it's going to be this easy."

Mistrust

A/N At the moment, Izuku does not have a pairing.

1. No girls in 1-A, 1-B or Hatsume fits. And if you ask Asui and Uraraka, that's a definite no. Don't even talk about any of the other females out of UA, cause that's a no too.
2. I like ShinDeku, but for obvious reasons, which is really common sense, no.
3. TodoDeku and BakuDeku? Also no, cause other pairings

Therefore, IDK if Izuku is ever gonna get a pairing. Shindo is a decent guy, he's pretty hot, but I feel he's gonna end up more like a big bro.

"Wow. I have to say that this is the first time I've seen the "Crushing of UA" be stopped so quickly." Fukukado commented. "And to use it to quickly trap other students to get past the first round, that's some decent strategy. Of course, the fact that my students are working with yours did lower the difficulty though."

"I think... the only reason Izuku complied to the alliance was because of those three." Aizawa quickly pointed out Shindo, Toteki and Yoarashi. "That vibration quirk, the accuracy quirk, and that wind quirk could be a huge hindrance."

Shinsou and Kota were too busy watching the UA students take out the others, passing just fifteen or so minutes into the first round.

"So... Midoriya... I didn't think you were one to show favouritism, Eraser. If I didn't know that you literally haven't dated anyone before, I would have assumed he was your biological kid. Shinsou and Kota as well. And isn't Kota the kid who was with the Pussycats?"

"Things happened. Kamino was horrible to all of them. All three of

them." Aizawa sighed, "I'm just glad that we finally managed to deal with Toga. I'm guessing that she had transformed into the Pussycats and his friends to lower his guard while he was trapped, and hurt him, and for the entire time he was in school, he hasn't been able to be at ease while living in the same dorm. Not to mention his quirk. He's taking it the hardest."

"So... it's true? That guy that All Might defeated at Kamino... He can give or take quirks?"

Aizawa nodded, "It's classified, but at the very least, most of the younger heroes know about it. As far as I know, only the hero course students of UA were informed about this because Midoriya was directly involved in the Kamino incident. But they'll probably be telling all the other students from other schools once they earn their provisional licence."

If there was one thing that confused Shindo, it was what Midoriya's quirk was.

Sure, there was that thing he did during the Sports Festival, sparking huge debates over what his quirk was. Shindo has spent a ton of time on the forums, trying to piece any kind of information that he could get his hands on about what Midoriya's quirk was. It wasn't just him, pretty much all the hero course students were curious about Midoriya. It wasn't everyday you see someone beating Endeavor's son on live television, without using a quirk.

He was highly certain that Midoriya was quirkless, or at least didn't have a physical quirk. His own quirk was powerful, and he was barely able to control the tremors in his first year. He had no choice but to learn how to fight quirkless, and even though he was no doubt decent in basic hand to hand combat, he quickly learnt to use his quirk proficiently to prevent having to continue to learn how to fight quirkless.

Also, getting beaten up by his trainer in front of his classmates was embarrassing.

Seeing Midoriya fight during the Sports Festival, and then, seeing how he fought Toga, there was no doubt that Midoriya knew how to use his body, and was able to handle a fight while quirkless. He knew how to use his blades, knew how to move, and Shindo was pretty sure that, with all the evidence, that Midoriya either had some sort of analysis quirk that would allow him to predict his opponents' moves.

Except for one small problem that tore that entire theory apart.

When Midoriya was fighting Toga, he was pretty sure he had seen the boy's shoulders light up with red and black fire. At least, for a few seconds.

So he definitely had a quirk.

Of course, he couldn't use his quirk against Toga because of those quirk laws, and while Fukukado and Aizawa would probably defend him because, one, it was the League of Villains, and two, it was in self defence, and three, they were all targeting him.

But what about during the Sports Festival?

And somehow, curiosity filling his brain, he decided to try and question Midoriya after they had all passed.

Of course, he didn't want to make the boy uncomfortable after what had happened earlier, so he tried to, at least, make it sound like he was just being polite.

"So... uh.... We never introduced ourselves earlier. My name is Shindo Yo, and my quirk is Vibrate."

Nakagame, Toteki and Makabe introduced themselves and their quirks, and they were quickly joined by Yoarashi and Utsushimi, before 1-A and Hatsume also told them their names and their quirks.

Except for Midoriya. He just told them his name.

"What's his deal?" Nakagame asked, "We all told you guys our quirks."

That just seemed to put Midoriya in an even fouler mood, and his foot started tapping.

"Uh... it's a touchy subject for him.... And I'm not sure if he's anxious, worried, or just... upset." Kirishima replied sheepishly, as Midoriya looked away from the group, and his foot tapping increased in pace.

Midoriya leaned back into his seat, and groaned, before staring at the ceiling for several seconds. He dug around his pockets for several seconds, before sighing, "I forgot I left my phone with them. Did someone bring a phone?"

Yaoyorozu fished her phone out of one of pockets, and passing it over, "Aizawa Sensei's phone number is in the contacts."

"Thanks!" Midoriya promptly dialed up Aizawa's number, before the pro hero picked it up.

"Yaoyorozu?"

"No, it's me. I don't have my phone with me."

A loud long sigh was heard on the other end.

"Your separation anxiety is horrible, Problem Child. Hold on. Hitoshi! Kota! It's Izuku."

"Eraser! You even gave him a nickname!"

"Shut up, Joke. He really is a problem child. He has more problems than a complex mathematics question on a university exam paper."

"Rude." Midoriya snorted.

The sound of the phone being passed over was heard.

"Izu! Kota, don't push!"

"Says you! You were freaking out!"

"Shut up! You all passed, right!? That's awesome!"

"Everyone was throwing stuff all over the place and it was balls I think?"

"And there was this giant tornado over by the buildings! It was so cool! Do you know who did it?"

"Uh... that was Yoarashi Inasa. You know, the super excited guy we saw just now." Midoriya gave a small smile, as he relaxed.

"Separation anxiety, huh?" Nakagame commented, "Must be hard."

"You don't even know half of it. This little fucker -"

"Swear! It was Kacchan, right?"

Midoriya looked up from the phone, looking completely unimpressed at Bakugou, before dragging his thumb across his neck, and returned to his conversation.

Bakugou gulped.

"Ha ha ha! Bakubro's scared of Midoriya?" Kirishima grinned.

"Don't laugh at me. Deku doesn't need a quirk to be able to wreak havoc." Bakugou snapped, "He was easily able to judo flip two kids over when we were ten, not to mention that we almost got dragged into a gang fight and Deku just knocked like, five dull grown adult men unconscious in like.. a minute."

"Not to mention he's an overprotective mother hen." Hagakure added in.

"But... yeah. After he wrecked us in the paintball exercise.. I think he proved his point." Ojiro sheepishly added.

Midoriya ended the call, and passed the phone back to Yaoyorozu.

"Oh. Thanks!" Yaoyorozu pocket her phone, "I'm going to grab a bite... I need to make sure I have enough for the next portion."

"Come to mention it... I'm a bit hungry too." Todoroki mumbled, "I'll join you."

"Yes! Food!" Hagakure yelled, dragging Ojiro behind her, who really didn't mind as he was dragged away from the group.

Kaminari made a mental note that Yoarashi seemed to heavily dislike Todoroki, and stood as far away from him as possible. Maybe he would have to talk to them later. Yoarashi was a really decent guy, and Kaminari wouldn't want him to be hating them all because of some grudge with Todoroki. But he seemed more at ease now that Todoroki was gone.

"So.... Yoarashi. What do you have against Todoroki?" Midoriya asked.

Damn. Straight to the point, Kaminari noted. He was glad that Midoriya noticed it too.

Yoarashi shrugged, "He's too much like Endeavor. He's too cold. He's improved since the last time I saw him during the entrance exams, but still. I don't like him."

"Don't hold it against him." Midoriya sighed, "Imagine having to live with a man like Endeavor for fifteen years. That's gotta suck."

Yoarashi thought about it for a moment, "That's... true."

"Todoroki's been homeschool pretty much all his life, I believe. It's not surprising that he may have taken after his shitty dad since he was pretty much his only influence. But he's gotten a lot better after entered UA."

"Midoriya, I'm not sure I want to know how you got that information." Kaminari deadpanned.

"Do you really think that a person like Endeavor would let any random school raise his kid?" Midoriya grumbled.

"Whoop! Endeavor hate! Why do you hate him so much anyways?" Ashido asked.

"Uh... many reasons." Midoriya pointed out, "One, he causes so much collateral damage everywhere he goes. Two, his eldest son ran away. No doubt he did something wrong. Three, he literally

doesn't acknowledge his two other kids. Four, his wife in literally in a hospital right now and I'm pretty sure it's because of him. Five, he tried to burn me, like, twice."

Shindo was certain there was a story behind Enji trying to burn Midoriya, but that was a story for another day.

Yoarashi blinked, "Wow."

Seeing as Midoriya had literally won the Sports Festival, there was no doubt that there were other students who were talking about him. Murmurs of "quirkless"and "demon" had also started to circulate, but those were the old, outdated rumours. No one seemed to notice that Midoriya was really there, nor his connection to the Kamino incident, and his new streak of white hair helped him to blend in as people just overlooked him. But the mere mention of his name had made others start talking, and Midoriya growled.

"But he won the Sports Festival."

"Don't worry about it."

"He was in Gen Ed, wasn't he."

"We need to be careful for the second part, stop worrying about things that won't help here."

Bakugou could tell that Midoriya was starting to get agitated, and that the Ketsubutsu students, as well as Utsushimi and Yoarashi, were starting to get curious.

There were several reasons why Midoriya hated his quirk. The amplified emotions, having to deal with his new weight, needing to learn how to use his quirk properly in order to not use it. The emotional connection was the worst, especially since during the past month or so, he was angry, upset, scared, and was filled with so many other emotions regarding his kidnapping. And due to the quirk, he had few choices to release his emotions that were being bottled up.

Bakugou had caught him a few times on the roof of the dorms at night, exploding into flames that shot into the sky. One of the

easiest ways to let his emotions out, yet another reminder that all his time trying to be a quirkless hero was all wasted.

And now? No doubt after being sure that there were no Toga clones, he was a lot better than before. But with Ketsubutstu trying to find out what his quirk was, and the other students being wary and starting to talk about those old rumours again? Bakugou had no doubt that Midoriya was going to explode into flames, preferably somewhere that no one could see him, because Midoriya was still determined to be a quirkless hero.

"I'll fight without it. I'll do everything without it. I'll prove that I don't need this stupid "gift" he gave me." Midoriya declared.

"And if someone is going die and you can't reach him?" Bakugou asked.

Midoriya gave a sad smile, "Then I'll use it. I'll only use it if I really have too. Only as a last resort. A back-up plan."

Midoriya tried to cover his ears, but with his enhanced hearing, this wasn't doing much good.

Bakugou gave Kaminari a kick in the leg, and Kaminari immediately understood what Bakugou meant.

Do something. Anything. Just distract him.

"So... does your school have dorms too?" Kaminari asked, "Pretty much everyone in UA moved into dorms cause security and stuff... did you guys also have to buff up security?"

"Yeah. Most of us moved into dorms!" Yoarashi grinned, "Though it's mostly the hero course students!"

Shindo nodded, "Same here. The dorms are pretty cool, though my mom calls every week."

"Yeah. Most of our parents were pretty willing to let us stay in UA, though most of them did hold the teachers up with "rules" and "that they had to protect us" and other nonsense. It's regular parents stuff." Jiro nodded.

Midoriya looked up at them.

"So, Midoriya, how did your parents react to staying at UA's dorms?" Nakagame asked.

"They probably won't care."

Kirishima tried to silence her, to no avail as Nakagame asked another question, "Probably?"

"I had never really met my dad before until he decided to pop into my house and kill my mom like.. two years ago?" Midoriya replied boredly.

"You seem... very nonchalant about it." Shindo muttered.

"My mom was.. okay, I guess, until I turned four. Then she practically just treated me like a ghost and never interacted with me at all." Midoriya shrugged, "My dad, he's a villain, and the first and only time I had a phone call with him was when I was five. He told me that I was weak, useless, a disgrace to his bloodline, and it was better if I didn't even exist at all... in nice terms. In his actual words, I was better off dead. So honestly, I can't really care that much. Aizawa Sensei's pretty much the closest thing I have to a dad, and I have no idea how that works."

Shindo and Yoarashi's jaw practically dropped. Like Midoriya didn't have it rough enough with the League and the kidnapping, he's practically been unloved as a kid as well.

No wonder Aizawa seemed so tolerant of him.

"Okay, a hundred have passed. We're done with the first round. One minute for you to settle down, and then we'll explain the next part."

Yaoyorozu came rushing back with Hagakure, Ojiro and Todoroki.

"Okay, all of you who passed, watch this."

The televisions displayed several buildings, and while some of the students were starting to get confused as to where this was going, buildings started exploding at random, rock formations were falling,

and generally, the field that they once battled on was falling into ruins.

"Why!?"

"The next test will be the last one. We will have you all perform rescue exercises as bystanders in this disaster site. We will assume that those who have passed the first test have received your provisional licences and test how well you can carry out suitable rescue procedures."

"There's people out there!?"

"Elderly and children!?"

"What are they doing there?! It's dangerous!"

"They are people who have undergone training to be professional people in need of rescue and are high in demand right now. The "Help Us Company", or "HUC" for short. They have dressed up as injured victims and are on standby throughout the disaster site. We will now have you carry out the rescue. In addition, we will score your rescue based on points and if you have more points that the benchmark at the end of the test, then you pass. We will start in ten minutes, so please use the restroom and take care of any other business before we start."

"So, Midoriya, you've been doing stuff like this, right? Rescuing people from villains, how do we do?" Kaminari asked.

"First off, I know how to fight, I don't know how to rescue people when there are broken rocks and buildings about to topple over." Midoriya started, "And to save a person from getting stabbed? Just push them out of the way."

"And... get stabbed instead?" Hatsume asked.

"Yup, if you're lucky enough." Midoriya nodded, "If you aren't lucky, you end up getting stabbed in the throat or somewhere vital and you die."

"I don't think that's a viable strategy, fam." Utsushimi sighed, "And didn't you guys like, learn rescue operations or something?"

"Nope. Well, not really." Sero replied, "We were supposed to... but then there was the USJ attack..."

"I think most of it is common sense, though. Don't rush it, survey the area, make sure that you don't accidentally hit something that will destabilize the entire area." Yaoyorozu pointed out.

"We should also be on guard. I don't think it's just going to be a rescue operation." Midoriya stated. "But, I need to do something first."

He grabbed Yoarashi and Todoroki, and dragged them into a corner.

"Okay, Endeavor is a piece of shit, we all agree?"

Todoroki nodded, and much to his surprise, Yoarashi nodded as well.

"Okay, you two talk it out. I'll see you guys in five minutes."

Midoriya left them in the corner, and went back to the group, "That stupid grudge should be dealt with soon."

Midoriya pointed to one of the screens, "There's an open area there, smack in the middle. We can access all the different areas from there, so we should set up a first aid station or something."

"Alright. My quirk is pretty useless here, so I can help man it." Shindo noted, "Nakagame, Toteki, you guys are with me. Makabe can harden structures, and give them more stability."

"Nice. Shoji and Koda can do recon." Midoriya stated.

"Asui and I can also reach high places." Uraraka chimed in.

"Bakugou, uh.... With your explosion quirk -"

"Shut up!" Bakugou barked, "I can't use my quirk?! Okay, I can carry those dumb shitheads!"

A loud bell rang, interrupting the ongoing conversations. Yoarashi and Todoroki seemed to have made up, and were on good terms. Bakugou and Utsushimi also seemed to get along, with Utsushimi using her quirk to create illusions of Todoroki and Iida doing completely stupid things, resulting in Bakugou almost laughing his head off. Ashido and Kaminari were rolling on the floor, completely out of breath from laughter, as Iida was trying to politely chew Utsushimi out for being so rude, yet not wanting to disrespect the girl who was a second year.

"Villains have begun a large scale terrorist attack! This is occurring in all areas of Blah Blah City. Due to buildings collapsing, there are many injured. Due to heavily damaged roads, the first group of rescue workers have been delayed. Until they arrive, the heroes in the area will lead the rescue efforts. Save as many lives as you can. Well then, start."

It didn't take long for the room they were in to open up as well, and Shindo, Nakagame, and Toteki made their way to clear an area for a first aid station, working with Mora to clear the area.

"Midoriya! Where are you going!?" Iida yelled, as Midoriya made his way towards several collapsed buildings.

"I hear a child!"

"Help! My grandpa is trapped!"

He carefully picked his way through the rubble, and gently made his way to the wailing boy.

"Okay, calm down. Everything is alright. Are you injured anywhere?" Midoriya asked. "He has a head injury... and his breathing is weird. But I can't tell from those symptoms." Midoriya carefully picked the boy up.

"Jiro, Shoji! Check the area! Uraraka, once you locate him, try and lift the rubble with Yaoyorozu's help!" Midoriya ordered, as he made his way to Shindo's first aid station.

With some pointers from the HUC members, the process was going along a lot smoother, as rescues came more and more frequent,

until all they had to do was find the stragglers. Some of the students had went off to start searching for him, as Midoriya looked at all the rescued people at the first aid station.

But he was getting an uneasy feeling. A burning fire in his gut, twisting and turning, warning him that something was going to happen.

"Please be quiet! Something's coming!" Midoriya called out, as he looked around.

He heard footsteps, but he didn't know from where.

"Minus points!" An old man screamed at him, "You can't just tell us to be quiet! You just rescued us, you're just going to scare us and leave us in a frenzy!"

But Midoriya wasn't in the mood for it. He was getting anxious.

And how do you even say "Shut up" in a nice way!?

"Experience... is really a factor when it comes to rescues." Aizawa sighed.

"But Izu has saved lots of people before, right? So he'll be fine!" Shinsou pipped up.

"Hitoshi, what Izuku does is reckless, and self sacrificial. The second he slips up, he could be fatally injured. Jumping in front of attacks to defend others is admirable, but it's also stupid and he could end up losing his life. He's lucky that all he got were scars." Aizawa sighed, "And in rescue operations, he can't be so reckless. Everything has to be done in a proper fashion to minimise collateral damage."

"And you say you don't care." Fukukado laughed. "But Midoriya was right on the money. A rescue operation."

The ground started rumbling, and Kota yelped and scrambled onto the seats, along with Shinsou.

"Well... I'll be damned." Fukukado grinned, as she pointed at the mountains.

"Explosions!?"

"What's going on!?"

"What is this?!"

"There has been a large scale terrorist attack by villains!"

"There!"

Someone pointed out Sakamata, who stood at the top of the mountains, just a kilometer away from the first aid station.

"Midoriya, can I ask how the heck you managed to accurately predict this!?" Shindo demanded.

Midoriya's throat ran dry.

It was Gang Orca. He saw him at Kamino.

But he's the villain!?

It's just a test... don't worry.

Toga is gone. You beat her. Shouta beat her.

She isn't here.

"This... this looks like Kamino." He gulped, and he took a step back unconsciously.

He took a deep breath, and steeled himself, as they saw several armed men leap down the mountain.

"Villains have appeared and have started their pursuit. Hero candidates at the scene should continue their rescue efforts while still suppressing the villains!

"Okay! Guys! We need to move the first aid station!" Midoriya yelled.

"Get everyone to safety!" Shindo yelled, as he ran out to meet the faux villains, "Toward the back! Get them as far away from the villains as possible!"

"Can you send a tremor through the air instead of the ground?!" Midoriya called out, as he ran back to carry some victims.

"Yeah, but the attack's too widespread!" Shindeo replied, "Don't worry, I'll deal with them! I won't let them get any closer!"

But to his surprise, Sakamata came in close.

"Too slow."

Sakamata aimed a concentrated hypersonic wave at Shindo, knocking the teen back, in a daze.

"Only a single rear guard when there's such a difference in ability? You must be underestimating us!"

"Shindo!" Midoriya growled, but Todoroki suddenly appeared, blasting Sakamata with ice.

"Don't worry about him for now! They're not going to kill us, it's just a test! Gang Orca can't do anything else! Let's go!" Nakagame yelled, as Midoriya scooped up another victim. Sero, Ashido, Ojiro, and Hagakure came to help after checking by the water, helping them to carry the victims.

A strong blast of wind knocked Sakamata off balance.

"Yoarashi! This is a great combo!" Midoriya yelled, "Guys! Gang Orca is a Killer Whale! He's weak to heat! Todoroki, Yoarashi, try to trap him in a column of fire!"

Midoriya quickly carried his two victims to the new shelter.

"I'm gonna go get Shindo!" Midoriya called out, turning back towards the fight with Sakamata.

Yoarashi and Todoroki were attempting to do what he had told them to, but they just weren't in sync, and Sakamata was easily able to knock the weak fire spins away with more hypersonic waves.

Shindo was lying on the ground, dazed, as he tried to get away from the battle, but another mistake from Yoarashi and Todoroki accidentally sent a wave of fire in his direction.

"Be more careful!" Midoriya yelled, as he barely managed to pull the dazed Shindo out of the way of the fire, before trying to help him out of the way of the fight.

"Well... that ... was... embarrassing..." Shindo muttered.

"Careful!" Midoriya yelled, as Sakamata's men started shooting their cement guns, managing to herd Yoarashi into Sakamata's hypersonic waves, and immobilising Todoroki. Yoarashi hit the ground hard, and Sakamata knocked Todoroki into a daze.

"Shoot. They're coming after us now!"

"Hold on." Shindo placed his palm to the ground, vibrating it, knocking the faux villains off balance, "I'm used to the recoil from my own quirk.... Uh... things are still spinning a bit, though..."

Sakamata leapt in front of Shindo, "You still haven't learnt!?"

Midoriya promptly shoved Shindo aside, taking the hypersonic waves at point blank range.

Everything is spinning.

What's going on?

I see... black?

Villains?

Looks like All for One...

Quirk....

His vision cleared slightly, though everything was spinning as he tried to regain his bearings.

Gang.. Orca?

Isn't... he ... a hero?

Confusion and pain clouded the boy's mind, as he desperately tried to piece this puzzle together as his brain pounded in his skull.

"Midoriya!" Yoarashi yelled in a daze, and tried to knock Sakamata off balance, but Sakamata managed to get in another hypersonic wave attack at Midoriya, before Yoarashi accidentally sent Midoriya flying into the air.

"Wait! No!" Shindo yelped, as he could only sit there helplessly as the green haired boy was unintentionally send into the air, and Sakamata just looked up in shock at what had happened.

Air.

Fast...

What's going on...

Gang Orca?

He's... attacking?

Midoriya was completely disoriented in midair, which only fueled his confusion as he desperately tried to figure out *just why the heck everything hurt so much when Sakamata was supposed to be a hero.*

What... if.... it's her again?

I can't let her... hurt... anyone...

I'm... falling?

Speeding up...

Must... do... something...

Midoriya let his instincts take over, swiftly transforming into a bird as he plummeted to the ground like a rock. Red and black flames blazed to life, coating his entire body, as he spun into a barrel roll, before he angled his wings and straightening out.

He raced towards Sakamata, as his flames grew angrier, hotter. He was near the ground, and the rocks and dirt had started to melt as he flew past.

Sero, who had chased after Midoriya to give him some help, quickly yanked Shindo out of the way, as the very, very enraged Midoriya shot towards Sakamata, his angry screech ringing loudly throughout the area.

Overide

Aizawa was trying to figure out what was going on. Kota was already nervous at the start of the second portion, but now, with Sakamata attacking the students, he seemed to get even more nervous.

But Aizawa knew that there was something wrong. Something around this entire set up was bothering Kota, and Midoriya seemed a little off. But he couldn't put his finger on it.

Until Midoriya was somehow sent flying.

"Izu!" Shinsou and Kota yelped, as the poor boy had probably been hit with Sakamata's hypersonic waves, and no doubt was confused, disoriented, and in pain.

Aizawa sighed in relief, as Midoriya somehow managed to catch himself, transforming into his avian form, and managing to prevent smashing into the ground.

Except for one small thing.

He was on fire.

It wasn't those regular panic attack flames, where only his wings or shoulders would be lit alight with panicky purple flames, but his entire body was lit up with red and black flames.

Midoriya was angry. Really angry. And he was not in the right state of mind if he was actually using his quirk to its full potential.

"Damn! If he had such a powerful quirk, why didn't he use it before?" Fukukado whistled.

Aizawa was just worried about what was to come.

Ojiro smacked away one of the faux villains, as Midoriya flew closer, flapping his wings harshly as he zoomed towards Sakamata. He spun a few times, increasing his speed, before he cawed, and stretched his talons out, attacking Sakamata with his claws before soaring back into the air.

"That was... Midoriya.. Right? My eyes didn't deceive me?" Shindo asked, his head still slightly spinning, but he was still able to dodge a hit by a faux villain as Ojiro spun past him, knocking another away with his tail.

"Just get out of here!" Sero yelled, wrapping some faux villains together, "If he's using his quirk like that, then he's probably not thinking straight."

Midoriya was ferociously attacking Sakamata, hitting him again, and again, and again, flying all over the place, increasing his speed, using gravity and spinning to further increase his velocity, as he expertly weaved through the different terrain, raking his talons against Sakamata again and again.

Sakamata growled. This was bad. Really bad. He couldn't do anything again Midoriya at the moment, he had too much mobility in the air and was way too fast. His men were firing their cement guns at him, but Midoriya was just weaving between the attacks, and even the few stray lucky shots that did manage to hit promptly melted off.

And Midoriya was hot. Really hot. To be able to melt the cement so quickly, the temperature of his flames were far hotter than that of Todoroki's. And damn, those scratches and burns he was getting from Midoriya assault were going to sting.

But Sakamata was the villain in this exercise, and he did what any other villain would do. He barely dodged past one of Midoriya's attacks, before aiming his hypersonic waves at the three students in the distance.

Sero, Shindo, and Ojiro found themselves being tackled, and Shindo just barely felt the soft, stiff feathers make contact with him, before Sakamata's hypersonic waves hit Midoriya.

Midoriya gave a pained screech as he was flung into a pile of rocks, as he shifted back into his human form. His shoulders and arms were ablaze with the same flames his bird form had, and he growled as he pushed himself up from the ground, nearly falling back down in his enraged daze, activating the blades on his bracer as he leapt at Sakamata in a very literal fiery rage.

Midoriya slashed at Sakamata, and had he not dodged, he was sure that was going to be one hell of an injury. The other faux villains were trying to shoot Midoriya, but Midoriya just danced through the rain of concrete, knocking faux villains out as he kept Sakamata occupied and on his toes.

Of course, Sakamata could easily knock the boy out if he wanted to, but the boy had already taken two direct hypersonic wave attacks at point blank range, and his other long ranged hypersonic wave had caused him to crash into a pile of rocks. No doubt that he was going to end up with brain damage if he tried again, if he hadn't already gotten it.

And the fact that he was dazed and emotional, and in pain, was probably not helping the entire situation. He would just have to hang on for at maximum, another ten minutes, then they could get Aizawa to calm his kid down.

Some of the other students, like Ashido and Tokoyami, have started to join the fighting. Most of the HUC members were already rescued, and there were just stragglers that Yaoyorozu and Urarka were finishing up. Asui had joined in, as Mora used his quirk to mow down a large portion of the faux villains.

Midoriya tripped over a blotch of hardened cement on the ground, and Sakamata smashed his fist into Midoriya's chest, sending his sprawling. Todoroki and Yoarashi used that opportunity to engulf Sakamata in a tornado of fire, as Midoriya staggered to his feet.

"Midoriya! Let's get outta here!" Nakagame yelled, as she helped Midoriya up, but Midoriya shoved her hand away, "He's a fake! She's here, I need to stop her!"

"Who?" Nakagame asked, as she desperately tried to pull Midoriya

back to the first aid station, away from the fighting, but even then she was in no way skilled and knowledgeable enough about Midoriya to know that *he will fight no matter what, especially when he thinks a villain is involved.*

And when he has no idea what's going on, it's better to be safe than sorry, and just go for the attack.

Midoriya switched back into his bird form, and zoomed in Sakamata's direction, as his entire body was once again shrouded in flames. He couldn't attack Sakamata, obviously, not while he was trapped in that large column of fire.

Or so they all thought.

Midoriya used the updraft from Yoarashi's wind, circling the fire column, rising higher and higher, until he reached the top of the fire tornado.

Sakamata was currently pouring water all over himself, and Midoriya plunged down, diving into the heart of the tornado.

"Uh, this may seem arbitrary, but all the HUC deployed have been rescued in some form or another, obviously still alive, but with this, all provisional licence exam procedures have been completed. After we tally the scores, we will announce the results here. Those who are injured should go to the infirmary. The rest of you should change and be on standby."

Flames roared around him, and Midoriya couldn't hear anything. Sakamata barely had time to react as he looked upwards, and fired off a hypersonic wave before he even realised that Midoriya was there.

Shit. The pro hero thought, as he accidentally blasted Midoriya into the air, and the poor boy ended up crashing some distance away, near the new first aid station, in his human form.

"Midoriya! Are you okay!?" Kirishima called out, as he ran out to help the boy who looked dead on his feet as he tried to push himself up. His arm was bleeding, and his bracers were broken and

sparking.

Then Kirishima saw Midoriya's eyes. They were gleaming with anger, glossy and unfocused, as the boy struggled to even stand up on his own two feet.

"Shitty Hair, grab him!" Bakugou roared, but it was too late.

Midoriya had already started running off, his head clouded in pain, as he switched back to his bird form once again.

"Wait! It's already over!" Kaminari tried yelling, but Midoriya was already a good distance away.

Sakamata was currently trying to rehydrate himself once again, before he was smacked in the gut by what felt like a car, if cars had feathers and sported nasty sharp talons.

Midoriya slammed into Sakamata again, before he transformed back into his human form while above Sakamata to attempt to drop kick him.

Sakamata blocked his attack with his arm.

"I don't know how you got back in here, Toga, but I won't let you do shit!" Midoriya snapped, as he jumped back to gain some distance, "I won't let you hurt anyone again! I won't let you trick me again!"

Damn it. Sakamata thought. *He's confused. It's too similar to Kamino. Way too similar. And he just fought Toga this morning.... He's scared. Scared to be tricked again, to be fooled by a friendly face again, to suffer a betrayal by someone who he's supposed to trust.*

He was certain that this wouldn't hider Midoriya's score, at least, it shouldn't. The HUC were only in charge of assessing how the students rescue people, and Midoriya was only attacking the "villains" of the exercise, making sure that none of his allies were hurt, even though the test was already over.

To be fair, he was stuck in the column of fire and got hit by hypersonic waves, and clearly wouldn't have been able to hear the announcement.

Of course, if Midoriya ended up failing the exam for this, he was going to appeal for them to let him pass or take a retest, at the very least. He was kidnapped, tortured, and got a new quirk from All for One (Hakamata and Chatora has confided that he was originally quirkless when he realised that he was assigned to be the villain at Midoriya's testing area). No doubt that he was traumatised from the entire thing, and then there was Toga and Bubaigawara, two villains who had left the biggest impact on Midoriya's mentality and shattered his ability to trust people.

The boy was already tired from nightmares and not sleeping well, no doubt, and fighting Toga and the two clones that morning just reinforced the fact that anyone could be her. She was defeated, yes, but now, he, as a hero, was attacking the students.

A person he was supposed to be able to trust was attacking them.

It was too similar.

"Hey, you stop! It's over! Stop!"

Midoriya wasn't even listening to the announcement. He was completely focused on Sakamata, and Sakamata alone. Sero, Shindo, and Ojiro had managed to get in close, and tried to help Todoroki and Yoarashi away from the battle between the pro hero and Midoriya.

"Hey! Eraser Head, go and control your student!"

"Kota, are you okay?" Aizawa asked, trying to comfort the shaking child as they watched Midoriya attack Sakamata. The exam wasn't over yet, but Midoriya was attacking like his life was at stake.

"It... it's like... Ka...Kamino..." Kota shook, "Everything's broken... and fire... and smoke..."

Aizawa growled.

This was horrible. Midoriya wasn't attacking Sakamata because he wanted to keep him away from the first aid station, though he was

pretty sure he was doing that subconsciously.

He thought Sakamata was a real villain, that he was Toga, that he was someone he could trust, but then was attacking and hurting them. It was too close to Kamino, too close to the League of Villains, too close to everything that left the former vigilante traumatised and scared.

And a scared and confused Midoriya was a dangerous one.

But he couldn't do anything until the battle was over, or he got an explicit order to do so. Otherwise it would be considered tampering with the exam, and all his students would fail.

"Uh, this may seem arbitrary, but all the HUC deployed have been rescued in some form or another, obviously still alive, but with this, all provisional licence exam procedures have been completed. After we tally the scores, we will announce the results here. Those who are injured should go to the infirmary. The rest of you should change and be on standby."

Please, just hope that Izuku is listening and will realise it's a just and exam and no one is in danger - Okay, nope he's attacking again. Shit.

Fukukado watched as Aizawa twitched in his seat, grabbing his capture weapon as he kept an eye on Midoriya.

"Hey, you stop! It's over! Stop!"

Aizawa pulled Shinsou and Kota closer to him, between Fukukado and himself, as he tried to focus on Midoriya, as he relentlessly went after Sakamata, as the faux villains tried to figure out how to stop the former vigilante.

"Hey! Eraser Head, go and control your student!"

"Joke, take care of these two for a second." Aizawa growled, as he leapt out of his seat, landing on the railing of the spectator's area, before launching himself in Midoriya's direction.

Ok, just, focus, use your quirk on him, snuff out his quirk for a few seconds, let him know I'm here.

Aizawa trained his eyes on Midoriya, and activated his quirk.

Midoriya froze on the spot, as Sakamata raised his arms to defend himself, and Aizawa landed on the ground, still keeping his quirk activated.

"Izuku, hey, you okay?" Aizawa raised his arms, and Midoriya turned to face him, his face emotionless, and his eyes looked completely void of any emotion.

Aizawa released his quirk, and rubbed his eyes, waiting for Midoriya to react.

He didn't expect Midoriya's eyes to widen, and he let out a whine, as the boy crumpled to the ground like a rag doll, gasping for air and clutching his chest in pain.

Backlash

Midoriya didn't know what to feel.

Or, actually, to be more accurate, if he could even feel in the first place.

He was sure he was angry. Angry at Toga, that she had somehow come back again to attack everyone and hurt his friends.

He was supposed to be able to trust Sakamata. He was a pro hero, after all.

But then he attacked them, and hurt his friends.

Rage filled his mind. Anger, guilt, regret, that burning urge to stop Toga once again, even though he had no other reason as to why Sakamata might be Toga in the first place other than his skewed intuition.

And then, all of a sudden, nothing.

Everything disappeared.

Nothing was wrong, but Midoriya suddenly felt that something was wrong. No more anger, no more panic, no more desperation and rage and everything else he felt. Emotions don't just disappear like that, do they?

He heard a thud behind him.

"Izuku, hey, you okay?"

Midoriya turned around to face Aizawa, as the pro hero's hair floated down and rested against his capture weapon, and the red glow faded from his eyes.

Suddenly, he felt like a freight train had crashed into him at full speed. His emotions like a tsunami, and Midoriya grasped at his

chest, unable to comprehend what had just happened, and his legs gave way as he wheezed in pain.

It has never hurt so much before. What was going on?!

He couldn't tell what was wrong before. But now, as he tried to focus and ignore the pain in his chest as his emotions flooded back, he understood one thing.

His emotions had been cut off.

He felt empty just now. He couldn't feel anything just now. And that was because he really couldn't feel anything.

He felt a strange chill run down his spine, as he breathed heavily, trying to process what had really happened. He tiredly glanced up at Aizawa, his eyelids drooping in exhaustion as he tried to piece everything together.

"Izuku? Are you okay?" Aizawa crouched down beside the downed boy, watching as Midoriya's weary eyes trailed upwards to look at him.

He was exhausted. Not just physically, but mentally too.

Midoriya was emotionally drained as well.

His entire body was shaking, and his breaths came in so quickly, he looked like he had a horrible fever.

"Sen.... Sensei... what.... What did.. you do?"

He was scared.

"I erased your quirk. Are you okay?"

Oh gods. Midoriya almost choked as the realization hit him.

He attacked Sakamata. He used his quirk. Aizawa erased his quirk.

Then the emptiness.

His emotions were tied to something that he never wanted,

something that he shouldn't even have in the first place. Something that he had grown to not be reliant on, even though it was a burden that was forcefully shoved onto him.

Now, he had no choice but to be reliant on it.

Aizawa carefully reached out for the boy, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder and pulling him closer.

"Please. Sensei, don't do it again. I promise I'll be good, please."

Aizawa's heart clenched as Midoriya's voice wavered, and he reached up to grasp Aizawa's jumpsuit weakly, knuckles turning white as he did so. Tears were brimming in his eyes as he shook even more violently, his breaths coming in quicker.

"Don't do it again. Please. Dad, please."

The tone he used made Aizawa's heart break into a million pieces.

Midoriya was *begging*.

His eyes were clouded with desperation, and Aizawa couldn't do anything but pull him into his chest, letting Midoriya cry into his jumpsuit.

"I'm so sorry, Izuku."

"Man, we're pretty lucky that all of us managed to pass!" Awase sighed, "I wonder how 1-A did."

Tokage whipped out her phone to check her messages, when she noticed that her parents had sent a couple of messages.

"Setsuna, are you okay?"

"Isn't this the boy who won the Sports Festival and was involved in the Kamino incident?"

"Please message us once you have time!"

Tokage's heart raced as she hurriedly tapped on the video in the link her parents sent.

Her eyes were glued to the screen as she glanced at the video upload date.

It was just this morning.

"Ne, Tokage, what are you watching?" Komori asked, as she leaned over to sneak a peak at Tokage's phone.

Tokage nearly dropped her phone as she watched, as Midoriya tackled one of the students from another school, who was revealed to be Toga. The entire one on one fight spiralled into a three on one fight, and her heart stopped when all three Togas turned into Uraraka, Shoji, and Asui.

Tokage quickly ran over to Kan, worry written all over her features, as Komori tried to process what had happened.

"Vlad King Sensei! They're fighting the League!"

"Wait, what!?" Kendo yelped in alarm.

"Midoriya fought Toga." Tokage shook. Toga was the one that Midoriya couldn't talk about. And to fight her so soon... after Kamino.

Monoma gulped, "Shit."

"What?" Awase asked.

"Wasn't the Provisional Licence Exam based off what happened at Kamino?"

Kan growled, "Get on the bus. We're going straight back to UA."

Mera looked at the results of the test in his hand, before passing it to Sakamata.

"Here's the list of kids who passed."

Sakamata blinked, scanning through the list, before looking up and Mera, "Where's Midoriya's name?"

"He failed." Mera groaned, "You have a problem with that?"

"Yes, actually. He actually has one of the highest scores, from what I remember. There is no reason for him to fail."

"But he kept attacking after the exam was over. We told him to stop, and yet, he didn't. A child, one with a provisional licence, if they can't listen to instructions, then they're not fit to be a hero."

"Well, excuse me. What is the exercise modeled after?" Sakamata demanded.

"Kamino. You know that already."

"Do you know who was the UA student who was involved in it?"

"It doesn't matter." Mera sighed, "He'll still get his license if he passes that other test some time later, so why does it matter?"

"Midoriya was the one taken by the League."

Meru blinked, and sat up straight, eyes alert for the first time that day.

"That poor kid was kidnapped and tortured by the League. You put the victim of the Kamino incident right back into a Kamino simulation. You think he wouldn't freak out?"

Mera frowned. The Hero Public Safety Commission didn't think the Kamino incident was that important. All he knew from his superiors was that All Might was involved, they got the hostages back, case closed. No heroes were lost, some were injured, yes, but overall, it was a win for them. All for One was in jail, and none of the major heroes were out of commission for too long. Heck, Hakamata was the one with the worst injuries, but even he was relatively alright, as was recuperating well. The boy who was kidnapped was safe and sound, back in UA, with a new quirk, given by the villain.

It was just a normal raid. Out of the ordinary, yes, but nothing too special.

He didn't know that Midoriya Izuku was in the center of it.

He, alongside his colleagues, had already been worked to the bone dealing with other things that were way more important than this, things about national security, and when he was given the news that the Kamino incident was resolved, he just took it at face value, not bothering to dig deeper into it.

"Not to mention, he fended off two members of the League of Villains just this morning." Sakamata continued, "Toga and Twice. Twice had cloned Toga, according to them, and most likely tormented Midoriya using the faces of his friends. He was practically betrayed, and then, you have a hero attacking them, in a Kamino simulation. He thought I was Toga, and given his experiences, I'm not surprised. I'm actually surprised it took him so long to snap, and that was only because he was confused and disoriented already from my hyper sonic waves. I'm a hero, I'm someone who he's supposed to be able to trust. And suddenly, I'm attacking him and his friends. He thought I was Toga. And inside that fire tornado, he wasn't able to hear the announcement that it was over already. Getting hit by another hyper sonic wave? He was confused, in pain, and with the memory of Toga fresh in his mind from this morning, he went all out *fearing that I was really Toga. Fearing that I would hurt him again if he didn't take me out."*

Sakamata sighed, "And he's tired already, before everything. Eraser Head mentioned how Midoriya gets nightmares because of her, and has not gotten any proper rest since the Kamino incident. Given that he's tired, not in the best mental state, had a quirk that amplifies his emotions forced onto him, and was still able to perform at a level all his peers performed at, I find it pretty impressive already. And he's a first year. Twenty percent of the students participating are first years, and he's performing better than most of the second years while having suffered much worse than them."

Sakamata paused for a moment for Mera to process everything.

"Don't you think it's a bit harsh on the boy? To take away his chance to get his license because he wasn't ready to face a traumatic experience from merely two months ago? Also, you shouldn't grade him on something that happened after you called the end of the exam."

"I wonder if Midoriya is okay..." Yaoyorozu gulped, looking at Midoriya.

Midoriya was strong. Not just physically, but mentally. He was dependable, pushing his way past anything thrown at him.

But she had never seen this side of Midoriya. So vulnerable, so weak, so scared, shaking like a leaf in the wind, as Aizawa lifted him up and carried him to the infirmary.

Even now, as he stood with everyone else, waiting to get his results, she could tell that there was this new feeling of insecurity emanating from Midoriya. He stared at the ground, standing unsteadily on his own two feet, as he panted in exhaustion, as Shoji and Todoroki kept an eye on him in case he collapsed again.

"Okay, everyone, thanks for you hard work. Now, I will announce the results. But before that, I will tell you about the scoring system. Between those of us at the Hero Public Safety Commission and the HUC, we had a two-fold demerit system while watching you. In other words, we were marking you based on how few mistakes you made in a crisis situation. The names of those who passed are listed here in syllabary order. Keep that in mind and check the list."

Bakugou was angry.

Angry at Sakamata. Angry at Mera. Angry at the League of Villains. And most of all, angry at Toga.

He swore, if Midoriya didn't pass, he was going to go up there and blast everyone in the Hero Public Safety Commission and the HUC in the face. It's a fucking Kamino simulation. And you shove the Kamino victim back into a Kamino simulation!? They were lucky

Midoriya hadn't broken Sakamata's bones and burnt the entire building down.

Luckily, Midoriya's name was located on the board, so they were safe from Bakugou's wrath. For now.

"I...passed?" Midoriya mumbled, in complete disbelief.

"Now, we're going to pass out your results, with the breakdown of you scores, and your teachers will tell you what you can or can't do with your licenses, but first, I need to address something. Midoriya Izuku?"

Midoriya nearly lost balance and looked up at the podium, as the students from the rest of the school gawked that the boy who had attacked Sakamata after the exam had finished had somehow passed.

"So, uh. We nearly failed you. Not because of your performance, you actually did decently, I guess, but because of your actions after the exam had ended."

Midoriya's heart raced, and glanced at the podium in shock, as the papers with the results on them were being passed out.

"But, Gang Orca had spoken up, and given the fact you were hit with his hypersonic waves quite a few times and probably couldn't hear the announcements, we decided that you passed, only under the reasoning that you did only attack the villain and if reinforcements came, the heroes couldn't let up either. Also, it occurred after the exam ended, so we can't really grade you based on it, per say. Also, you literally just fought a League Member this morning. It was kinda an oversight. The Kamino incident was a big event, yes, but it wasn't that important that it warranted our attention at the time, so, yeah. Sorry about, you know, throwing the victim of the Kamino incident into a Kamino simulation."

"I'm sorry. And thank you for giving me this opportunity to continue." Midoriya apologized weakly, his heard pounding uncomfortably in his chest.

Mera stared at the boy. The boy who won the Sports Festival, the one who went through the Kamino Incident. They made the mistake. Why was he apologizing when he didn't do anything wrong?

Midoriya just looked dead on his feet, and barely had the energy to continue standing up, and Shoji supported the boy who was on the verge of collapsing there and then.

"I'm sorry. I'm dragging you down again."

"It's alright, Midoriya. Just rest up later, okay? It's been a long day." Shoji sighed

"Uh, with that, you all are dismissed."

"Hey, Izuku, something on your mind?" Aizawa asked, as the UA students were excitedly cheering about getting their licenses with the Ketsubutsu and Shiketsu students.

Utsushimi was making an illusion of Enji doing ridiculous stuff, causing Bakugou, Yoarashi, and even the normally stoic Todoroki to start cracking up.

Yaoyorozu was blushing slightly, but everyone assumed she was just flushed from the cool air compared to inside the area where they had their exam. Todoroki had really cute laughter, even though it was quiet and he tried to hide it behind his hand.

"Sensei.... Am I still worthy of being a hero?"

Bakugou and Todoroki turned to look at Midoriya, and the rest of the UA students quietened down as well, resulting in all the students from the three schools staying silent.

"I'm useless without this quirk now. I don't deserve to be a hero if I'm forced to be reliant on my quirk. A person reliant on something that can be taken away so easily is not worthy of being a hero."

Midoriya was clearly getting agitated, as his shoulders started

glowing with flames, his hands shaking.

"Izuku, we can have this conversation later. You're tired, you're not thinking straight, and we all know how destructive your current state of mind is for you."

Shinsou and Kota were standing behind Aizawa, unsure of how to help Midoriya.

"I'm useless. I can't even control my emotions, and I almost injured a pro hero because of it."

"Izuku, calm down. Please."

"What if it happens again? What if I lose control again? You'll have to use your quirk again... and then, what if, they're gone? Gone for good?" Midoriya was trembling, fear evident in his eyes, "What if they never come back?"

The remaining students looked at Midoriya, dumbfounded. Only the UA students knew the specifics of Midoriya's quirk, but even then, they had no idea what Midoriya was talking about.

"What if I never feel anything again? What if -"

He felt a powerful jolt of pain in his chest, and he let out a sharp yelp as his legs gave way, but Aizawa managed to catch him in time. Midoriya was shaking, and tried to curl up on the ground to lessen the pain.

"Izuku!"

Aizawa had no idea what to do when Midoriya collapsed, writhing in pain again. He didn't use his quirk, so why was this happening again?

A backlash. He realised. Losing his emotions for a short amount of time, Midoriya's body probably had no idea how to handle it, and when he got emotional again, it lashed out again.

"Sorry..... Hurts. I'm ... sorry." Midoriya's eyes were squeezed shut as he tried to endure the wave of emotional pain that smacked into

him, stronger than before, washing over him and overriding all his senses.

"Hey, Izuku, hang on, okay?" Aizawa desperately tried to keep Midoriya awake, but to no avail. Midoriya slumped in his grasp, lying against him limply, his breathing shallow, his entire being shivering in the cool breeze.

"Hey, Izuku? Izuku?!"

Aizawa growled, "Okay, that's it. All of you, back on the bus, now!"

It didn't take long for the UA students to scramble onto the bus; their hero outfits and gear were already stowed on the bus before they began fooling around. Shinsou was sitting with Bakugou and Kota was sitting with Kirishima, and Aizawa gently lifted the mostly green haired teen onto the bus.

"Hey, Eraser, we'll talk later." Fukukado gravely spoke, as the doors of the bus closed, and the vehicle sped off.

"I hope he's okay." Shindo muttered.

"I have Todoroki's number. We can make a group." Nakagame spoke up.

"Same here, fam. I have Bakugou's." Utsushimi replied.

"Okay, break it up. Exchange phone numbers, do whatever, we're going back to school in five minutes." Fukukado ordered.

Calm

Kan was sitting in the common room, waiting for Aizawa to get back. He had found out from Nezu that the provisional licence exam that 1-A was participating in was pushed back by two hours, but the first portion of their exam ended really quickly since everyone targeted 1-A. The students were able to knock out enough people for them to pass, and some other schools had descended on the remainder of the trapped students like vultures.

But even Nezu wasn't really sure how their exam had ended.

The 1-B students were mostly hanging out in the common room, watching television, or starting to make dinner. Bakugou and Kaminari were supposed to be making dinner, along with Kuroiro and Komori, but neither of them were back yet, and Kendo and Tetsutetsu volunteered to help out.

They had no idea how long they had waited until the door creaked open, and the 1-A students streamed into the dorms. They waited for Aizawa and Midoriya, as well as the two kids, to follow behind, but to their surprise, Yamada was the one escorting the kids.

"Where's Aizawa? And Midoriya? And Kota and Shinsou?" Kan asked.

"Infirmary. Midoriya's unconscious. Shouta didn't fill me in, just told me to bring the kids back to the dorms. They're all quiet too." Yamada replied.

"Deku's fine! He's just being stupid again!" Bakugou snapped, grabbing Kaminari and dragging him to the kitchen, "Get your ass in there! We're making dinner, today, you idiot!"

"I'm going to go check on them." Yamada said, as he made his way to the door, "I'll message you if I get anything out of him."

"Monoma, you copied Midoriya's quirk before, didn't you?" Todoroki asked, when Yamada finally left the dorms.

Immediately, the eyes of fifteen 1-A and one support course students turned to look at the blonde.

"Yeah? But my time for it already ran out. What happened?" Monoma asked.

No one seemed to want to answer that question.

"Midoriya... He collapsed... He looked like he was in so much pain..." Yaoyorozu finally stammered out.

"Yaoyorozu, calm down. We're not going to figure out how to help Midoriya." Kan tried to calm her down.

"Midoriya attacked Gang Orca with his quirk, and didn't stop even when they announced the end of the exam, kero." Asui replied, "Aizawa sensei had to stop him by erasing his quirk. Then, after we got our results back, we were with Shiketsu and Ketsubutsu, waiting to board the bus. Midoriya seemed to have a breakdown, before he collapsed and passed out."

"Shit." Kan cursed under his breath, "This seems serious."

"I'm telling you, Deku will be fine!" Bakugou growled, stomping out from the kitchen, "Deku's too stubborn to be affected by something like this! Like a setback is ever gonna stop him!"

"Shut up, Bakugou!" Uraraka snapped, tears forming in her eyes, "You keep saying that like Midoriya isn't hurt by this at all! Can't you be more sensitive!? Don't you care about him at all!?"

"Care about him?! I know Deku since we were kids! Of course I care!" Bakugou roared back, "That shithead is too stubborn to do shit! Do you have any idea how much he was made fun of for wanting to be a hero?! How he was mocked by his teachers and classmates!? And when he finally stands up for himself, he's being called a monster!? If Deku wasn't so fucking stubborn, if that fucker gave up so easily, he won't be here right now!"

His hands were shaking.

He's not being insensitive on purpose. Uraraka realised. *He's worried too. It's just how he expresses himself.*

"The idiot is fucking tired, fought that stupid girl from the League, and we just had a pratical exam. Shithead's probably tired or something." Bakugou snapped, before making his way back to the kitchen.

"So, you erased his quirk, and he clenched his chest in pain afterwards?" Shuzenji asked, "And then, around an hour later, he got emotional and it was his chest again? In the same area?"

"Yes, I just said that." Aizawa groaned, as Shuzenji checked on Midoriya.

Shuzenji turned to look up at the pro hero.

"It's just a backlash from the erasure of the quirk. When it was first erased, Midoriya probably couldn't handle the sudden rush of his emotions returning, much stronger than he had ever felt before because of Heartburn. Things like this cause an elevated heart rate, but not necessary as increase in blood supply from the arteries. His heart didn't have time to adapt to the sudden changes to withstand the sudden rush of emotions, not to mention flying around and getting attacked by Orca while still exhausted put strain on his intercostal muscles, stretching them too much. This results in a pull on the muscle that holds the rib in place. All this contributes to the pain he originally felt. After you calmed him down, he was no longer straining his muscles, and with his heart rate back to normal, he was fine. You mentioned that he had an emotional breakdown afterwards, and he collapsed again. It's just the same thing happening again, the sudden lack of blood being pumped to the heart and his strained intercostal muscles."

Aizawa looked at Midoriya, lying on one of the beds in the infirmary, his face pale as a sheet.

"Once he regains some energy, I just have to heal him. He should be fine after that. Separately, the conditions are painful, but are bearable, but together, the sensation of pain is increased by tenfold, especially since the brain registers it all as pain. He'll be fine once I heal his intercostal muscles."

Aizawa gave a haggard sigh in relief. His kid was fine. It wasn't something too serious, it was just a bunch of smaller injuries lumped together and appearing to be one massive problem.

"But.. I am worried about his mental state. Quirks can be affected by emotions, yes... but I have never heard of a case of emotions being reliant on the quirk itself. The Adaptation quirk must have somehow connected them together. And this brings along a whole new batch of problems, especially given that Midoriya used to be quirkless. Being forced to have a quirk was already bad enough. Now, he's being forced to rely on it. I don't think he's going to take it well."

"He didn't. His second breakdown after the exam was because he realised that his emotions were tied to his quirk." Aizawa grimly replied.

Kota and Shinsou crawled up onto Midoriya's bed, before curling up next to the older boy.

Aizawa looked at them, and Shuzenji sighed, "Go back to the dorms and tell them not to worry. He'll be fine. I want him to stay overnight, though, in case there are any complications."

The door to the dorms creaked open once again, and Kan looked up from his book, surprised to see that it was Aizawa. Hatsume had done back to her dorm, and the remaining students were either eating, watching television, or in their rooms.

"Aizawa, what happened?" Kan asked.

Aizawa dragged himself to one of the chairs, and flopped into it. He closed his eyes and exhaled, groaning, "I messed up."

Kan tossed over a can of coffee, that Aizawa caught. He popped it open with angry vigour, and downed half of the can, while Kan waited patiently for Aizawa to continue. The students paused in their activities, turning to look at Aizawa curiously.

"I used my quirk on him. On Izuku. I should have known! His quirk ties into his emotions, and I just erased it."

He finished the can, and harshly crushed it, as the rest of the students flinched at the action.

"I took away his ability to feel emotions."

The students froze, stunned, their brains making the connection immediately.

"I released my quirk... and he just collapsed, and he was in so much pain. He begged me, begged me not to do it again as he cried." Aizawa had a haunted expression on his face, and Kan could tell that Aizawa was feeling immense guilt for making Midoriya resort to *begging*.

Midoriya was a strong kid. As far as Kan knew, he was no pushover, but he could tell that he was horribly insecure. He was angry when people called him quirkless, called him weak. He wanted to show that he could still be a hero, even while quirkless, but deep inside, he was scared that he really was as worthless and useless as everyone claimed.

Everything was thrown down the drain when that damned All for One gave him a quirk. A quirk that tied into his emotions, that ended up amplifying them. He knew that Midoriya was scared of his new powers, scared that he would accidentally hurt someone. He hated the new abilities he got, but he still tried his best to push his emotions aside and learn to master them so he wouldn't hurt anyone with them. The fact that he had used his powers showed that he had lost control again, not due to panic, but anger.

And taking away the quirk he hated so much, that he wanted to get rid of, in turn took away his ability to feel.

It was messed up on so many levels.

"I should have known that taking away his quirk would take away his emotions. I should have known that fighting Toga just this morning, with her transforming into the Ketsubutsu and Shiketsu students, that really, anyone could be her, an imposter."

1-A gulped. They had never seen this side of Aizawa, never seen him look so insecure and emotional.

"Eraser, stop beating yourself up over this." Yamada sighed, slinging his arm on Aizawa's shoulders, "You didn't know this would happen. Now, we just have to make sure that this doesn't happen again. Also, how's Izuku doing now?"

"He's fine, according to Recovery Girl." Aizawa wearily replied, "His exhaustion, and injuries from the fight, combined with... his emotions, were what hurt him."

"Alright. That's good." Yamada nodded, "Will he be coming back to the dorms? I assume Kota and Hitoshi are with him."

"No. Recovery Girl wants him to stay overnight."

"Okay." Yamada's face lit up, "So, how did all of you do on your provisional licence exams?"

They could all tell that Yamada was trying to lighten the atmosphere and get their minds off Midoriya, and Kan gave a sharp grin, "We all passed. How about you, Aizawa?"

"All of us passed!" Kirishima cheered.

"Though... they wanted to fail Midoriya if Gang Orca hadn't spoken up for him, Kero." Asui said, before looking around, "Sorry."

"Did you guys check your hero licences to ensure everything is printed correctly?" Aizawa asked.

"Yep! Also, who got the highest score? Yaoyorozu got a ninety two!" Kaminari asked.

"Kendo. She got ninety two as well." Kodai replied.

Todoroki spoke up, "Sensei, what score did Midoriya get?"

"Oh," Aizawa fished out the crumpled piece of paper from his pocket, which had Midoriya's scores. He had passed it to him, not even bothering to look at it, but there were a ton of scribbles on it in red ink.

"Ninety four, before the end of the examination. After the examination, it dropped to a twenty three."

"That much?" Tsuburabu mumbled.

Aizawa took Midoriya's hero licence, and took a good look at it.

Obscurity, the Enigmatic Hero.

Huh. Nezu really did change it. Aizawa mused, before pocketing the licence, making a mental reminded to pass it to Midoriya when he woke up.

But it wasn't really true. Sure, to outsiders, Midoriya was weird, and no one could really understood his actions. Why he became a vigilante, why he quit, why he acted as he did all the time.

But Midoriya was a simple person. He just wanted to do good in this world, with his own strength. Power that he had honed from scratch. He loved his friends and family, and would do anything for them. He wanted to protect them, to keep them safe, to let them be happy.

There really wasn't more to it.

Aizawa stood up, before making his way to his room, "I'm going to take a nap."

"You always take a nap, Eraser!" Yamada yelled after him, "It's not anything new!"

Aizawa shot a look of annoyance at Yamada, before heading back to his room, trying to ignore the sinking feeling of dread that was

seeping into his entire being.

Midoriya wearily opened his eyes. He felt like he had been asleep for quite some time, but he was still exhausted. He felt a weight on his stomach, and carefully pushed himself up.

He found Kota and Shinsou curled up on either side of him, using his stomach as a blanket. He let out a small smile, and flinched as the door opened. Shinsou shot up, immediately alert, and Kota sat up blearily, rubbing his eyes as he tried to figure out what was going on.

"Ah, you're awake. How do you feel?"

"Exhausted. I feel like I could just go back and sleep for a few more hours." Midoriya replied honestly.

"I already healed you once during the night. Orca did quite a number on you." Shuzenji replied, "I just have to heal you up one more time, and you're good to go back to your dorm. Just note, it's a Sunday. Some of your classmates are probably sleeping in, or they went out.

"Alright. Thank you." Midoriya said, as Shuzenji kissed his hand, healing up all his remaining injuries.

"There's an upperclassman who wanted to meet you, and he offered to escort you back to your dorm." Shuzenji pointed at the door, "He's waiting outside. Now, if you feel any pain, especially in the chest area around the heart, come find me immediately, alright?"

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you so much." Midoriya thanked her, before getting off the bed as the two children hopped off, onto the ground.

He made his way to the door, and found a blonde teenager leaning on a wall.

"Uh.. Lemillion?" Midoriya raised an eyebrow.

"Hi! Midoriya Izuku, right?" Togata grinned, as Midoriya nodded,

Shinsou and Kota hiding behind Midoriya and glaring at the taller blonde.

"Don't worry about him. He's Togata Mirio, a third year in UA. Uh ... random question, did All Might.. Uh... give you anything?"

"Yep!" Togata raised his hand, which started emanating some kind of cyan energy, "I... kinda wanted to thank you for it. Come on, let's go to your dorm."

Midoriya walked alongside Togata, Shinsou and Kota trailing behind the green haired boy.

"I guess.... How are you feeling? After... you know... Kamino? And that man..." Togata asked.

"Alright, I guess."

Togata could tell that Midoriya was starting to clam up, and he hurried replied, "I'm... kinda... thank you, for saying that I was a good hero. For telling All Might that I was worthy for... well... this."

"It's nothing." Midoriya sighed, "Raw power combined with the power to slip through everything, it would be pretty powerful. Plus, I've seen you around. Not many people stop to help people cross the street, you know."

"Wait," Togata turned to look at Midoriya, "How do you know that?"

Midoriya gave Togata a tired, slightly cheeky grin, "Does the name Akatani right any bells?"

Togata frowned. He had encountered the vigilante before, but that was two years ago.. unless...

"Yes... wait? That's you?" Togata gaped, "That's pretty amazing. But then... you were caught after the Sports Festival?"

"Yeah."

Togata turned to look down at Shinsou, "That's him, right?"

"Yep."

Togata gave a small smile, as Shinsou latched onto Midoriya arm, not liking the attention that Togata was giving him.

They finally made their way to the dorms, and Midoriya reached for the doorknob.

"Well, I guess I'll see you around."

"Yeah. Have a nice rest, Midoriya." Togata replied, as Midoriya disappeared into the dorms, along with Shinsou and Kota.

"Sir is really going to like him." Togata remarked to himself, beaming.

Midoriya looked around. The entire place was dark, but Midoriya didn't particularly care at the moment. Shuzenji did say that some of them were sleeping in, or they went out.

He dragged himself onto the sofa, not even bothering to go to his room.

"Toshi, Kota, don't mess anything up." Midoriya mumbled, as he lay down on the common room sofa and almost immediately dozed off.

Shinsou clambered onto the sofa next to Midoriya, before reaching out hesitant to touch Midoriya's white hair. He gave Midoriya a small, light nudge to ensure that was sleeping, before giving him a small nuzzle as he curled up beside him.

"Izu's the best."

Kota crawled up beside him, before making himself comfortable in the remaining space, as all three of them just slept comfortably on the sofa in the common room.

Games

Monoma entered the common room, wiping the sweat off his brow with a towel. He had gone running, heeding Midoriya's advice to try and build up some leg muscle and stamina, and had made his way back to the dorms when he was done.

It was relatively early, only around eight in the morning. And only Bakugou, Todoroki, Iida, and Shishida were up at this time, especially on weekends. Bakugou and Todoroki were still training, and Iida and Shishida were no doubt studying now instead of training, wanting to let their muscles rest after the provisional license exam the previous day.

He went to go sit down on the floor, and instead, was surprised to see what appeared to be someone sleeping on the sofa. He wasn't too surprised, it was probably one of his classmates, since UA had upped their security and there was no way that this was a stranger or an outsider.

He was surprised to see that it was Midoriya curled up on the couch, with Shinsou and Kota snoozing next to him. When did Shuzenji let him out of the infirmary anyway?

Monoma checked the temperature of the room, and found that it was actually slightly chilly. No doubt Midoriya was going to catch a cold if he was sleeping there in just a t-shirt and shorts.

He made his way upstairs, and knocked on Shishida's door, but was surprised that no one answered. Maybe Shishida was also sleeping in. He did expend a lot of energy using his quirk. He found Iida's room, which was right next to Shishida's, and knocked on the door. Almost immediately, the door was flung open, and Iida was standing at the door.

"Hello, Monoma. What brings you to my room at this time? Did you just finish your workout and require something?"

"Actually, I was wondering if you needed your blanket?"

"Monoma, you shouldn't be sleeping right after you finish a workout." Iida frowned.

"No, not for me. Midoriya's sleeping in the common room. No idea how he ended up there... but he's gonna catch a cold and I'm not waking him up. He needs sleep." Monoma defended himself.

"If Midoriya needs it, then I'll gladly lend him my blanket." Iida nodded, "Thank you for telling me. As the class representative, it is my responsibility to take care of my classmates. I'll bring him the blanket. You can go cool down and shower first."

"Thanks, Iida." Monoma replied, before making his way to the elevator and going up to the fifth floor.

He was back down in the common room in twenty minutes with some homework, having finished his shower, and made his way to sit on the floor at the low table in front of the television to do his work. He was glad to see that Midoriya was still asleep, this time wrapped up in blankets like a burrito.

Sero yawned, and stretched.

It was Sunday, and after weeks of training non-stop, as well as studying, it was good to finally be able to sleep in for once before a new school week started.

He hopped off his bed, brushed his teeth, cracking his sore neck, before he changed.

He peered at his clock. It was already ten in the morning, and it was surprisingly quiet. Living on the second floor, he was relatively close to the common room, and it was usually bustling with activity at this time, either from people playing video games, arguing over something taught in school, or his peers just chatting really loudly.

He took a good look at the hero licence that was placed on his desk, smiling proudly at himself before shoving it into his wallet and

pocketting it. He grabbed his phone, and made his way downstairs. Hopefully, Awase was up and already playing Beat Saber. He was dying to beat the other male's high score.

He walked into the common room, surprised that so many people were up and about, but the entire room was eerily silent. Awase and Kaminari were playing Mario Kart, with the volume turned all the way down. Bakugou was having a hushed and whispered argument with Kirishima and Ashido, and Shinsou and Kota were watching the ongoing game from their position on the couch.

"Hey, guys, what's -"

He was promptly met with death glares from everyone in the room, and was silenced when Tokage shot a hand out to cover his mouth, using her other intact hand to put her finger over her mouth in the gesture to keep quiet.

"What's going on?" Sero whispered, as Tokage called her hand back and reattached it to her arm.

"Come on." Tokage dragged Sero over to the couch, and to his surprise, he saw Midoriya wrapped up in blankets and sleeping soundly.

"Ok. Got it." Sero nodded, and quietly made his way to the kitchen to pour himself a glass of apple juice.

Midoriya groggily opened his eyes, and found himself wrapped in a blanket.

Huh, that's weird.

He didn't remember sleeping with a blanket on, but he just dismissed it. He was nice and warm, and it didn't bother him that much.

He carefully unwrapped the blanket from around his body, and stretched out on the sofa, before he sat up and blinked, trying to figure out what was going on.

He was surprised to see the back of Awase's head, before he realised that Sero and Awase were sitting on the floor playing Mario Kart. Kota was sitting next to them, eating a cookie, while Shinsou was trying to complete a sudoku puzzle with Kaminari, and Jiro was just smacking her forehead in exasperation as Kaminari placed a nine in a box that already had a nine.

"I'm sorry! I fell asleep on the sofa and you guys have to sit on the floor!" Midoriya yelped, almost tumbling off the sofa.

Awase paused the game, and turned around, "Don't worry about it. You need more sleep, and we usually sit on the floor anyways. Bakugou made lunch. I think he left a bowl on the table for you."

After thanking him, Midoriya walked to the table, and was surprised to see a covered bowl with a note on it.

To Deku: Eat you stupid lunch, you idiotic little shit. The dipping sauce is in the fridge.

To IcyHot: THIS IS FOR DEKU YOU STUPID FUCK. IF YOU EAT IT I WILL KILL YOU!

Midoriya just stared at the note, not knowing what to make of it, before crumpling the note and stuffing it in his pocket. Too many swears.

He took the lid off, and found that the bowl was filled with udon. He opened the fridge, found a bowl of sauce, and took it out, before taking the chopsticks and made his way to eat.

He was actually pretty hungry, having skipped both dinner and breakfast, and he wolfed down the noodles. Bakugou's cooking was awesome as usual. He was going to have to remember to thank Bakugou for leaving something for him.

He finished the meal and washed his dishes, before walking back to the common room, finding Kaminari, Awase, and Ashido playing, some sort of realistic looking racing game, as Kota tried to figure out how to play with the fourth controller.

He lost, unsurprisingly, and Midoriya came to sit on the floor beside

his friends, as Kota handed the controller over to him.

"Hey, Midoriya, know how to play?" Sero asked.

Midoriya just looked at the controller, confused, "What is this?"

"An Xbox controller. Have you never played before?"

Midoriya shook his head, and his classmates shook their heads in shock.

"Well then, you're missing out. Just use the circle pad to move and ..."

Ashido gave Midoriya a lengthy explanation of what each button did, and in the end, it took twenty minutes to realise that tilting the remote did not, in fact, change the direction the vehicle moved in.

Midoriya groaned, as Ashido finally realised what Midoriya was trying to do, before configuring his controller to sense the tilt in order to control its direction.

And Midoriya was still doing horribly in the game.

"Do you have, like, a motorbike or something?"

"There is, but it's like the worst vehicle you can use in this game." Awase muttered, as his sports car drifted.

"Well, anything it better than this." Midoriya grumbled, as he crashed his car into the sidewalk for the twentieth time in five minutes, completely flipping the vehicle over, somehow.

"Note, do not let Midoriya get his driver's licence." Sero laughed, as they ended the game to allow Midoriya to change the car he was using into a motorcycle.

"But seriously, do you want to try the other cars? This is like, the worst vehicle. All of us have tried before, we can't control it." Kaminari asked.

"Yeah, whatever."

"What the actual!?"

"What's going on?" Jiro asked, as she moved out of the kitchen, "You're still playing that game?"

"Midoriya, how?!" Awase yelled, and Midoriya's motorbike passed by him for the tenth time that afternoon.

"Woah, who's using the bike? I thought we all agreed it was the worst?" Tetsutetsu asked.

That caught everyone's attention. Even those who didn't play, the game had been sitting in the common room long enough for all of them to know which were the better vehicles, and generally, which vehicle each gamer chose.

And it was one of the well known facts amongst the hero course students, that the motorcycle was literally the worst. It had speed and power, but absolutely zero control, and no one wanted to use it because they crashed more times that Midoriya did with a regular slow car.

"Midoriya, who else?!" Sero groaned, as the cycle zipped past him, skidding across the screen, before zooming off again.

"At this point, I'm not surprised anymore." Monoma groaned, "Midoriya can probably be thrown in the worst possible scenario, and somehow turn it into the best."

Awase sighed as he accidentally flipped his car over trying to sabotage Midoriya, "Dude, this guy crashed the slowest car like, twenty times. In one game."

"Deku is just being a stupid Deku." Bakugou huffed.

"Ah, yeah, Kacchan, thanks for the food. It was delicious!" Midoriya grinned, leaning backwards and not looking at the screen at all, and was still somehow able to control his motorcycle properly.

"Shut up. It wasn't made for you. It was just leftovers from my

lunch. And if you collapse one more time in training, I have one less chance to kick your ass!"

Monoma just sighed, but he let out a small smile. No one was bringing up the licence exam. For once, Midoriya could just relax and act his age. Shinsou and Kota could relax and not have to worry about villains.

It was nice, but it's not going to last. He knew that at the very least.